

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXXVIII

February, 1908

Number V

THE ART TREASURES OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL

BY ABBY G. BAKER

THE Capitol at Washington presents an unusually spick-and-span appearance this winter. For the past two or three years there has been an immense amount of overturning and overhauling going on in and around the building. First, it was the tunnel which the Pennsylvania Railway was building to the new Union Station. For a whole summer and autumn the esplanade and east front of the Capitol grounds were cut to pieces and piled high with machinery, lumber, and upturned earth. Finally, when the tunnel was finished, the grounds were put in order, and kept

so during the next session of Congress; but scarcely had that body adjourned last spring when excavations were begun again—this time for the subway which now connects the two new committee-room buildings, at the north and south of the Capitol, with the Senate and House chambers.

During all the past summer the plaza was literally in a hole, a huge trench extending from each of the new buildings to the Capitol. The surroundings were so blocked with the paraphernalia of the work that an entrance to the building was a serious problem to many of the



THE NOBLEST BUILDING IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE—THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL,
AS SEEN FROM THE NORTHEAST

tourists who were "taking in" Washington with their trip to the Jamestown Exposition.

This was a heavy handicap to the annual house-cleaning which takes place during the recess of Congress, but it did not in the least deter the tireless superintendent of the Capitol, Elliott Woods. Mr. Woods promptly set to work at putting the building into its present immaculate condition. He had the entire exterior of the stately structure, which measures seven hundred and fifty-one feet and four inches in length and three hundred and fifty feet in depth, either painted or sand-cleaned. The mammoth dome, from its emblematic base of thirty-six columns to the lofty lantern crowned by Crawford's bronze Goddess of Liberty, was treated to several coats of paint. There are four hundred and thirty rooms in the Capitol, and all of them were emptied, cleaned, and put in order. In the Senate Chamber, the Hall of Representatives, and many of the committee-rooms, new floor-coverings were laid, more than three thousand yards of Wilton and velvet carpet being used. There were six hundred and seventy-nine windows to be made to shine, five hundred and fifty-seven doorways to be polished, and some acres of gilt in mural decorations and picture-frames to be refurbished.

In addition to all this, the superintendent continued a good work of restoration which he began some time ago. For fifty years, and probably much longer, the interior of the Capitol has been painted every season or so, effectually concealing the masonry of the massive walls. Two years ago Mr. Woods decided to have the paint scraped from some of the walls and the surface polished. The lower side walls of the

Rotunda were treated in this way, and those of the halls leading from it. The result was admired so much that last summer he continued the work in the chamber below the Rotunda and in Statuary Hall, producing a harmony in the appearance of this part of the Capitol

which it has lacked ever since the unfortunate day when the first coat of paint was applied.

THE DECORATIONS OF THE CAPITOL

The mural and sculptural decorations of the Capitol have been the subject of much contest, not only between the architects of the building and artists, but in Congress as well. The original design of William Thornton—which was adopted by Washington, and to which we owe the present classic beauty of the building—provided for lavish sculptural adornment. President Jefferson had Henry Latrobe, the Capitol architect of his administration, send to Italy for "the best of foreign marbles and foreign artists," and early in the nineteenth century a number of Italian sculptors arrived in the nascent city on the Potomac. The Grecian columns in the old Senate chamber, the present Supreme Court room, and those in the old Hall of Representatives, now Statuary Hall, are specimens of their work.

Tradition says that the group of figures in high relief, representing Justice and the Constitution, on the west wall of the Supreme Court library, in the basement of the Capitol, is the oldest piece of sculptural work in the building, and that it was executed by Giuseppe Franzoni. Be that as it may, the Clock of History, resting over the north door of Statuary Hall, and credited with being one of the most beautiful timepieces in the world, is certainly Franzoni's work. Another of these early artists was Enrico Causici,



BRONZE STATUE OF "THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY," BY THOMAS CRAWFORD, SUR-MOUNTING THE DOME OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL



"SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE," BY JOHN TRUMBULL, ONE OF THE EIGHT LARGE HISTORICAL PAINTINGS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL.

who made the colossal plaster cast of the figure of Liberty upon the cornice over the south door in Statuary Hall.

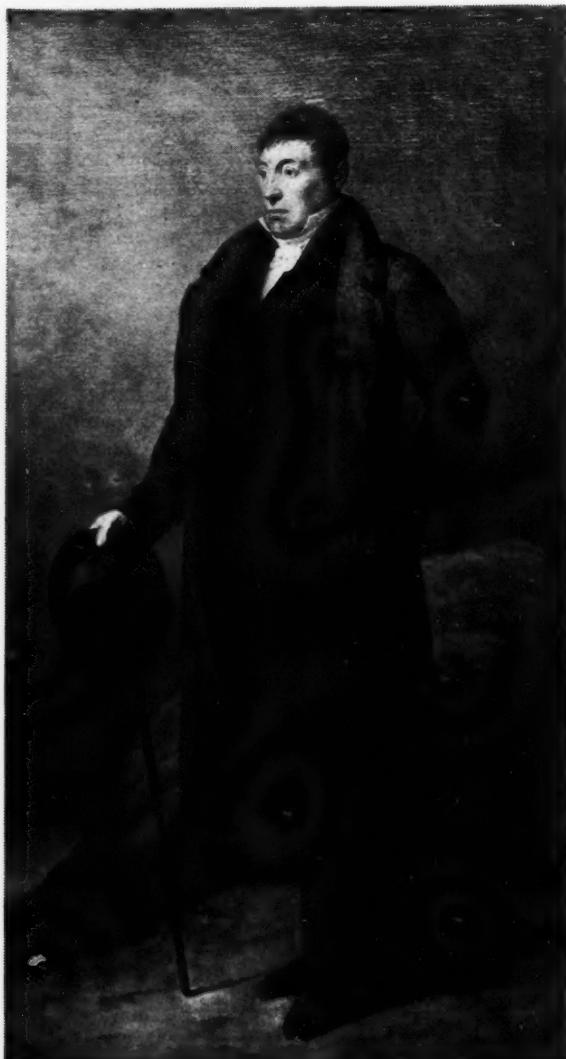
It was in the fifties that the two wings of the Capitol were extended to their present size, chiefly in order to provide new and more spacious quarters for the Senate and the House. Soon after the latter body moved into the new Hall of Representatives, at the suggestion of the

late Senator Morrill, of Vermont, the chamber which it had formerly occupied was set aside as a "national hall of statuary." President Lincoln invited each State to contribute two statues of citizens who were considered worthy of the honor of a place within the hall. In all the years since then less than half of the States have responded, and there are to-day but thirty-six statues in the hall.

Of the thirty-six, thirty are of marble and six of bronze; one is a replica, a copy of Houdon's matchless Washington; there is one of a woman, the late Frances E. Willard; one of a priest, the pioneer missionary of Wisconsin, Father Marquette. While Daniel C. French's figure of Lewis Cass is a particularly strong and striking piece of work, and one or two of the others are good statues, as a whole the collection is not representative of the best art of the country.

AN UNUSED MAUSOLEUM

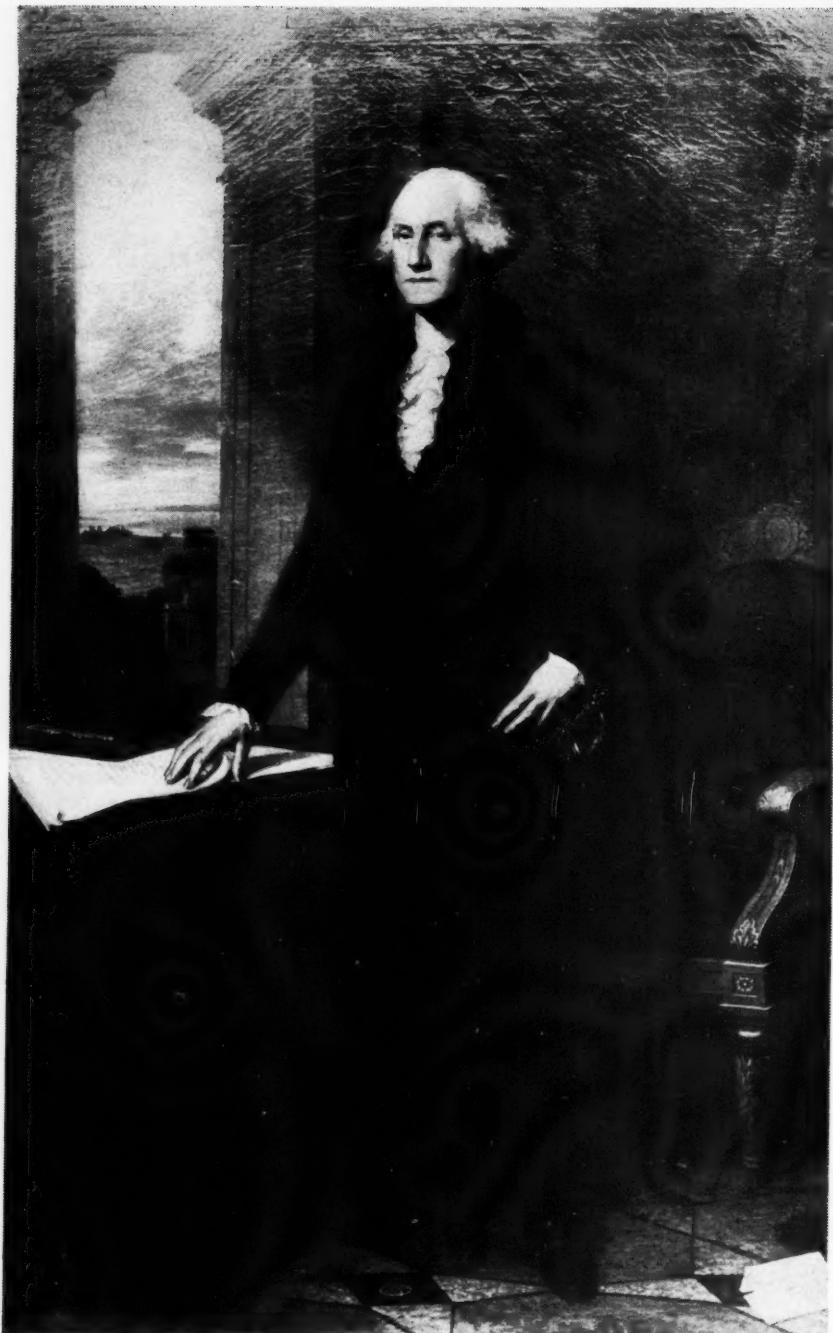
The Rotunda, the spacious vaulted chamber in the middle of the Capitol, measuring ninety-six feet in diameter and the same in height, was intended as a mausoleum for Washington. That it was never so used is a sad commentary on the procrastination of Congress. In 1783, a resolution was offered, filled with eulogistic pyrotechnics, and providing for a "bronze statue of General Washington executed by the best artist in Europe." No action was taken upon this resolution, however, although it was brought up in several succeeding sessions. Upon the general's death, in 1799, the matter was again agitated, and the consent of Martha



PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, BY ARY SCHEFFER,
WHICH HANGS AT THE LEFT OF THE SPEAKER'S DESK
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES



"THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL BURGOYNE AT SARATOGA IN 1777," BY JOHN TRUMBULL, THE SECOND OF TRUMBULL'S LARGE HISTORICAL PAINTINGS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL



A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON WHICH HANGS AT THE RIGHT OF THE SPEAKER'S DESK IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—THIS PAINTING IS ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN VANDERLYN, BUT THE ARTIST IS NOT POSITIVELY KNOWN



"THE RECALL OF COLUMBUS," BY AUGUSTUS GEORGE HEATON—THIS IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST PAINTINGS IN THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL, AND IT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED ON ONE OF OUR POSTAGE-STAMPS

Washington was obtained to bring his body from Mount Vernon and place it in the Capitol. Then the project hung fire for a generation. In 1832 John Augustine Washington, the first President's grand-nephew, and the last of the family to live at Mount Vernon, withdrew the consent to have the remains removed, and the use of the Rotunda as a mausoleum had to be abandoned.

Mr. Washington's action must have been a spur to Congress, for soon afterward it commissioned Greenough to execute his greatly criticized, and hence widely known, statue of the Revolutionary leader. Whatever may be said of this heroic figure—and its artistic merits are undeniable, in spite of its curious classical garb—it should not be left standing in the open, at the front of the Capitol, where it is being ruined by the elements. If Congress is unwilling that it should be placed in the Rotunda, for which it was originally intended, a suitable shelter should at any rate be provided. The rough wooden cover put over the statue every winter is a positive disgrace to the nation.

Had the mausoleum plan been carried out, the room below the Rotunda would have been an open space looking down into the crypt upon the bodies of General and Martha Washington. That chamber

now contains forty Doric columns modeled after those of the famous ruined temples of Paestum. The crypt in the subbasement, just beneath it, is a dark and cavernous place, holding the black-covered bier which, according to tradition, was built for Washington, and which has since supported the remains of our three martyred Presidents—Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley.

The stately Rotunda, above which rises the majestic dome, is far more a work of art in itself than is anything it contains. The walls are divided into twelve panels by classic pilasters, supporting a Grecian entablature decorated with Isthmian wreaths; and over this is the long-unfinished frieze, in which are depicted leading scenes of American history. The interior of the dome was frescoed by Constantino Brumidi, a Greek-Italian artist who made nearly all the more important mural decorations of the Capitol, being engaged upon them from 1855 until his death in 1880.

The decoration of the interior of the dome is a fanciful composition representing the beatification of the spirit of George Washington. Brumidi was paid thirty-nine thousand dollars for this fresco, and probably nothing in the Capitol has received more severe castigation from the critics. His most admired work

is in the public lobby of the Senate, in the President's room, and in certain committee-rooms, notably that of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.

Of late years the mural decorations have been largely left to the superintendent of the Capitol, and last summer Mr. Woods had some very attractive work done in the robing-room of the Supreme Court justices. The wall decorations were entirely made over by a German-Italian artist, Friederang by name, who

medallion opposite each figure are the familiar shield and eagle. Around the cornice, in penciled etching, is a floral design, in which are the faces of thirty-two Roman and Greek lawgivers. The decorations are quiet and unostentatious, but decidedly pleasing.

PAINTINGS AND STATUES IN THE CAPITOL

The lower walls of the Rotunda are lined with eight paintings of heroic size.



"THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE," BY WILLIAM HENRY POWELL, WHICH HANGS ABOVE THE LANDING OF THE EAST STAIRWAY OF THE SENATE CHAMBER

believes that, while at work in the Vatican a number of years ago, he discovered the Michelangelo process of frescoing. Be that as it may, he has succeeded in producing a very effective decoration in the robing-room. The side walls are in olive tints, while over each window the tympanum is in soft sky-blues. The ceiling is thrown into a medallion, in the center of which the earth is encircled with sun-rays striking through a festoon of laurel branches. At the four corners figures of men represent "Thought," "The Mind's Awakening," "Law," and "Destruction." In the curves of the

The four by Trumbull are invaluable, aside from any question of their artistic worth, as they preserve for us the faces of many of our Revolutionary heroes. The other four are of doubtful worth.

The statue of Jefferson by David d'Angers, on the west side of the Rotunda, is one of the most interesting in the Capitol. It was presented to the government by Lieutenant Levy in 1834. For many years it stood in the north garden of the White House, but when the present fountain was put there, during the Grant administration, the statue was taken to Statuary Hall. In 1900 it was



"THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN IN 1781," BY JOHN TRUMBULL, THE THIRD OF TRUMBULL'S LARGE HISTORICAL PAINTINGS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL

removed to the Rotunda. The same sculptor's bust of Washington, presented to the United States by France, also has a place in the Rotunda.

Hiram Powers's statue of Thomas Jefferson stands in the niche at the foot of the east stairway of the House, and in the corresponding place on the Senate side is his statue of Franklin. Congress ordered these in 1855, and paid the artist twenty thousand dollars for them.

The beautiful bronze doors at the main entrance of the Capitol, designed and modeled by Randolph Rogers in 1858,

are popularly called the Columbus doors, as they portray scenes in the life of the great discoverer. Charles Sumner said of them that they might vie with those famous portals at Florence which Michelangelo hailed as worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

The Senate and House doors, by Thomas Crawford, are scarcely less beautiful. Crawford also designed the decorations of the pediment over the Senate entrance. His heroic bronze Goddess of Liberty surmounting the great dome is more famous, but cannot be classed among his best work.

The decorations for the pediment of the main entrance of the Capitol, that leading directly into the Rotunda, were designed by John Quincy Adams while he was President, and made by the Italian sculptor Persico under his personal supervision. The pediment over the House portico is still unfinished. The groups of statuary at the main entrance, by Greenough and Persico, are scarcely worthy of the conspicuous position they occupy, and the Peace and Garfield monuments, at the foot of the west approaches to the grounds, are also the subject of much criticism. On the other hand, William Wetmore Story's bronze statue of Chief Justice Marshall, in the west terrace, is a masterly piece of workmanship and universally admired.

The Senate, House, and Supreme Court chambers contain but little in the way of sculpture or paintings. The most notable features of the Supreme Court chamber are its Ionic columns of Potomac marble. In the niches of this and the Senate chamber are marble busts of the deceased justices and Vice-Presidents. The glass ceiling of the Senate is adorned with symbolic representations of war, peace, union, progress, and of the arts, sciences, and



THE BRONZE DOORS OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL, DESIGNED AND MODELED BY RANDOLPH ROGERS—THE RELIEFS PORTRAY SCENES IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS



"WESTWARD HO!" BY EMMANUEL LEUTZE—THIS PAINTING, A STRIKING ALLEGORICAL CONCEPTION OF THE WESTWARD MARCH OF THE AMERICAN PIONEERS, IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR PICTURES IN THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL.

industries; that of the House bears medallions of stained glass, representations of the coat of arms of the various States and Territories.

In a part of the Capitol where they are seldom seen are the private staircases of the members of the Senate and House. They are well worthy to be classed among the artistic features of the building. The steps are of white marble, while the railings are wrought in bronze, in a design bearing the eagle, deer, and cherub intertwined in scroll and flowers.

There are many paintings in the corridors and committee-rooms of the Capitol, but not many of them are noteworthy as works of art. Among the most important are Rembrandt Peale's Washington, gracing the Vice-President's room, and one of Gilbert Stuart's studies of the same subject in the Senate south corridor; Sully's well-known Jefferson, on the Senate side of the building, and his less-known Carroll, on that of the House; Charles Wilson Peale's Washington, at the head of the Senate west staircase; Healey's Chief Justice Taney and a portrait of the first chief justice, John Jay, by Gray in the robing-room; Henry Laurens, by Copley; and the little-known portrait of Benjamin West, by the painter himself, which is in the room of the Senate Committee on Library.

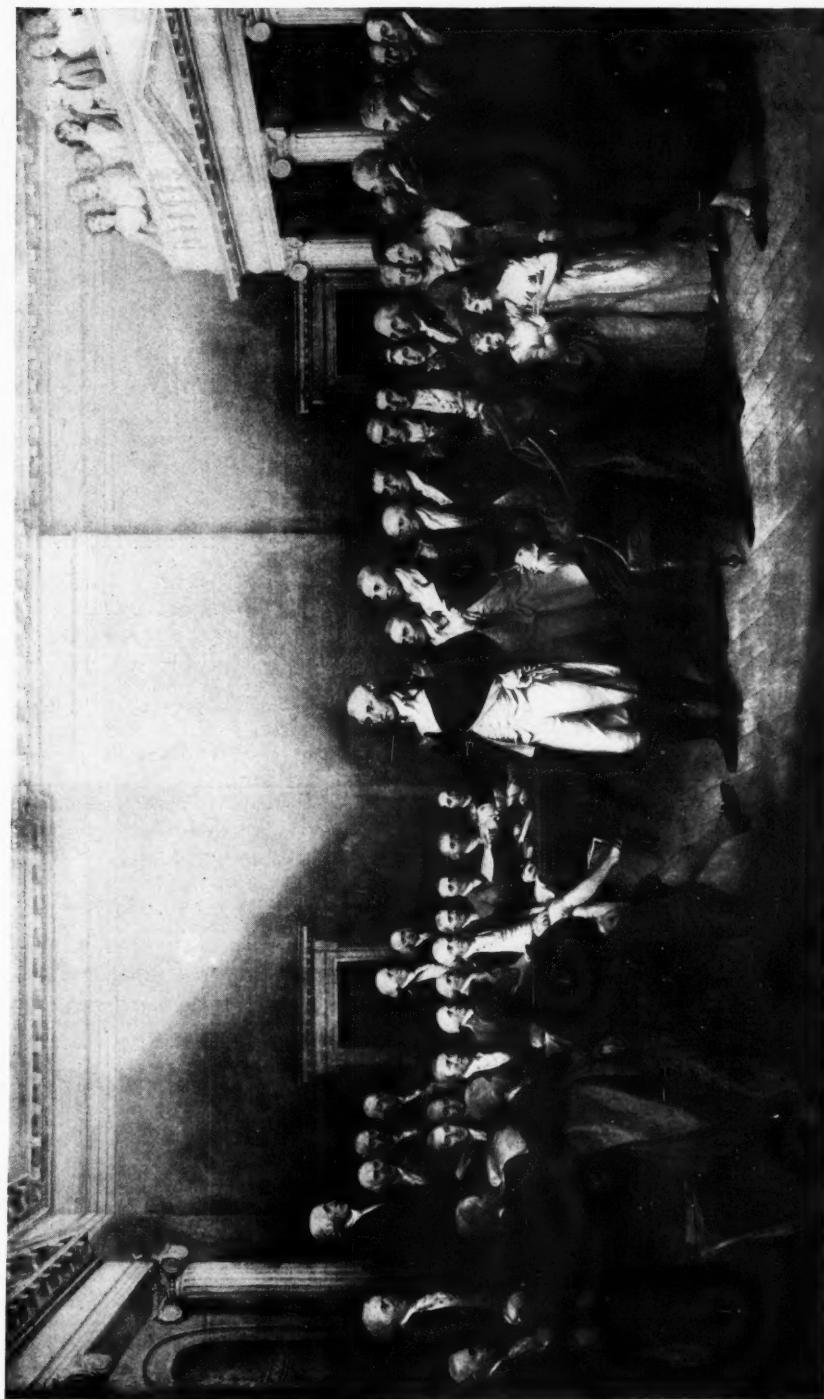
At the left of the Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives is Ary Scheffer's portrait of Lafayette, presented by him to the United States in 1824; at the right is a life-sized picture of Washington, said to be by Vanderlyn. The Speaker's corridor at the south of the Hall of Representatives is filled with the portraits of former Speakers—some of them good, some otherwise. Probably the most notable is that of the late Thomas B. Reed, by John Sargent, although Mr. Reed is said to have exclaimed, when he saw it for the first time: "Surely my enemies could ask no more!"

Congress paid Albert Bierstadt ten thousand dollars each for his pictures, "The Landing of Henry Hudson at Manhattan Island," and "An Early Californian Scene," which hang in the members' lobby of the House. If a picture is to be judged by its popularity, Emmanuel Leutze's "Westward Ho!" Powell's "Battle of Lake Erie," and Carpenter's "Emancipation" would receive the palm of the collection in the Capitol, for it is seldom dur-

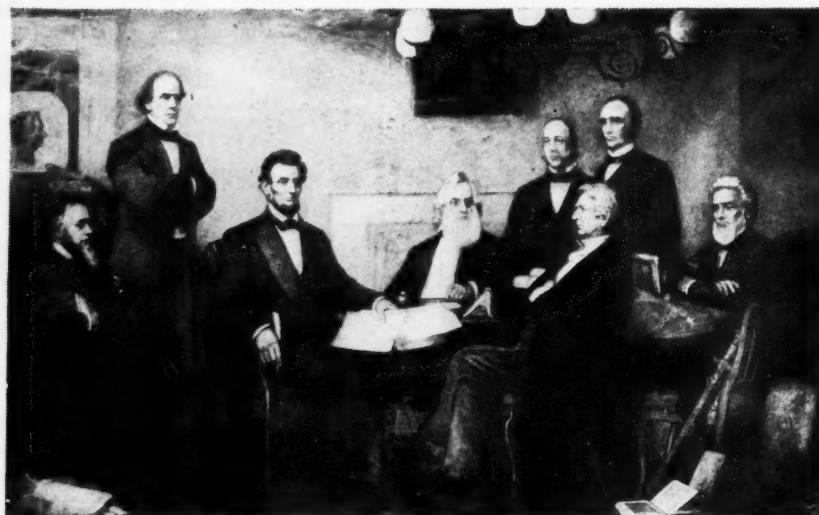
ing visiting hours that groups of sight-seers are not standing in rapt admiration before them. From an artistic standpoint, Heaton's "Recall of Columbus" is ranked among the best of the scenic pictures. Halsall's spirited "First Fight



STATUE OF JOHN HANCOCK, BY STONE, WHICH STANDS AT THE FOOT OF THE WEST STAIRWAY
CASE OF THE SENATE CHAMBER



"GENERAL WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION AT ANNAPOLIS IN 1783," BY JOHN TRUMBULL, THE FOURTH OF TRUMBULL'S LARGE HISTORICAL PAINTINGS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL



"SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION, SEPTEMBER 22, 1863," A PORTRAIT GROUP OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET, BY FRANK CARPENTER

of the Ironclads" and Thomas Moran's glowing Western landscapes are also highly prized for their artistic worth.

Down in the bowels of the terrace, Mr. Duckworth, custodian of the works of art in the Capitol, has had in his office for the past twenty years a life-sized painting of Abraham Lincoln, which the artist, who died a year or two ago, had long been trying to sell to Congress. He was unsuccessful, although those who knew Lincoln say that it is an excellent likeness. This is often the fate of art works designed for the Capitol. It has been a good many years since Congress has given a commission for anything of the kind.

When an artist wishes to sell one of his productions to grace the national legislative halls, he must first submit it to the Senate Committee on Library. After

due time, this committee may designate a place in the building where it may be placed on exhibition, and where the members of Congress may view it at their convenience. If it is ever to be purchased, however, some influential member will have to see that it receives favorable consideration by the committee, and also that the necessary appropriation for it is carried through both chambers—a long and weary process beset with many pitfalls.

One of the last pieces purchased was the bust of McKinley, which is now honored with a place in the President's room. It was submitted at fifteen hundred dollars, but was eventually taken at one-third of that sum—a reduction which is quite characteristic of the government's present disinclination to spend money upon such luxuries as works of art.

SAVAGERY

It is to rend with hands the shuddering shroud
 Of legioned deaths, to bare the eyes and see
 Doom coming like the dawn, unfalteringly
 To pause beneath a crimson incense-cloud
 That wraps a visioned kingdom warrior-won,
 With shuttle of steel through a web of swords to run,
 And weave a mat of men to lie upon!

Herbert Wyndham-Gittens

PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN AND HIS FIANCÉE

THE BRIDEGROOM-TO-BE MADE MANY FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES LAST SUMMER

PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN, whose engagement was not long ago announced, is the subject of many reminiscences among Americans, acquired during his brief stay in this country last year. In the short time that he was here he showed himself to be a hearty, democratic scion of royalty, intensely curious about everything and everybody. He manifested his nautical training by his cool-headedness in ascending to the most

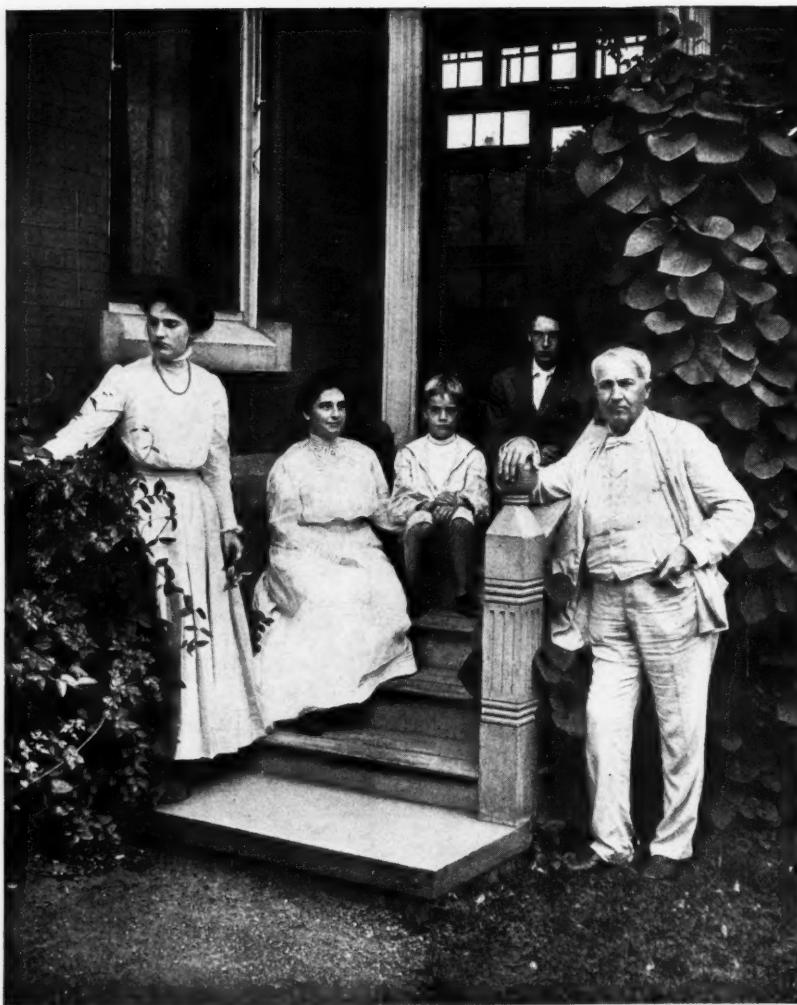


PRINCE WILLIAM, SECOND SON OF THE KING OF SWEDEN, AND HIS FIANCÉE,
THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIA PAULOVNA, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE
GRAND DUKE PAUL OF RUSSIA

From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

dizzy heights of the sky-scraping Singer Building, in New York, and standing on a little platform, which swayed among the iron ribs of that colossal structure.

Prince William is the second son of the new King of Sweden, Gustavus V. His betrothed is the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, a daughter of the Grand Duke Paul, the youngest and the least unpopular of the Czar's uncles.



Copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THOMAS A. EDISON AND HIS FAMILY

THE GREAT AMERICAN INVENTOR AT HIS HOME IN WEST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

THOMAS A. EDISON is often called "the wizard of Menlo Park" by people who are fond of picturesque nicknames, though, as a matter of fact, he left Menlo a good many years ago, and moved his home and his workshop to West Orange, New Jersey. The accompanying photograph, which was taken last autumn, shows Mr. Edison at the side-porch of his house, with Mrs. Edison—the great inventor's second wife—seated on the steps beside the baby of the household, Theodore Edison. The elder son, Charles, is seen in the background; while Mr. Edison's only daughter, Madeline, who greatly resembles her mother, is standing.

There is a legend to the effect that on the day appointed for his wedding, Mr. Edison was so absorbed in working out a problem in electricity as to have forgotten all about the ceremonial. When the hour arrived, it is said that one of the ushers had to be despatched in search of him, and that he was found in his laboratory, lost to the external world. The tale is doubtless somewhat mythical, and in any case we may assume that he has long since ceased to have moments in which he is unconscious of his domestic ties.

BARRY GORDON*

A STORY OF MODERN AMERICAN LIFE

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

AUTHOR OF "JOHN VYTAL," "DEBONNAIRE," ETC.

BACK in the eighties, at St. Clement's School, there was a boy named Barry Gordon. Tradition says that he was the life of the school, and that he had more chivalry and more deviltry in his little finger than all the rest of the pupils had in all their bodies.

Be that as it may, he was a fine young cub, with plenty of brain, some brawn, and at times good looks. His popularity was more concentrated than general, the rank and file never knowing quite how to take him, he was so variable—sometimes so old for his age, sometimes so young; but the elect worshiped him, and guided the others to a wondering admiration.

When he chose, the lad could outstudy his fellows, or at least outdo them by a sort of quick and random acquirement of learning. Yet for the most part he was given over to outdoor games and adventures, or clandestine browsings through fields of literature condemned by the masters as uninstructive.

He bought wonderful second-hand books in a village shop, and, smuggling them into school, tucked them away between the mattresses of his bed. The indulgent matron, too, who never could withstand his eyes and voice, would covertly convey to him other treasures from her private library; and he, with the forbidden fruit carefully sandwiched between geometries and algebras, would hie him forth to some nook in the woods, to study, not angles and equations, but all the colors and rhythms of life.

By this secret means he came to know a mixed and interesting company. English knights were there and American

pioneers; crusaders and cowboys; courtesans, queens, and saintly nuns. His taste, to say the least, was catholic. Much as he approved of the virtuous, his hatred of all the villainous was quite as enthusiastic. Much as he revered exalted heroes, his love for the poor comical wretches was no less warm. Deep in this forest library they were all on a footing, all enchanters without caste.

Yet if he had any leanings, they were toward the old and the foreign. Born in Virginia of Cavalier stock, his veins were ready channels for the old-world fire, his soul a ready mirror for the old-world glamour and glow. Above all he loved yarns of far voyages. In his last year at school he took to books that diffused atmospheres, books that breathed out the breath of distant races and places, till at last he had a vision of the world.

His mother was dead, but his father still lived in the South—as remarkable a father, he thought, as ever a fellow had. Back and forth between Virginia and the school in New England went streams of letters. Questions of life flowed from Barry to his father in the South, like a tidal river ebbing to the parental sea. Then back to Barry in the North came a swelling tide, flooding him with brilliancy and obscurity, reckless imagery and poetic humor. But in the end all this was changed by a sudden harsh reality.

When later he looked back on that day the memory was blurred, save for a few sharp details. It came in his last year. His younger brother, Tom, was in quarantine with measles. It was an autumn afternoon, the air cool, the sky clear.

The great football game of the season—St. Clement's *versus* Strickland's Academy—was nearing its last moment; and here—worse luck!—lay the captain, Barry Gordon, on the ground, helpless and winded, while the teams waited. He was stretched out on the side line. Some one sponged his forehead, and his stanch friend Hicks, the quarter-back, kept working his arms up and down to pump air into his lungs. Dimly he heard the strident cheering, as if from miles away; and when he turned his head automatically for a sponging over the temple, he saw across the field innumerable little waving flags—spots of color dancing before his dazed eyes.

There seemed to be nobody near him save the two who pumped and sponged, till gradually he became aware that two others were not far off. Evidently they thought him senseless, but he was not. Though a knock-out tackle had nearly finished him, and he could not think much, he could hear their words and recognize their voices. One was the sugary voice of Pierce, the principal; the other the voice of a friendlier master.

"Too bad!" said Pierce lightly. "Too bad!"

"How unfortunate his brother's ill and can't go with him," said the other. "That might help him to bear it—Barry's so fond of Tom."

"Yes," said Pierce, sweet and unmoved, "but perhaps it will develop his character."

Despite this promising outlook, the under-master seemed to feel distressed about it. "Poor Barry!" he muttered. "Shall we tell him?"

Pierce, as usual, was cold as a fish. "Dear, dear, no!" he said. "The fellow's our last hope. Break it to him now, and the game's lost—he's so high-strung. Southerner, you know." The speaker's voice fell, but was still audible. "We must win this game, for the credit of Clement's. We don't want old Strickland to pocket all the pupils!" Then, seeing that Barry was recovering, they moved off, Pierce saying nervously: "After the game—after the game."

To Barry, half conscious on the ground, the matter had seemed queer but not serious. Pierce probably thought of expelling him. Some scrape had come

to light—that was all. There were plenty of them lying around half buried. Pierce wasn't only a fish; he was a ghoul, a prowler. Very well, let Pierce bounce him!

The subject rolled from his mind like a vapor. Then, as his strength grew, he was gripped again by the lust of the game. Most of his ancestors, history said, had been fighting men. Perhaps that explained the fever in him, the blind impatience to be up and again at it; and though Pierce's mercenary motives were not inspiring, something else was.

Barry turned his other temple to the reviving sponge. This brought within range of his sight the crowd at the nearer side of the field. Hundreds of faces were there, but he had a dim sense of one especially—the face of a girl he had never before seen. Stretched out as he was, and still half dazed, he did not see her clearly. She seemed to be looking at him, her eyes full of tenderness, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted, her whole expression eloquent of anxious waiting and excited admiration.

His impression of her face, though brief and dreamy, was none the less moving. With a sudden effort he staggered to his feet, keen for the game. As he stood a moment leaning on Hicks, silently planning the attack, Mr. Pierce's vaporous mystery crossed his mind. But the fact that something apparently unpleasant hung over him only stimulated him to combat its unnerving effect. Somehow he began to associate his father with the game, wishing that he was at hand with all his resource and inspiring encouragement.

Then, suddenly, the wish in a way was granted. Barry remembered a tactic which people said his father had once used in the Civil War. Gordon's Raiders, in a certain battle, had played a dashing trick and won. If the strategy had worked once, why not again? Barry spoke hurriedly to Hicks.

"Jim," he said, "listen!"

Then he whispered the main point of the move. Luckily it depended on these two only. The rest of the team did not need to know. In fact, their very guilelessness would make the intended feint look real.

Barry hastened out on the field. The

crowd cheered, the colors danced, but he was careless now of everything save the next play.

That play was old in warfare, but new, then, in football, though at the start it looked usual. The signal Hicks gave was familiar to Barry's men. The team obeyed in vigorous good faith. There was a dash against the enemy's right. Under cover of this, Hicks made a secret pass to Barry. Then, while the mêlée thickened, came a swift, strange darting to the left, and the spectators were nonplussed, till suddenly from the edge of the scrimmage broke a figure, every inch a born runner, fleet as a hare.

In a moment, with the pack on his heels, Barry had crossed the line; a goal was kicked, time was called, and the game was won.

What happened then to him was confused and mad. He felt himself lifted and borne along high above a swarm of St. Clement's enthusiasts, all blinding him with their flags and deafening him with their cheers. The face of the girl he did not again see. From his perch he searched for it, but in vain. Yet he felt happy and healthily fagged, and healthily proud of his father and himself.

Then the blow fell, and it was worse—far worse—than he had thought.

As he was lowered to the ground Mr. Pierce stood waiting for him with a pained smile.

"My boy," he said impassively, "I am pleased. How did you manage it? What did you do?"

Barry wiped the sweat from his brow with the grimy sleeve of his jersey. His black hair was tangled and caked with mud, his face soiled and scarred by the struggle. Yet he looked a fine, upstanding fellow, and despite his general dishevelment he bore himself with a graceful confidence and pride.

"I remembered how my father did it in a battle," he said offhand; then, with a lift of his head and an absent brightening of his dark eyes: "My father, Colonel Gordon, who commanded Gordon's Raiders in the Civil War."

Mr. Pierce shifted uncomfortably and cleared his throat.

"This is indeed a sad coincidence," he said with sickly pity. He drew from his pocket a sheet of yellow paper. "I

have just had a telegram from your father's doctor." He handed the yellow slip to Barry, adding, in a voice of stilted sentiment: "Be brave, Barry, be brave!"

Dazed, the boy read the following terse message:

STEPHEN PIERCE, Esq.,

Principal St. Clement's School:

Colonel Gordon critically ill. Tell Barry come home at once.

LUKE BURKE.

As Barry stood staring at the yellow sheet, Pierce drew a stage sigh and closed his little eyes as if prayerfully.

"Verily, in the midst of life," he murmured, "we are in death!"

II

COLONEL GORDON sat alone at his dinner-table—a tall, massive, white-haired gentleman, with an air of loose kingliness about him. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest ill health, save perhaps a bandage around his leonine head; and even this, to a friend familiar with his habits, would have implied nothing new or serious. Often before now he had worn swathed over his aching brow the rakish chaplet of a son of Bacchus; but that was usually of a morning following excesses, whereas the present bandage decked him day and night.

Stirring his coffee in a ruminative way, the colonel spoke to a shadow behind him.

"Joshua!" . Then, as an old negro glided forward: "Bring me a box of Henry Clays."

The ancient freed slave bowed respectfully.

"Yessah. Mild, sah?"

"No—dark—and two or three bottles of the forty-seven Madeira. When Dr. Burke comes, show him in here."

Joshua bowed again, cast an anxious sidelong glance at his master, and left the room.

For once Colonel Gordon felt very uncomfortable in the solitude. For once the silence, broken only by the creaking of the cellar stairs under Joshua's tread, oppressed him; and even the subsequent popping of corks in the pantry failed to enliven his mood. For once even the dim Gordon portraits on the walls were poor company.

Joshua returned to the dining-room with the box of Havanas and several cobwebby bottles. Setting these and one of the glasses before his master, he was absently placing a second glass at the opposite end of the table when the colonel stopped him.

"Not there!" he muttered irascibly. "Will you never remember?" He motioned to a position at his right. "Put it here."

The negro backed away from the empty armchair at the table's head as if from a ghost, and placed the glass as directed. For a moment he lingered in the surrounding shadows of the large dining-room, as if to guard his beloved master. But Colonel Gordon, pouring his wine, resented the felt vigil, and said testily:

"When I need you I will ring."

Then Joshua, with his ever-ready bow, left the colonel again alone. The solitude was not unusual—far from it; but to-night the room seemed darker and emptier than ever before. He smoked his Henry Clay and drank his Madeira without that slow preliminary puff and sip with which a connoisseur tastes, as it were, the individuality of each cigar and bottle.

He was a fiery man, this Virginia colonel, and now that his doctor would have him dying the fire kept flaring up.

"Confound it!" he finally muttered, out of all patience with this new gloom, so foreign to him. "Confound that fellow Burke!"

Nevertheless, when at last the doctor's short bulk darkened the doorway, Colonel Gordon at once relaxed, as if he felt relieved and somehow safer.

"Come in, Burke! Surprised to see me dressed and down, eh? Draw up a chair."

Burke obeyed, frowning.

"Gordon, I told you to stay in bed."

"Bed be hanged!" said the colonel. "Do you think I want that she-devil laughing at me in her stall?" He scowled humorously. "It's the first joke old Messalina's ever played on me—though Lord knows she's often tried! That comes of larking in cold blood. I tell you, Burke, if I'd had the pack out she'd never have done it. Think how I've hunted that mare! Gad, man, give her

company and she'll clear the moon!" He pushed forward the Madeira and the cigar-box. "Here, take a cigar; have a glass of the forty-seven."

Burke glowered under his beetle brows at the array of bottles.

"Suicide!" he ejaculated indignantly. "Out and out suicide, Gordon! I implored you not to drink."

"H'm—yes, but you're always preaching." The colonel made a quick gesture to forbid reply. "I know—I know. You want to say this is different. You want to tell me all over again. No need, Burke; no need. I understand perfectly, sir—perfectly. I came a cropper and landed on my head. I was larking, Burke, across country, and Messalina was larking, too—oh, no doubt of it. But I believe, Burke, she's getting stiff in the hocks. It really wasn't her fault, bless her soul, now was it? Hang it, man, she came down herself, I tell you—struck the fence with her knees. Doesn't that prove she's weak on the take-off—gone in the hocks? I ask you as a doctor, you old veterinary owl!"

Burke grunted silently, and fumbled for a cigar.

"I wish you'd send that mare to the knacker. She's a murderer. How are your own legs? That's the question."

"Oh, they'll do."

"And your head?"

Colonel Gordon cautiously pressed the bandage where it crossed one of his temples.

"Splitting," he admitted. "You see, the top rail went crashing in front. I must have landed on it."

Burke leaned forward across the corner of the table and reached out a gnarled hand.

"Let me feel your pulse."

"No, I'll be shot if I will!" said the colonel firmly. "I know what you fear. You fear a cerebral hemorrhage. Bah! I dislike the sound of that." Eluding the doctor's hand he reached for and filled both glasses, then smiled at Burke with all his old magnetic hospitality and graciousness. "Come!" he said, in a voice rich in feeling. "You're not only my physician; you're my friend. Then help me pass these hours as I like. If I'm going, I'm going. At first, Burke, I rebelled. The thing was insufferable.

Gad, sir, it made my gorge rise! I could have damned Death roundly. But that's bad taste, Burke—bad taste—not the way of a Southern gentleman!" He paused a moment, twirling his long military mustache, and looking off dreamily with a gaze full of courage and vague humor. "Here in the South even uninvited guests are welcomed courteously." He lifted his glass. "Here's to his very good health, Burke!"

"Whose good health?" asked Burke obtusely.

"Death's," said Gordon, smiling. "Do me the favor, please!"

Burke, though a coarse-grained man, felt unnerved. With an awkward grunt of refusal he pushed away his glass.

"No, Gordon, no!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

The colonel regarded him with amused indulgence.

"Don't blink, Burke, don't blink! And I wish you would *smoke* your cigar instead of eating it."

Dr. Burke sat mute, staring at the table. For more than twenty years, ever since serving as a surgeon with Gordon's Raiders, he had known this man and loved him. It was he who had dragged Gordon more dead than alive from the field at Chancellorsville; he who had probed Gordon's wound for the fragment of shell and extracted it; he who, years later, had ushered Gordon's sons into the world; he who had attended Gordon's wife in her last illness; and since then—ever since that burst of wild grief at her passing had set the torch to Gordon's tendencies—it was he who had fought against death for Gordon's body, and against hell for Gordon's soul. And now the fight was nearly finished, and he was losing. Both as doctor and friend he felt angry, helpless, and anxious.

"God, Gordon," he broke out suddenly, "what is it about you that turns men into women? You've affected that thick-skinned nigger of yours just the same. When he opened the door for me, he blubbered. It was so in the war, too. When I had you in hospital, every man jack got chicken-hearted with anxiety. Not one but wouldn't have died for you—in fact, a lot did."

Gordon idly blew a cloud of cigar-smoke up toward the lofty ceiling.

Watching its ascent, he recalled the smoke-clouds that rose from battle-fields. He remembered moments when a laugh had rallied the men; when a cry in a charge had driven them mad with the battle-fever. But he derived little pleasure from the remembrance. It was not altogether satisfying to look back on a life whose only triumphs had been triumphs of personality and impulsive dash—a life, perhaps, without a single victory of character. He shrugged irresponsibly. At least he had been kind-hearted. He remembered that now and then, after a fight, his presence out there in the night with the prone figures had somehow eased their dying. Again he took up his wine.

"A toast you will not refuse, Burke—the dead Raiders!"

Burke nodded, and reached for his neglected glass. Simultaneously they both rose and drank in silence; then, as Gordon reseated himself, he asked quietly:

"How long do you give me, Burke, before I join them?"

The doctor leaned forward and lighted his cigar over the silver candelabrum in the middle of the table. As he did so, his blunt, expressive face came into the light. Gordon saw his grizzled brows gathered in distress, the cigar trembling in his hand.

"Not long, I see," said the colonel dryly, and again refilled his glass. A shadow crossed his eyes. "I hope I sha'n't go before Barry gets here!"

Burke, reseating himself, cleared his throat.

"If you want to see the boy, for God's sake stop drinking! The wine sends the blood to your head."

"Not another drop, then!" said Gordon harshly.

Thrusting the cork into the bottle, he hammered it down with a smart rap of his fist. Burke blew forth a gust of smoke and watched it drift heavily over the candles.

"By the way, I want to speak to you about Barry."

Colonel Gordon shifted uncomfortably.

"What now?"

"No offense," said the doctor, "but, Gordon—Barry's shown already that he's

got a lot of you in him—a lot of your recklessness; and it seems to me you'd better let him know what's in his blood. Start him with a warning. To forewarn him is to forearm him."

Colonel Gordon raised an eyebrow ironically.

"What do you mean, Burke? How? By telling him a thing or two about his father and"—he made a gesture toward the surrounding portraits—"and the rest of his ancestors?"

Burke nodded, gnawing his cigar.

"H'm! A pretty way to die," said Gordon. "Blacken my name to the son who holds it dear, then shuffle off and leave him stranded with nothing but the wreckage of his illusions." The colonel paled. He was staring resentfully at Burke. "My dear man, I think you must be mad. Barry idolizes me, and not me only, but our whole line. If there was ever ancestor-worship in a Christian country, it's in that boy's heart."

"I know it," said Burke dully. "I'm suggesting heroic treatment. Now, Gordon, I beseech you to go to bed."

"Heroic treatment!" said Gordon heedlessly. "Monstrous treatment, I call it! Think how I have kept it from him! When he and Tom come home, every bottle's locked up until late at night when they're asleep. Lord, man, Barry hasn't an inkling. Your plan's hideous."

Burke shrugged, and rose.

"I'll call again in the morning. Think it over."

Gordon had slowly sunk down in his chair, his eyes haunted by the suggested duty. "You old sawbones," he muttered, "you're advising the most dangerous experiment ever tried—an experiment on a boy's soul!"

Again the surgeon nodded.

"Nevertheless," he said, "my advice is to *operate!*"

III

THE last train from Richmond was due at seven o'clock. At half past six, Dr. Burke, who had driven to the station alone in his buggy, already sat waiting. The doctor's heart was heavy, his mood bitter. For once he sourly regarded this environment in which he must soon outlive his usefulness.

The village was dead. He glanced down the road at the two or three ill-lighted shops, whose dingy and paper-patched windows but half concealed their shoddy wares. He could see the shopkeepers in the dim interiors as if enmeshed in huge cobwebs—ghosts that had come to look like the spiders with whom they dwelt.

Near him, at the station platform, several mule-wagons were drawn up, the wagons dilapidated, the mules skeletons. On boxes, crates, and express-trucks along the platform sprawled the drivers—"white trash" and negroes. He shut his ears to the gossip of these fantoms—the croak of the whites, the drone of the blacks. If the dead ever spoke, these were their voices.

Through the doorway he could see the interior of the squalid little station, from which poured forth a mingled odor of kerosene oil, foul tobacco, and cheap rum. Under a grimy lamp at an inner window the white face of the station-agent looked out lifelessly, as if from a prison cell. Now and then a ticket-purchaser came to his window, coins clinked, hands moved, and the traveler, passing on, seated himself in the line of waiting shadows on a bench against the wall.

Ghosts—all ghosts—bound from one limbo to another in the dark under-region of death! Yes, far worse than death! Graveyards are peopled with dead bodies, but these villages of the South, ravaged by war, seemed to be peopled with dead souls. He had doctored their anatomies and cured their physical ills, but he could not save dying ambitions with hypodermics, nor remove griefs with a surgeon's knife. Only time could work reconstruction. Like many another Southerner of his day, Dr. Burke in thought that evening yielded the South to posterity as a trust. With this vision of the work to be done by younger men, his frown passed. The look in his eyes was like fallen embers—the look of all old men when they dream such dreams.

Then life—new life—rushed to him suddenly. The whistle of a locomotive tore through the silence. He peered out of the buggy. The engine's headlight, a huge eye, loomed large far up the track. The rails gleamed into his consciousness. He glanced at his watch. The train was

five minutes ahead of time. With brakes creaking and lamps lighting up the countryside, it came rumbling toward the station. The station-lantern lit up the face of the engineer and another face—a boy's—immediately behind it in the window of the engine-cab.

The doctor blinked to focus his eyes. For an instant, the youthful face flashed toward him under hatless, flying hair. Was he dreaming? No; the impression of a face brilliant with a love of danger, speed, and excitement, was too vivid to be unreal.

The face vanished. The locomotive, panting heavily, slowed to a stop behind the station. In another moment, Barry stood beside the buggy.

The doctor frowned.

"How did you manage that?" he said to the boy.

"I asked the engineer."

"Do you always get what you want for the mere asking?"

The question slid from Barry like water from the proverbial duck.

"We broke the record," he exclaimed, "from Richmond here. How's father?"

"Messalina threw him."

"Plague take her!" cried Barry. "I'll ride the life out of her. Won't he get well? Won't he get well?"

The doctor averted his eyes. Suddenly, as the truth went home, he heard a low moan, then the buggy gave as Barry sprang in, the reins were caught from his hand, the whip seemed to leap from its socket, and the old mare, terrified by the sudden swish of it in her ears, shot forward into the air.

In a minute they were racing like mad along the Gordon turnpike, the buggy swaying from side to side, the mare running in the dark as if driven by the furies. With an oath, the doctor grabbed reins and whip.

"Whoa, girl; whoa, little one!" He spoke to the mare with a note of sympathy reserved for her alone of all his friends, and gradually quieted her to a walk. Then he turned on Barry. "You young firebrand, how did you dare do that with my horse?"

"I wasn't thinking of your horse. I was thinking of my father. Is he in bed?"

Barry's tone was full of awe. He had

never seen his father laid low, and the picture preyed on his mind.

"No," said Dr. Burke, "but he ought to be."

Barry, breathing easier, sat forward on the edge of his seat, as if trying to urge the mare to a trot by mere will-power.

"Doctor, will you please send her along?"

"No," was the gruff reply. "It's a wonder you didn't kill her!"

"You're not going to let her jog the whole way?"

"Perhaps I am."

Dr. Burke felt a hand slip through his arm. That was all—not a word; yet the ingratiating appeal almost prevailed. Before he knew it he had clapped the rein on the mare's flank. Then a revulsion of feeling, a dogged defiance of all these spoiled Gordons with their winning charm, suddenly broke the spell. The doctor reined the animal in again roughly.

At once he felt the spring rock, and heard a sound in the grass at the roadside. Then a shape slightly blacker than the night darted on ahead of him along the pike. He called in vain. The figure melted into the darkness.

Dr. Burke started up the mare in pursuit. The sound of her quickened hoof-beats proved more effective than his call. Barry waited.

"Get in!" commanded the doctor, overtaking him.

"Will you send her along?"

"Yes, you whirlwind. Get in!"

Barry did so, and the doctor, with the inconsistency of wrath, whipped up his steed savagely.

They drove to the old manor, speaking seldom. Dr. Burke was so dour with a queer mixture of grief and spleen that Barry, now doubly awe-struck, kept mute.

The drive was like dreaming his most vivid dream over again. It brought back the few short holidays he had been allowed to spend at home. The black shades of the oaks speeding by, the low-lying lights of negroes' cabins, the occasional twang of a banjo, the crooning of songs, the joggle of the wheels, even the smell of the soil—the mother-soil—filled him with a love of home. But to-night his home-coming was overhung

by a great shadow, and all the old happiness was swallowed up in awe and sorrow.

IV

COLONEL GORDON, waiting at a window, heard the sound of wheels. He went out, and, leaning on his malacca-cane, paced painfully up and down the columned porch. As the wheels drew nearer he straightened up, set his cane against the door-jamb, and, continuing his march without its aid, strove to regain his former stride, or at least a firm tread—anything but this new shuffle! Annoyed by failure, he halted at the steps, and gazing down the faintly lighted avenue, waited there erect, his bandaged head held high, his mustache pulled sternly straight, his brows contracted.

That was the figure Barry saw as he alighted from the buggy—the splendid, heroic, martial figure of his idol. His surprise was so dazing that he could scarcely speak. The colonel smiled, evidently amused by his son's astonishment.

"One moment, Barry," said Dr. Burke, pushing back the impatient boy.

He drew the colonel aside and put some question to him. The reply was almost indignant.

"What? Am I well? Of course I'm well—perfectly well, you old quack!" The colonel's voice fell, but was still vibrant. "No; not a drop!"

The doctor hesitated. He saw pain in the man's eyes—vital pain.

"For God's sake," he exclaimed in a low voice, "keep to your bed, Gordon! This is madness. I wash my hands of you!"

"Bed your grandmother!" said the colonel, and laughed.

As Burke drove off, Colonel Gordon's look softened. A great light filled his eyes, and his hard frame seemed to relax. He started toward Barry with arms outstretched. The boy's face glowed, and he, too, started forward.

"Father," he said, wholly reassured by the colonel's assumption of health, "thank God! Burke's an old quack!"

But he was not embraced. Colonel Gordon, nodding, restrained himself. He receded a step and, fumbling for his

cane, planted it before him as a prop and leaned on it with both hands.

"Let me look at you. It seems years."

Barry stood abashed, his lips parted, his eyes bewildered. With one of the dark columns behind him and the light from the window full across him, he presented a striking picture. The boy was well made, lithe, tall for his age, and full of grace—the grace of animals, not of women. He was not handsome, but an air of masculine reserve beyond his years would have held the eye of even a casual observer. He was the sort of boy to prompt prophecies as to the man.

His father studied him as if for the first time.

A poet? That was the most obvious prediction; but the body was too athletic, the chin too practical. They contradicted his eyes. A scholar? No; the brow was belied by the lips. A soldier? Now and then, perhaps, but not by profession. He was already leaning back, relieved and indolent, against the column. A man of business? Never. The look of the idler was part of his grace. A lawyer? A clergyman? Never. He had not said a word.

The colonel smiled, then sighed. Oh, the feeling in this boy—the spirit in him! To the father's eyes, in that brief scrutiny, there was something eternal about him—something indescribable—the Gordon fire—the Gordon soul-stuff! Though he was motionless, he suggested motion. Though he was silent, he spoke. That was it. He was a paradox—a paradox born of a long line of paradoxes.

The colonel turned briskly.

"Come, Barry, get ready. Dinner's waiting!"

The great shadow seemed to have drawn away. The colonel, if dying, was dying hard, disguising the fact with his mask of health; and Barry was still young enough to be entirely reassured by appearances.

At dinner Colonel Gordon put questions as to Barry's life during the autumn term. The answers were ready and honest. Barry told not only of triumphs in studies and athletics, but of numerous scrapes as well. He made his confes-

sions neither with penitence nor yet bravado, but offhand. But when it came to the last game and the Raiders' winning attack, there was pride in his voice, and in his eyes open admiration as he looked at his father.

The colonel smiled.

"Licked 'em, eh? Licked Strickland's, did you? Good! I congratulate you."

"O'n, it was mostly you," said Barry. "I'll bet you were the greatest soldier in the Confederate army! That bandage makes you look like a soldier now—just wounded. Do you know, father, I think there's nothing like a fight—a good, round, open fight, I mean—like war and football."

Dinner over, Joshua gone, they both fell silent for a time. Then at last Colonel Gordon observed lightly:

"The truth is, Barry, you're a pretty wild lot, aren't you?"

With his gaze on the table, Barry appeared to consider this question seriously. "I suppose I am," he replied at length.

"And what you need is taming?"

"I suppose I do. They all say that."

"Then why don't they do it?"

"They try to, but they preach too much."

"Preach? How?"

"Oh, every way. They say I ought to try to be like you, but I know I never can."

The boy shook his head hopelessly, comparing himself with his ideal. A shadow crossed the colonel's face, but he kept his voice even.

"What do they know about me?"

Barry raised his eyes to his father, and they were full of light.

"I've told them you're Colonel Gordon, who commanded Gordon's Raiders in the Civil War."

The colonel rose and walked to the window. The thing was even harder than he expected. Hard? Yes, impossible, with the rats of thirst gnawing at his vitals; the sick weakness of sudden abstinence turning his very bones soft. His head was nothing but an ache.

Must he break Barry's heart? Burke was a brute. Was it not better to let things take their natural course, to let life have its way, do its work; better to let the laws that govern men's souls govern Barry's; better not to meddle

with eternal affairs; better to let Barry find himself gradually? But how? By experience—and too late? Prove hell to him by letting him sound its depths unwarmed? God forbid!

The colonel stood feebly at the window, looking out. The night was calm and silent, serene with stars. Oh, if men's hearts could attain to this tranquillity! Gordon's eyes, staring at the sky, had a lost look.

Returning to the table, he reseated himself, and kept silence for some time. His bandaged head was bowed, his large shoulders were rounded, his chin touched his chest. He was staring at the empty chair opposite to him.

"Barry," he said at length, "do you remember your mother?"

Barry shook his head.

"No, I'm afraid not. I wish I could."

"So do I," said the colonel. "She might help you. I gave you her picture. Keep it, and try to image her to yourself—a woman with hair as much like daytime as yours is like night—a woman with eyes," he mused, "that had the sky in them—clear blue." He drew himself up with an effort. "Barry, my boy, my chair, too, will soon be vacant." He glanced down at the table—his used napkin, his emptied coffee-cup, his plate with a few raisin stems and fragments of walnut-shells. "It seems to me my life has been almost as brief as our dinner; and now the feast is over and only the débris remains."

He sighed and looked up at Barry with forced calm. "Barry, my boy," he went on, "when I die—whether it's to-morrow or not for years—you and Tom will have a good income. The principal will remain in trust until you're thirty, for reasons I hope you'll some day appreciate. Do you remember my old friend Frank Beekman? He used to come here when you were a child. Eh, Barry, d'you remember him?"

Barry did not; but his mind was too clouded, his heart too heavy, to admit of a steady answer. The colonel looked away.

"Frank Beekman," said he, "is the best type of Northerner, and my oldest friend. In winter he lives in New York, in summer in Massachusetts. I don't know his wife, but I've seen his daugh-

ter, Muriel. She's about your age, Barry, and a little thoroughbred. I think you'll like her. I think she'll be a help to you." The colonel cleared his throat. "I've appointed Mr. Beekman my executor and trustee. I've also made him guardian of you and Tom. I've left your income entirely under his control."

The colonel puffed at his cigar, and, breathing out a prodigious cloud of smoke, said quietly: "Thus, Barry, my boy, when your father goes galloping off into eternity, you also will be transplanted from your birthplace, though not yet awhile to another planet. Barry, my son, this particular planet on which at present you and I are madly whirling through space, as if on a colossal merry-go-round, is not half bad, believe me. At all events, it's the best we've got. So stick to it, Barry, and ride close to the saddle, nicely balanced, firmly gripping, and even if you're riding hell-fire, don't let your mount chuck you. For God's sake, Barry, don't get spilled as I have!" His voice caught, but he mastered it. "Then in your own good time, when the run's done, you can dismount decently and in order." Again he puffed energetically, and again blew forth a voluminous cloud of smoke. "So, Barry, my boy, you'll be transplanted," he pursued. "You'll be permanently transplanted—a wise move, say I, for the descendants of all old families, and especially ours."

He smiled, frowned, and hesitated, twirling his mustache. He had come, so to speak, to the stiffest jump, and felt, as he would have put it, a bit weak on the take-off. But he was in the saddle now, nicely balanced and firmly gripping. The chase was not a fox-hunt, but a devil-hunt, and his sudden righteous impulses, straining to be in at the death, gave tongue like a pack in full cry.

It was best—it was best! It was no false scent. It was the trail of truth. Burke was the whip, and knew, and all the voices said so. Now, then, for the rise! Though Messalina had chucked him, he swore nothing else could.

"I've remarked, Barry, that transplanting is excellent for old families, especially for ours; and if I ever know what I am talking about, I do now." With a wave of his hand he indicated

the portraits all about them on the walls—faces vague and at first glance inscrutable in the candle-light. "Have a look at your ancestors, Barry, my boy. You've seen them often before through rose-colored glasses, but now I fear I've got to take those magic spectacles off your nose." He scowled at the portraits. "What do you think of them all?"

Barry, perplexed at the new and somewhat discordant irony in his father's rich voice, surveyed the file of gilt-framed personages on the opposite wall. Heretofore, when the colonel had seen his son gazing up at these worthies he had said to himself that so much ardor and reverence in a descendant must surely tickle their vanity; but to-night, as Barry looked up, the boy's face was clouded with bewilderment.

"What do you think of them?" repeated the colonel gently.

Still looking up, and still puzzled, but now just a shade dogged, Barry replied:

"I think what I have always thought. Of course, they are dingy and dressed like guys, some of them; but as you say yourself, clothes don't always count." He shook his head, sat back more easily, and brightened. "I don't see anything wrong with them, and I'll be shot if I want to."

Colonel Gordon shifted uncomfortably.

"That's not the point, Barry. You've got to, whether you want to or not, and whether I want you to or not. That's the point, Barry—you've got to!"

He singled out a portrait at the left of the line, facing Barry. The picture was that of the colonel's grandfather, an old man with iron-gray hair, a beak-like nose, a strong chin in a long white stock, and a general look of calm dominance, save for a pair of feverish eyes.

"Now look at him," said the colonel. "A shrewd statesman, I've often told you—one of Andrew Jackson's ablest supporters. Good! But look at his eyes—look at the unrestraint in his tell-tale eyes. Now, here is what you don't know about him. He got to lusting so for power that he tried to come it over the President and Congress. Result—a breach, and ignominy."

With the same mechanical wave the colonel passed on to a larger portrait,

just opposite Barry. The man was the colonel's great-grandfather, and one of Barry's favorites. He was mounted on a war-horse splendidly rearing, and looked very military and Washingtonian; but somehow this patriot was marred by a lurking folly in his eyes.

"A great gadabout," said the colonel, "and a great fighter. Revolutionary history, as you know, is full of him. But look at the prodigality in his eyes. Now, Barry, here is a tradition not in history. He loved a number of women, not wisely but decidedly too well—you understand!"

Thus to one and another Colonel Gordon drew his son's attention, showing them up, as he put it, in their true light.

Finally he nodded toward the end of the room, a far and gloomy wall on which hung but one picture. This was a life-sized portrait, and for many reasons meant more to Barry than all the rest. It was now so uncertainly lighted by the candles that by a slight stretch of fancy one might have thought some ancient Gordon ghost stood there, meeting the gaze of his two descendants with a lofty, irresponsible stare. According to certain memoirs, this portrait represented General Nicholas Gordon, the first of their branch in America.

The picture was obscure and shadowy. The figure seemed to be standing in a gloomy interior, lit from one side by a weird glare, as if from a torch. The man wore the military garb of a Cavalier, and the light gleamed on a steel corselet and sword.

"Another gadabout," said Barry's father. "But very different. Went all over the world, you know, forever restless and wandering and hungry for adventure. A wolf of a man, Barry—a wolf!"

As Barry had turned away his chair, and sat gazing at the distant portrait, the colonel could not see his face, but when he spoke his voice sounded dry and unnatural.

"I thought General Gordon was one of the founders of Virginia," the lad said.

"Yes, Barry, boy; but now that you've looked the lot over again, listen. Outwardly, I confess, there is glamour about them—and inwardly, too, no doubt.

Bless you, boy, they were full of pluck and what-not, and even virtue, possibly—good and bad, like the rest of humanity, only somehow wilder than most, more self-indulgent, more unbridled and reckless. The trouble with us is, Barry, that we've got the Gordon fire. Do you want to know what that is? Then I'll tell you. It is not a well-behaved, plebeian little fire to cook your dinner on; it isn't a respectable middle-class blaze, useful in the furnaces of industry. No; it's the electric fluid called blue blood—hazard and destructive as lightning!"

The colonel fumbled with his bandage. His head felt queer. The pain was not so sharp now, but the bandage seemed tighter. He was beginning to feel nervous, restless, and his facial muscles twitched. Burke was a fool! Fancy knocking off a man's tipple so abruptly just when it was most needed! Suddenly he was struck by the absurd incongruity of his rôle of preacher, and smiled bitterly; but still he hung to the sermon, and spoke in a hoarse voice to Barry's back.

"Barry, that man you're looking at was the worst of the whole crew. He died with a drinking-song on his lips—a toast, if you please, to the devil. No death could have been more consistent. General Nicholas Gordon, though splendid enough in war and public affairs, was quite the reverse privately. In fact, he was the namesake of the devil he toasted. They called him 'Old Nick' for short."

Barry did not move. If he flinched, it was almost unnoticeable. He was still inscrutably staring at the equally inscrutable ghost.

"You can read it," said the colonel uneasily, "in Laidlaw's 'History of Virginia.' That will tell you the truth about the head of our family in America—the story of how General Nicholas Gordon lived and died. And in a footnote you will find his toast to the devil. The toast has a peculiar history. Our family, you know, traces back to the time of the Crusades. The first Gordon of whom there is any record died fighting for the tomb of Christ; but in the second Crusade there's mention of a Gordon who fell in love with a Saracen woman and went to the bad. Then there's Adam Gordon, of outlaw fame, who calmly waylaid his king. At about that time the

song crept in. Perhaps he made it. Who knows? Soon there was a superstition afloat with it. 'Pledge the devil in wine, he responds in brimstone.' In other words, drink to the devil and you die. They say this superstition was revived by Nicholas Gordon's death. He died, you see, singing the song." The colonel frowned. "Queer coincidence, eh, Barry?" He blew a great cloud of smoke. "Fatal song, that! Let me see if I can remember it. The music's lost. Let me think—the words go something like this: 'Up, friends, up; to-night we sup, though to-morrow we die of the revel!'"

Barry shifted.

"Don't," he interrupted lifelessly, without turning. "Don't! What's the use?"

The colonel smiled.

"You're not afraid, are you? It's only a superstition. 'Drink to the devil and you die' is merely a romantic way of saying that 'the wages of sin is death.' But I'll give you a prettier motto—eh, Barry?—to offset all this. Somewhere in an old ballad I think I've read of a Sir Something-or-Other Gordon, who went about the world tilting at windmills 'in the name, quoth he, of Amelotte.' That line, I remember, ended every stanza—'in the name, quoth he, of Amelotte.' For the life of me I can't remember anything more about the gentleman, but I dare swear his Amelotte was a fine girl. God send you one, Barry, my boy, like Amelotte! The general knew one, but she didn't love him. I married one, but she died; and so"—Colonel Gordon hesitated a moment to nerve himself for the last stab—"and so I, too, have gone to the devil!"

His cigar was out now, and he had sunk down again in his chair.

"My son," said he, "I've noticed the Old Nick in your eyes, too, so I tell you this to forewarn you and forearm you. I can preach all the better because I haven't practised. Barry, I'm drinking myself to death."

He paused, staring at Barry's back. How was the boy taking it? There seemed to be little change in him. His head was slightly bowed, and his broad shoulders had sunk a little—that was all; but his immobility and dumbness, and this new and subtle droop, suggested a mind stunned. Evidently the boy's soul was

rocking; evidently a great darkness had swept across it. He had suddenly been fed full of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; and the burning taste was on his tongue like corrosive poison.

V

WHEN at last Barry moved, he only half turned, and, throwing out his arms across the table, buried his face in them, not passionately, but merely as if longing to fall asleep.

With a flood of tenderness the colonel leaned toward him, but restrained himself and drew back. Now that the thing was done, a mortal weakness began to possess him; he had not enough strength to console his son as a man should.

Moment after moment he waited, till it seemed that he had waited hours, and he could endure it no longer. The candles were down to their sockets now and flickering fitfully. Outside a November night-wind had risen, and was moaning about the house. The loneliness grew intolerably oppressive.

The colonel tried to say something, but was appalled to find that he could not do so. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and when he tried to speak it released itself with a clicking sound that sickened him. He felt parched to the core; the blood and marrow in him seemed to have turned to hot dust; he felt as if his heart pumped ashes, as if his head must burst; and his whole body seemed filled with needles. He started to rise, but suddenly a tremor ran through him, and in another moment he realized that from head to foot one side of him had lost sensation.

Long he sat there helpless, and in some queer way his whole life unwound before him. He did not seem to be remembering it, but actually reliving it. At first the phenomenon pleased him, and he lent himself to it drowsily; but as the years rolled by and he reentered the later gloom, he desperately struggled to forget.

The effort must have been physical as well as mental. He had shifted in his chair. He found that his limbs on the side seemingly paralyzed had become movable again. Stretching himself to make sure, he rose shakily, and, conscious now of nothing save his desires, shuffled

to the massive mahogany sideboard. Opening a deep drawer, he took out a bottle of Bourbon whisky and filled a small goblet to the brim.

The gurgle of the pouring aroused Barry. He started up suddenly, one hand catching at the back of his chair, the other biting into his palm. Still dumb, still dazed, he stared at his father and at the glass with blind indignation.

"Barry," muttered the colonel, "fight while you're young. Fight like the dickens while you're young. If you don't, you'll—"

Filled by an ungovernable impulse, he caught up the glass and drained it at a swallow.

Petrified with horror, Barry recoiled, pallid and breathless as death. The tragedy, though not real to him, was worse than any nightmare. He had no thoughts, no immediate resources—merely an impression of being a prisoner in a great gloomy room—a prisoner alone with dribbling candles, a lot of weird faces, and a massive, loose-limbed ghost with a bandaged head and a shaking hand and a glass of fire—a ghost as ghostly as all the others in the gilt frames—a ghost who seemed to be his father, but was not.

Colonel Gordon refilled his glass and again tossed down its fire. The draft seemed to produce no ill result. On the contrary, as it took effect, he stood straighter and looked to Barry younger and more natural. The old smile returned to his eyes, the military air to his carriage. Good-humor and that love of life which had always made him so companionable to the boy returned and began to bubble from him.

"Cheer up, Barry," he said, smiling. "Gad, boy, your soul is being saved to-night! You'll be the man I might have been. You'll put an end to this devilry forever!"

His voice was real now, and had a firm ring. It echoed through Barry and started his reason. He began to think.

The colonel swayed, and leaned back against the sideboard.

"Barry, boy," he said quietly, "forgive me!"

He turned unsteadily, refilled his glass, and was about to raise it to his lips again; but this time Barry was seized by a wild

impulse. Quickly stepping forward, he struck the goblet from his father's hand. As it fell, it crashed against the sideboard and broke into fragments.

Colonel Gordon laughed without displeasure.

"Capital!" he said. "Excellent! If you fight it that way, you'll win." He took another glass, and, smiling, filled it. "But as for me, I'm too far gone."

Barry hesitated. He could not struggle physically with his father. His breeding and sonship forbade such an encounter. He thought of calling Joshua, but shame kept him silent. He thought of running for Dr. Burke, but feared to leave his father alone in this condition. He could only plead from the depths of his waking soul.

"Father, I beg of you, not another drop! You're killing yourself. Stop now, and I swear before God I'll never touch it as long as I live!"

But the colonel had lost the chance to seize and bind that vow. If he saw his opportunity at all, it was too elusive to be grasped. He had spoken truly—he was too far gone. His brain was succumbing; insanity began to flare in his eyes. His glass half raised, he smiled at the ancestral portraits with a trace of his old-time gracious hospitality, and cried genially:

"Up, friends, up!
To-night we sup,
Though to-morrow we die of the revel!"

Again Barry interrupted him.

"No, father," he faltered, shuddering. "Think what you're saying! Think what you're doing!"

But the colonel seemed to have forgotten his presence. Dementedly he waved his good-will to the ghostly company.

"Up, friends, up!
To-night we sup,
Though to-morrow we die of the revel!"

He had wandered now to the end of the dining-room, and stood smiling at the dark, vague portrait of General Nicholas Gordon. To Barry, paralyzed with awe, that sinister figure seemed to control the tragedy. He conceived a deadly hatred for the man in the frame. The general was his father's enemy—the devil that possessed him. Turned to stone, Barry

stood and watched the two men, who were now face to face, each as much a ghost as the other.

The colonel's voice, as he raised his glass, came thick, but hearty:

"Up, friends, up!
To-night we sup,
Though to-morrow we die of the revel!
Rise for a toast
Though to-morrow we roast!
Here's a health to his lordship the devil!"

Colonel Gordon drank, and stood motionless a moment. Then, suddenly, as if he had seen something terrifying in the portrait—some subtle stir or responsive shifting of the figure—he cried out in fear, and the glass fell from his hand. With a last effort he controlled himself, drew himself up, and, putting his arms to his side, soldier-wise, stood tensely at attention. He raised his hand to his bandaged forehead in a dazed military salute to the soldier in the frame, as if to a superior officer.

This done, he suddenly relaxed, reeled, and would have fallen save for Barry's quick support. Tenderly, but with all his strength, the lad held his father up, and tried to get him to a chair. He could not do it. Heavy and limp, Colonel Gordon, now unconscious, sank to the floor and collapsed utterly.

Barry, heart-broken, kneeled beside him, imploring him to speak; but the beloved eyes were closed now, the mobile face had a fixed, vacuous look, and presently the breath, at first labored, stopped entirely.

With a groan, Barry rose and stood staring at the dark, inscrutable portrait, his eyes filled with hate.

When Dr. Burke, summoned by Joshua, came in haste, the candles had burned out. The great dining-room was in darkness, and still as a tomb.

The doctor went and fetched his carriage-lantern. By its light he saw the body of his old friend lying lifeless near the table. Between the body and the end wall, which was now blank, the life-sized portrait of General Nicholas Gordon lay flat on the floor, face upward. Near it the blade of a table-knife glimmered faintly. The canvas was gashed through and through.

In a chair pulled out from the dinner-table Barry sat, blindly staring at the wrecked portrait.

VI

A GAS-JET was lighted at one end of the dormitory. Above the door from the hall a table-cover had been hung to darken the transom. Under the light, and between the two beds, stood a table, littered with biscuits, beer-bottles, and cards. About the table sat a group of youths, indulging in a foretaste of college. Four or five, some new at it, some comparatively expert, were deep in a game of poker. The rest watched them, fascinated, excepting one or two, who had sunk back on the beds, where, in order to conceal a sickening dizziness caused by their first fling with alcohol and tobacco, they pretended to be lounging comfortably.

At the other end of the room Barry Gordon lay in bed, craving sleep—a sleep without dreams. Till recently he had never known this wakefulness. Sleep had come to his healthy brain as naturally as hunger to his stomach, air to his lungs, laughter to his lips; but now, like laughter, it came only fitfully and with bitterness.

What phantasms! Time and again he saw portraits—throns of flat, painted ghosts hopping about him tipsily on the corners of their gilded frames, laughing and winking at him, till he seemed to reel and fall in the center of that demoniac dance. Then he would wake, damp and shivering.

It was almost better to lie staring awake, as he lay now; but he felt very weary. His brain was being worn as if by a ceaseless drip of thoughts, always the same. Behind him he saw an endless, hideous past; before him an endless, enigmatical future. He was cast away in the middle of an evil ocean, and was sinking. He was tired of trying to grasp something safe and solid.

He stared listlessly at the poker-players. A few months ago he would have been sitting there with them, spreeing it with a gusto; but now he was no longer one of them. His months of brooding had turned them against him. Others had lost fathers, but they had not moped as he had. With brutal candor they

called him a "wet blanket." The loss of their companionship made him very lonely; but he couldn't have enjoyed the game. He had eaten of the fruit of the tree, and now recognized even incipient evil.

In his heart he began to loathe the ringleaders of the group at the other end of the long bedroom. Their whispered jokes, inane and unclean, mortified him. Their precocity disgusted him. The fellows were aping men. He saw the sham, the pose. The beer sickened them; the smoke choked them; the game flushed their faces.

He wondered if the spree would always have looked this way had his eyes been earlier opened. No, he thought not. There was a change in them as well as in him. They were under the leadership of a newcomer at St. Clement's. Like himself, the fellow was a Virginian, but unwholesome and hard. Meade mimicked maturity better than the rest, and wore a vicious air naturally. He was evidently the evil genius of the game. When Meade shuffled, he shuffled with a manner; when he dealt, he dealt fast; when he swore, he swore vilely. He was glib with the lowest slang of the game. His hands were dexterous, his lips thin, his eyes like slits. He drank less than the others, and won more.

Barry wished he had not allowed himself to take a back seat and let Meade rule. The school would go from bad to worse. He had been wild, but Meade was low. The sight of the fellow sitting there under the gaslight, his eyes so avid, his fingers so nimble, kindled Barry's wrath.

Young Gordon restrained himself, however. He was out of this for good and all. No! He sat up in bed. Meade, who was dealing, had made a queer, quick motion across the bottom of the pack. The others, picking up their cards, failed to notice it. It was something dishonest.

Impetuously Barry sprung out of bed and crossed the room. Suddenly he felt strong, active. There was something to do besides mere thinking.

What happened then he remembered, later, as the second great storm in his life. It was all mad, swift, dark.

As he came to the table the players looked up drowsily. One of them was Hicks, his red hair disordered, his honest eyes sleepy. Another was Barry's brother—a fair boy, who was new at this, and showed it.

Hicks shifted to make room for his friend. Barry, in his night-shirt, seated himself opposite Meade. He rested an arm about his brother's shoulders. Tom did not look up. His blue eyes, impatient for the deal, were ashamed and bashful.

Meade counted out a handful of beans and shoved them toward Barry.

"There's fifty," he whispered. "Limit's ten. Want to raise it?"

"No." Barry looked at his brother. "Lost much, Tom?"

Tom nodded in silence.

"Why don't you drop out?" asked Barry.

"I wanted to, but Meade said it would break up the game."

"Well, I'll take your place."

Tom took the hint. He rose as inconspicuously as possible, and stood in his night-shirt watching them.

"Deal," said Barry, and Meade, sullen at being robbed of his prey, dealt muttering.

One of the boys shoved a bottle of beer toward Barry. Barry hid a shudder and pushed it back. In an offhand way he was watching Meade.

"Wait!" he suddenly said, rising. Meade had his left hand under the table. "What have you got in that hand?" The other players, with eyes and mouths suddenly wide, stared at the dealer. Those sick on the beds sat up stupidly.

"I dare you to show it!" said Barry.

"What you talking about, Gordon? Sit down. What's the matter?" Meade's eyes were more slitty than ever. "Squealing, eh, 'cause your brother's cleaned out? Better be careful, Gordon. I can get even with you!"

Barry winced, hesitated. The threat was sickening to contemplate. Meade came from the South. If he knew anything and told it, life would be unbearable here. Barry mustered up his new strength.

"I dare you to put your left hand on the table," he said doggedly.

(To be continued)

THE FOUNDER OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

BY LYNDON ORR

THE ALMOST UNKNOWN ENGLISHMAN WHOSE NAME HAS BECOME
A LANDMARK OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND AMERICAN LIFE

TO the west of the beautiful Memorial Hall, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, stands a statue of John Harvard, who gave his name to the oldest of American universities. The inquiring visitor, who thinks, perhaps, that he is gazing upon a likeness of that gentle-minded scholar, soon learns that such is not the case, and that the statue is purely an ideal one from the hand of Daniel C. French. In modeling it, the artist had not even so much as an old-time print or a bit of personal description to guide his hand. For, curiously enough, although John Harvard's name is known all over the world, the man himself is almost as mythical a personage as Agamemnon, or Homer, or William Tell. Mr. Henry Shelley has lately written a volume about him which extends to more than three hundred pages, and a most ingenious book it is; yet if we deduct from it mere surmise and conjecture, the unquestioned facts could have been compressed within the limits of a single page.

Not very long ago a reward of five hundred dollars was offered for any new information about John Harvard. English records were ransacked. Local traditions were earnestly sought for. Everything was done to wrest from the past a shred or two of knowledge. Yet John Harvard still remains a figure shrouded in the sort of mystery which after the lapse of centuries envelops lives that were in their very nature uneventful.

The meager information that we possess comprises, at least, some points of interest. In the first place, we know that

last year was the three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth. His father was one Robert Harvard, a butcher, of Southwark—now a central borough of London, but then a riverside suburb. Robert Harvard apparently died when his son was a little child. The mother married twice after her husband's death, and made good matches, so that she became well-to-do, and sent her son to Emmanuel College in the University of Cambridge, where he remained for eight years, taking his bachelor's degree in 1631 and becoming a master of arts in 1635.

Emmanuel College was a place of quiet learning and decorous living. Archbishop Laud once called it scornfully "a nursery of Puritanism." It is not surprising, therefore, that in the eight years of his residence at Emmanuel, John Harvard turned away from the Church of England and became a non-conforming minister. It was natural, also, that having married Ann Sadler, the daughter of a clergyman, he should, with many of his companions, have emigrated to New England, where in 1637 he became assistant pastor of the First Church at Charlestown, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

The young minister knew that his health was already undermined, and he seems to have looked forward to the early death which came to him in the following year. In making his will he desired to do a lasting service to the colony of which he had been made a freeman. Two years before, the General Court of Massachusetts had chartered a college at what

was then called New Towne, and had voted for its establishment the sum of four hundred pounds. John Harvard in his will left to this college an equal sum, and the sum of four hundred pounds was esteemed a munificent gift; so the nascent college was named Harvard College, and the hamlet of New Towne was



STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD, BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, IN THE GROUNDS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY—THE FIGURE IS PURELY AN IDEAL ONE, AS THERE IS NO AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OR DESCRIPTION OF JOHN HARVARD

and also his whole library, which contained two hundred and sixty volumes.

At that time, in the American colonies, a library of two hundred and sixty volumes was a noble collection of books,

called Cambridge, in honor of the English university where John Harvard had been trained. And this is all that is really known of the man who founded so great a university, and to whose memory during

the past year so many impressive tributes have been offered.

Some years ago a skilful and patient investigator, Henry Fitz Gilbert Waters, discovered that Harvard's mother, Katherine Rogers, spent her early years in Shakespeare's town of Stratford-on-Avon. Fortunately—almost by a miracle—the house itself, like Shakespeare's early home, had not been leveled to the ground. It stands upon the High Street, opposite the Corn Exchange, and in its time was a fine old Elizabethan house. The interior was originally decorated with beautiful wood carvings, over which some unappreciative vandal had later spread a coat of plaster. Not long ago it was in a state of increasing dilapidation, when Miss Marie Corelli set herself the task of restoring it and preserving it as a memorial to John Harvard. Mr. Nelson Morris, of Chicago, gave Miss Corelli *carte blanche* to purchase the building and restore it to its early dignity.

The work was done with loving care. The paint and plaster were removed, and the fine old oaken panelings and carvings were once more brought to light. The exterior was artistic-

ally treated in the Elizabethan manner. Thus the house in which Katherine Rogers married Robert Harvard now looks as it looked in 1596, and it will remain among the most interesting show-places of the quaint old town of Stratford. It will no longer, as heretofore, be the office of an auctioneer, but will recall the name and the generosity of him who laid the firm foundations of a great university in another hemisphere.

Just as the home of Harvard's mother has been restored and made a permanent memorial, so in Southwark,

where his father lived, and where he himself was born, there has been created another Mecca for Harvard men. In the cathedral church of St. Saviour's, close to the south end of London Bridge, there is a baptismal register where one may read the record of John Harvard's baptism on the 29th of November, 1607. Out of the north aisle of the choir opens the chapel of St. John the Divine, one of the oldest parts of this beautiful medieval building—older, indeed, than the church itself, since beneath its Norman walls there is a foundation ascribed to Saxon times.



THE HARVARD MONUMENT ON BURIAL HILL, CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS—JOHN HARVARD WAS INTERRED IN THIS OLD CEMETERY, THOUGH THE EXACT SITE OF HIS GRAVE IS UNKNOWN



HARVARD HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, RECENTLY RESTORED AS A MONUMENT TO JOHN HARVARD—THIS WAS THE HOME OF HIS MOTHER, KATHERINE ROGERS

From a photograph by McNeillie, London

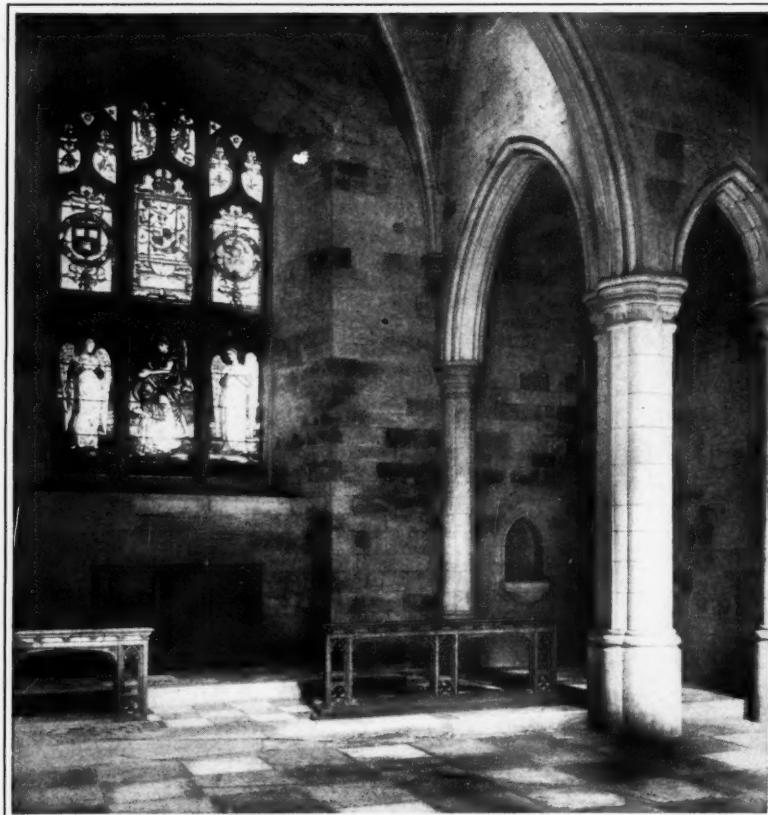
St. Saviour's is an edifice of immense historic interest; and, curiously enough, its associations are full of literary memories, and especially of memories which associate it with the stage. It is an odd coincidence that John Harvard's mother should have spent her maidenhood in Shakespeare's town, and that John Harvard and his brothers should have been baptized in the church where

Shakespeare's brother Edmund was laid to rest. Philip Massinger and John Fletcher, the dramatists, are also buried here; while the parish records note the death of Richard Burbage, who first created the part of *Hamlet* under the eye of Shakespeare himself. Chaucer's fellow-poet, John Gower, also rests here; and there is a memorial window commemorating Edward Alleyn—an actor of

Shakespeare's time, and a churchwarden of St. Saviour's—who founded Dulwich College, and of whom Francis Bacon said: "I like well that Alleyn playeth the last act of his life so well."

Some time ago a number of wealthy Harvard graduates resolved to restore the chapel of St. John, and provided the money needed to strengthen the crumbling walls and check the ravages of time. A beautiful painted window, from the hand of John La Farge, was set

yard Memorial Chapel, in the presence of the American ambassador, Mr. White-law Reid, the mayor and corporation of Southwark, and a very distinguished company of Americans and Englishmen. Mr. Reid officially delivered the restored chapel to the bishop on behalf of Harvard University. In his brief address he declared that the American institutions of learning, such as Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, King's College (Columbia), and William and Mary, which Englishmen



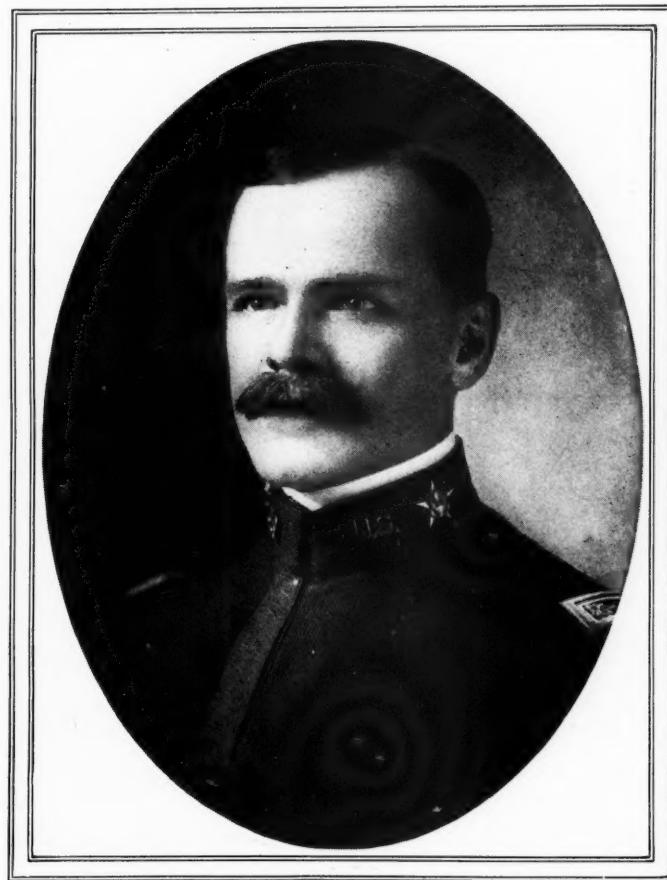
THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, IN ST. SAVIOUR'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK,
RECENTLY RESTORED AS A MONUMENT TO JOHN HARVARD, WHO WAS
BAPTIZED IN THIS HISTORIC LONDON CHURCH

From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

there; and a panel of glass, at the left of the altar, is flanked on the left by the arms of Harvard University and on the right by the arms of Emmanuel College.

Last July, the chapel was rededicated by the Bishop of Southwark as the Har-

had founded long ago, were to-day among the strongest ties that bind Great Britain and the United States together; since they indicate not only a common origin and a common faith, but also the same aspirations and the same ideals.



MAJOR DAVID D. GAILLARD, UNITED STATES ARMY, HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EXCAVATION AND DREDGING
From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

THE SOLDIERS WHO ARE BUILDING THE PANAMA CANAL

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT

IN the earlier days of the Civil War, Washington was always crowded with army officers—captains, majors, colonels, and generals of every grade. Shortly after the first battle of Bull Run, an examining board, questioning a candidate for a commission, is said to have proffered this question:

"When a regiment is going into battle, what is the proper station for the colonel?"

"On Pennsylvania Avenue, near Willard's Hotel," was the answer.

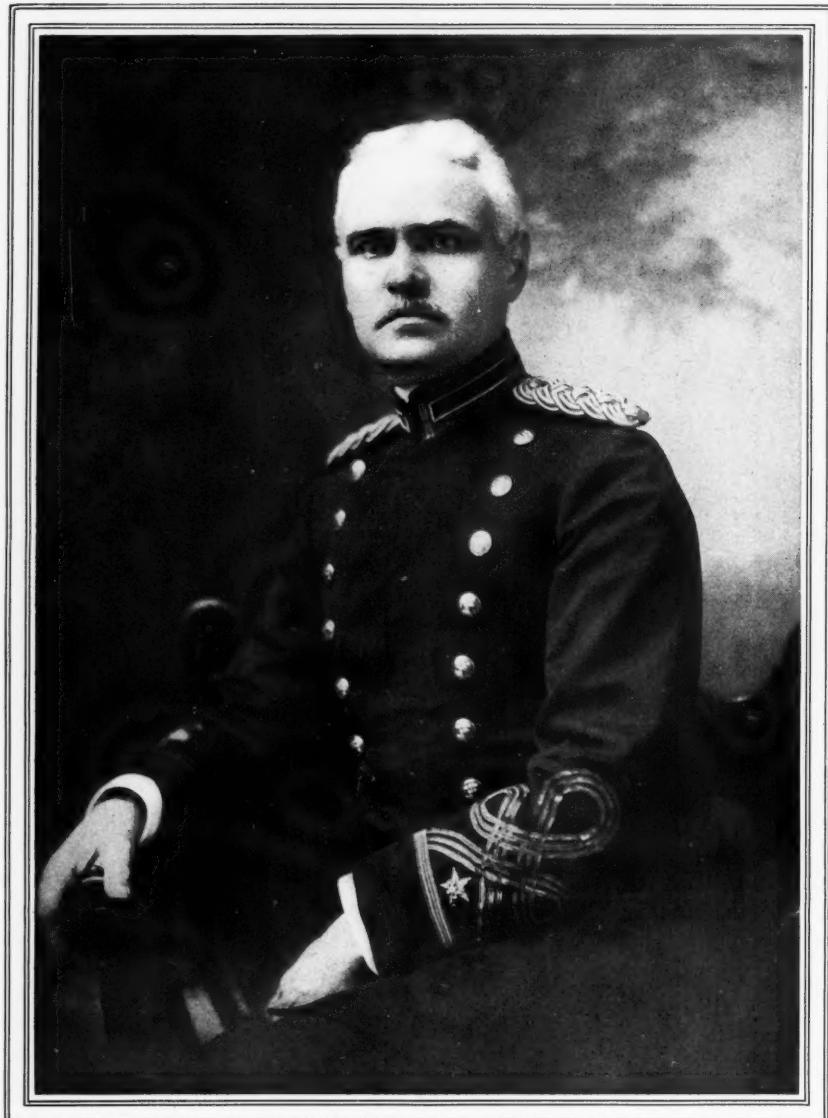
History does not say what happened to the too frank candidate for official rank; but history approves his answer as

having possessed the sting of satiric truth. And history repeats itself.

The nation, happily, has no war of guns, bayonets, cannon, mines, or battle-ships now on hand; but it has, if not a war, at least a siege against the stolid but resistant forces of nature. It is trying to cut through the rocky back-

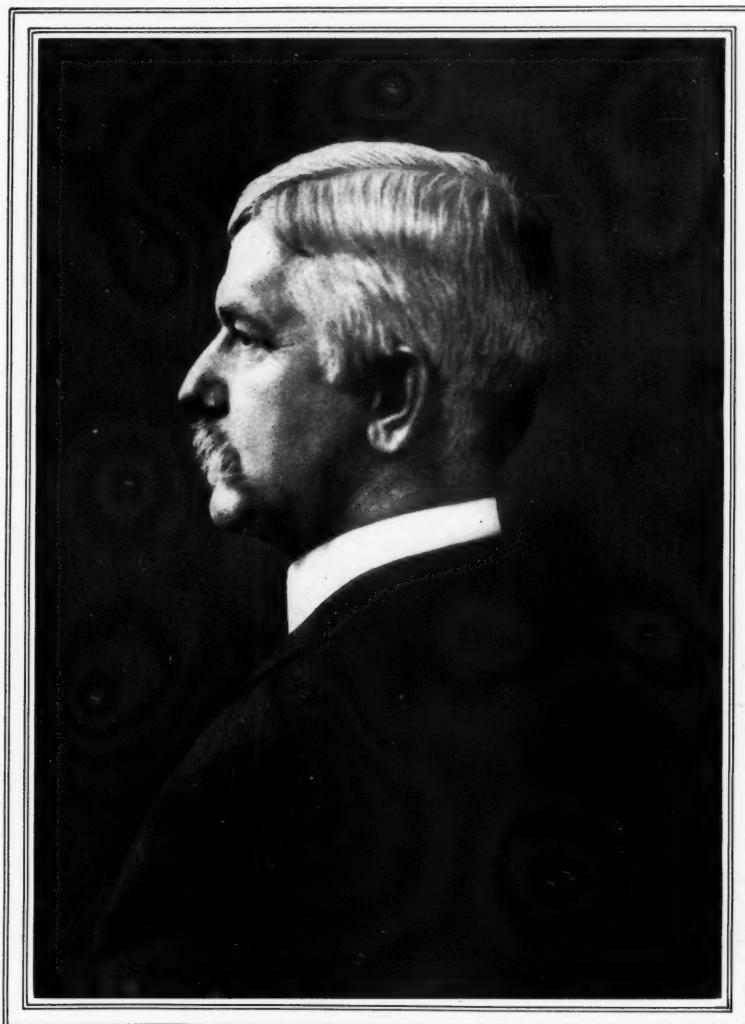
bone of the Isthmus of Panama, so that its ships, and those of foreign nations, may pass freely through, opening both Atlantic and Pacific to new currents of trade, and enabling us to use our naval forces in either ocean without the long delay of a voyage around Cape Horn.

When the United States took over this



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS, UNITED STATES ARMY, CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF
ENGINEER OF THE Isthmian CANAL COMMISSION

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



COLONEL WILLIAM C. GORGAS, UNITED STATES ARMY, HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

task from the French, civilians were entrusted with its performance. Most of these gentlemen, apparently, had an idea that the way to dig the canal was to stay as far away from Panama as possible. The commanding officers were not on the firing-line, but at the banquet-board. Never mind their names—there have been so many connected with the canal who are now engaged, at satisfactory salaries, in divers sorts of corporation activities in American cities. Of

one of these I can at least say that, asking for some information about the work of the old Panama Commission, I was given no fewer than twenty printed copies of his speeches delivered in cities all the way from New York to San Francisco; but there was little to indicate that he had spent much time on the Isthmus.

The Panama Canal cannot be dug by banquet addresses. So, at least, President Roosevelt seems to have concluded,

and hence the present commission is installed where the real physical work is to be done. And that commission is made up in the main of men wearing the military or naval uniform of the

Monroe with a friend who believed in the earnest life, if not the strenuous one.

"Why," said he, "do these officers, who have more leisure than men in civil life, whose incomes for their days on earth are



MAJOR WILLIAM L. SIBERT, UNITED STATES ARMY, HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT
OF LOCK AND DAM CONSTRUCTION

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

United States—men used to going where they are ordered, and to staying there until the work they are directed to do is performed.

Some months ago I was walking through the parade-ground at Fortress

assured, content themselves with the mere routine of their daily duty? What notable book has been written by an army officer? What—except those of Captain Mahan—by a navy officer? What great scientific achievement is to be credited

to men of either branch of the armed service of the United States?"

Perhaps President Roosevelt has opened the way to at least a partial answer to these questions. When the civilian members of the Panama Commission began to find that subways and railways offered them higher salaries, when chief engineers thought it better for their families to return to the more salubrious climes of the United States—always at a larger remuneration—it occurred to Mr. Roosevelt that our army and our navy must contain some engineers, organizers, and executives who would obey an order to go to Panama and stay there while work was to be done. He turned from railroad contractors, railroad managers, and political pets to the wearers of the blue—and the result has justified his action.

Four members of the present commission—Messrs. Goethals, Gaillard, Sibert, and Gorgas—are officers of the United States army. They succeeded chairmen who were paid thirty-five thousand dollars a year, and chief engineers who drew thirty thousand, and who were lured away by offers of more pay from great corporations suspected of unfriendliness to the Panama project. These army officers are paid fourteen thousand dollars a year—more, it is true, than their regular pay; but they are worth it, and they are doing the work. They are attacking the isthmus as Grant attacked Vicksburg, with painstaking and scientific engineering skill, with plenty of shovels and men to use them. Moreover, one of them—Colonel Gorgas—has developed and carried out a plan of sanitation which has reduced the rate of sickness and of death in the Canal Zone to a point which many American municipalities, situated in more temperate regions, might well envy.

THE CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF ENGINEER

Up to the present year, you would have looked in vain for the name of George W. Goethals in any of the biographical reference-books. For any knowledge of what he has done, you had to go to the records of the War Department. Yet Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals is a man who has left his impress on the country. A member of the General Staff of the army, his especial duty has been the

planning of the fortifications about the eastern end of Long Island Sound; but engineers in charge of fortification work cannot talk about their services, and will not talk about themselves. Enough now to say that he is in his fiftieth year; has long been close to Secretary Taft; and earnestly opposes his chief's former conviction in favor of a sea-level canal. He still holds to his view that the lock canal is the better type, and his experience in "canalizing" Western rivers gives his opinion weight.

Few untraveled Americans, and not very many who have traveled, know how much the United States government has done to make our Western rivers navigable. One single public work supervised by Colonel Goethals—on the Tennessee River, near Chattanooga—involved a canal fourteen miles long, seventy to a hundred feet wide, and six feet deep, with nine locks and an aqueduct nine hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. That is the sort of work that our army engineers are doing quietly year after year.

THE LABOR PROBLEM IN THE TROPICS

And yet, after all, the hardest problem at Panama is not of engineering. Modern science has conquered that. Either the sea-level or the lock canal can and will be built; the determination of the type hangs only on the questions of cost and of celerity of construction, not on its practicability. But the problem of labor is a harder one; and so, too, is the question of sanitation.

More than one-third—perhaps as much as half—of the printed matter issued by the Canal Commission since 1905 has dealt with the subject of labor. More spicy than this vast bulk of official literature are two current stories, which in some degree explain the almost incredible difficulties of handling the West Indian blacks who are doing the manual toil of the canal. One of these stories is told by Colonel Goethals's predecessor, Shonts.

"Senator Millard was sitting on the deck of the steamer *Havana*, watching the unloading of a heavy piece of machinery from the hold of the vessel. The tackle got caught in the rigging of the deck above; the foreman in charge of the gang of laborers sent one of them

to free the tackle. The laborer went, and did what he was told to do. The foreman missed him a few minutes later, and, looking around for the man, discovered him sitting peacefully at the spot to which he had been sent.

"What are you doing there?" yelled the foreman.

"You told me to come here, sah."

"Well, why didn't you come back?"

"You didn't tell me to come back, sah."

One must accept this anecdote as authentic, since it comes from the former chairman of the Canal Commission. Another, which I heard from an unofficial traveler just returned from the isthmus, sounds a little doubtful, but would not have been told unless it did in a picturesque way illustrate the class of labor with which the builders of the canal have to deal.

It appears that a company of sixty West Indian negroes was lined up in front of a section-boss. With certain sorts of emphasis, not necessary to repeat here, he told them that he had a mighty hard job to be done during the next two weeks, and he wanted all who were too lazy to undertake it, or not strong enough to stand the stress, to confess their unwillingness at once by stepping out of the ranks. Fifty-nine stepped forward. Turning to the one who remained, the boss said:

"Well, at any rate, you seem to be all right. Why didn't you step out with the rest?"

"I was too tired to move, sah."

Of course there is no truth in the story, but it gives a fair indication of the sort of problems that confronted the old commission, and that still confront the new one. And as it is primarily to Colonel Goethals, as president of that commission, that the solution of these problems has been put, it is well for Americans to know that his colleagues and associates in the War Department say that he has shown a singular knack of handling men.

THE CONQUEROR OF YELLOW FEVER

Next to the question of labor is that of sanitation. Here again comes a member of the military force of the United States—an army officer pledged to serve his country wherever he may be ordered.

Colonel William C. Gorgas has had charge of the sanitation of the Canal Zone practically since the French company was bought out. The work he had to do was prodigious, terrifying. Hercules, when he entered the Augean stables, had no such task.

Two towns that were practically cities of mud and malaria had to be drained, cleaned, and supplied with water for all purposes. A working population unaccustomed to habits of cleanliness had to be disciplined and properly housed. A commissary department had to be established, and, curiously enough, the workmen employed had to be compelled to eat. The workmen thus far engaged are in the main the easy-going negroes of the West Indies. Moved to the less healthful climate of the Canal Zone, and compelled to labor instead of idling their time away, they would rapidly lose strength and health unless properly fed. In one of the reports issued by Colonel Gorgas there is made the curious statement that it proved easier to supply uncooked food for these workmen at ten cents a day than to persuade them to eat it; so it was determined to charge them thirty cents a day for cooked food, and to deduct the price from their wages. Since the laborer is compelled to pay whether he eats or not, it has been found that he will eat. As long as he had the option of not paying or not eating, he would endeavor to live, as he did in Jamaica or Santo Domingo, on a banana or two daily, and save his money against his return home. Too often his insufficient food sent him to his long home.

This is one of the many lesser problems which Colonel Gorgas has had to solve, and which, sounding trivial, have been in fact most serious ones.

TWO MORE ARMY ENGINEERS

A third army officer at Panama is Major David Gaillard. He has long been one of the experts of the engineering corps. He built the great piers at Duluth, and served as a member of the board of officers that drew plans for the tunnel by which the railroads are to enter the city of Washington. His specialty has been concrete construction, and it is to this particular branch of the work on the canal that his attention will be given.

Major Sibert, another engineer officer, has long been a specialist in the building of locks and dams. His most important previous work was in connection with the elaborate system of river improvement around Pittsburgh. He made a reputation for quick and wise judgment at a time when the Alleghany River rose in one of its periodical floods. An uncompleted dam, on which the government had paid eighty thousand dollars, threatened the destruction of some adjoining factories and rows of workmen's cottages. Without hesitation, without wiring to Washington for instructions, Major Sibert directed that the unfinished dam should be dynamited and destroyed. More than eighty thousand dollars' worth of government property was ruined, but the surrounding district was saved. His action was approved and applauded by his superiors.

THE OTHER IsthMIAN COMMISSIONERS

These are the chief executives of the commission. The navy is represented, in a sense, by H. H. Rousseau, who was appointed to take the place of Rear-Admiral Endicott. Mr. Rousseau is not a graduate of Annapolis, but of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute; yet he holds the rank and pay of a rear-admiral, and prior to his service at Panama was engaged in improving the navy yards of the United States. He is the youngest man on the commission, only thirty-seven years old.

The only man appointed directly from civil life to the present commission is ex-Senator Joseph S. C. Blackburn, of Kentucky. It has been said that Mr. Blackburn was appointed without his knowledge. That is not quite the fact. He himself told me that he was consulted prior to the appointment, and accepted

it only on the distinct understanding that the proffer of the place did not involve any bargain for his political services.

"Joe" Blackburn has been a somewhat militant Democrat all his life. For twenty-eight years the people of Kentucky kept him either in the House or in the Senate, and few public men are more widely known than he. What he didn't know about the Panama Canal at the time of his appointment might readily fill several good-sized volumes, but he has done what all his colleagues have done—packed up and proceeded to Panama, to be where the work is doing.

And that is the true strength of the present commission—that every member of it is right on the ground. A year ago, the offices of the Panama Canal Commission in Washington were busy and populous; to-day they are practically deserted. The commissioners are on the isthmus; and it may be due to the fact of their presence there, almost as much as to their executive ability, that on the 4th of last December Chairman Goethals was able to report to President Roosevelt that whereas the amount of excavation accomplished during the month of November, 1906, was three hundred and eighty-nine thousand cubic yards, the figures for November, 1907, were one million eight hundred and thirty-eight thousand cubic yards—almost a fivefold increase.

In fact, it would appear that President Roosevelt has at last found the true way to have our great national engineering work carried to a successful conclusion. It is being pushed forward much more rapidly, more cheaply, and more efficiently by the officers who now have it in charge than it ever was by the high-salaried experts who came to their task with great reputations won in civil life.

OPTIMISM

THERE was never a sunbeam lost, and never a drop of rain;
There was never a carol sweet, that was sung, and sung in vain;
There was never a noble thought, but through endless years it lives;
And never a blacksmith's blow, but an endless use it gives.

There was never a child's full laugh, or a woman's cheerful word,
That did not exalt the state where its tones were felt and heard.
Know, then, that it still holds true from the skies to the humblest soil,
That there is no wasted love and there is no wasted toil!

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow

WOMAN UNREASONABLE

BY JOSEPHINE DIXON

AUTHOR OF "MONEY AND MATRIMONY," ETC.

MR. BRADFORD was ushered into the small drawing-room—the one all in red, where the pretty little widow wrote her letters, gave her orders for dinner, and received her very particular friends. The room was pleasing to Mr. Bradford, even though the damask-covered walls, the frescoed ceiling, the silk-cushioned chairs, the deep mahogany sofas, the brass-bound mirrors, and the leaping grate fire did suggest to his economical mind a lavish and altogether feminine extravagance. He believed in comfort, but people's ideas of comfort admit of as great latitude as their ideas of beauty and humor, and Mr. Bradford was easily disposed to call all luxuries "temptations."

While he warmed his hands before the grate, he congratulated himself that he had at last come to the decision to marry the pretty widow. In spite of her follies, she was very charming; and her wit, and the gay vigor of her perfect health, were guarantee against a repetition of his first marriage, which had been made up of tears, headaches, and complainings.

True, he could have wished that the widow were better read. It was disconcerting to hear her say that books made her weary. He felt sure she knew nothing of chemistry, and when he tried to talk to her about moral philosophy she had hummed a little tune. He might have decided to marry her much earlier if he could have felt that she had explored even a little of those dim provinces from which he had gleaned the convictions which served as the basis of his life. He was going to marry her, nevertheless, and she was still young enough to be molded to his manner of thought.

He was still considering the idea of

molding her when the little widow appeared. At the first glimpse of her plump body and her bright face, and the first sound of her soft Southern drawl, he became more strongly convinced of the wisdom of his selection. He was not long in introducing the object of his visit. Very soon after he had taken the deep chair to which she pointed him he was well launched into the subject. With his feet slightly extended toward the blaze, his hands well up before him, and his finger-tips opening and closing as he talked, he was presenting himself at the marriage-altar.

"I think I can offer you everything that in either a worldly or a spiritual way is considered desirable in marriage," he was saying.

The widow leaned forward to push a blazing coal back with her slipper, and to regard the toe carefully to see if she had burned it. He could not see her face, but he went on:

"I need not remind you that my family has numbered three Governors. My father's brother was a United States Senator of influence and prominence. My mother was the daughter of an admiral, who in turn was descended directly from a Revolutionary officer who was a close personal friend of Washington."

It was obvious that she was listening to him—which was more than she sometimes did; and Mr. Bradford was encouraged to proceed.

"Such money as is necessary for the modest maintenance of two people—it is correct, of course, that I should speak of the practical side of the matter, since neither of us is so young as to make it possible to disregard this—my small fortune came to me by inheritance, and was made in honorable professions untainted by bargains or exchange. My education

is the result of a lifetime of leisure, and my habits are the product of a strict adherence to the laws of moral and physical hygiene."

He paused so long that little Mrs. Merriam looked up from the toe of her slipper to see if he had finished. When it became apparent that he had, she laughed; and when she saw that he was waiting for her reply, she laughed again.

"My dear Mr. Bradford," she said, "I don't really see what more any reasonable person could ask—I really don't; but you see I'm a very unreasonable person. I don't think I could marry anybody with all those qualifications. I'm sure I couldn't live up to them. The Governors and the Senators and all those things would simply be wasted on me, and the moral hygiene would be miles beyond me. I'm sorry you said anything about it, and—and—would you mind if we talked about somebody else?"

Mr. Bradford gazed at her glassily. Had he been expecting a refusal, he might have braced himself for it; but he wasn't expecting anything of the sort, and he suddenly found his perspective of the future completely dislocated.

"You—you mean you won't marry me, Amelia? I—I don't understand!"

Mrs. Merriam shook her head.

"I am afraid that's what I mean." Then, seeing the consternation in his face, she added consolingly: "I hope I haven't been too sudden!"

Mr. Bradford was in the mental situation of a man who has plunged in stocks and lost his all. His faculties were not yet adjusted to the humorous. He dusted his mind hastily, if unsteadily, and turned out the contents of every dark corner and recess for a possible reason for the widow's refusal. One suddenly occurred to him.

"It isn't possible, Amelia," he said anxiously, "that your objections are based upon my previous marriage?"

She shook her head, but he did not wait for her answer.

"That was, as you know, an unfortunate affair—a most unfortunate affair, in which I was the victim. My worst enemies had to sympathize with me in that. I was vindicated of all blame by the courts. You know that, don't you, even though I have never talked about

it before? Naturally, it is a delicate matter, a subject which I try to avoid; but my standing here, my reputation in the community in which I have spent my life must be assurance enough that it was I who was the innocent one. Before you give me your final word in—in this matter to which we have been referring, I should like to present you with all the papers and evidence in the case, that you may see to what an extent my confidence was abused, my honor assailed, my home outraged."

Mr. Bradford was calling together the whole flock of stereotyped phrases used in law-courts to describe all cases of broken heart and desecrated affection. The widow held up a small hand as a sign that further expansiveness was unnecessary.

"Don't!" she said earnestly. "That has nothing to do with it—truly nothing. If you will excuse me, I think that if I could marry you at all it would be because of the divorce. I should always think of that, and it would help me to remember that you were human and had some of the emotions of other men. Generally—I hope I'm not going to be offensive—I'm sure I don't mean to be—generally, you know, you seem to me to be just a projection of all the virtues. I couldn't marry all the virtues! It wouldn't be fair to them, you know; and on the other hand, it would be such a risk to marry a man whose only outward and visible sign of human weaknesses was his lack of wisdom in the selection of his first wife. I'm sure you'd be a good husband, Mr. Bradford, and I'm sensible of the honor, as they say in books; but—well, I've a generous assortment of small vices, and I'm used to them; but if I were to marry again and things didn't go right, I'm sure I should add some big ones to them—horrid ones, you know, and I shouldn't like that at all. I'm the weak sort that couldn't be good without being happy. I knew a woman once who married a man like—like that. I'll tell you about her, if you're sure you wouldn't be bored."

II

SHE looked at him inquiringly. Still, dazed, he nodded a pained willingness to listen.

"Well, you know, I spent last summer at the seashore. I was with the Richards, who are duller than town in August, so I was forced to pick up some one who would keep me from a slow death from ennui. At a table near ours in the dining-room I had noticed a woman who was neither young, nor pretty, nor especially good style. I am not easily attracted to people—especially to women—and I was rather surprised at myself when this woman began to have a fascination for me. I found myself watching her at every meal, and arranging my hours to be in the dining-room at the same time.

"At last, one day, on the veranda, I made an excuse to speak to her, and her plain face lost none of its fascination when she made some trivial reply. It was a curious sort of a face, with fine lines about the mouth, and a deeper line from her eye through the middle of her cheek. It was one of those faces in which all the experience of life seems to be written out at first hand, without quotation marks. I felt that if I only knew how to read it, I should have there the history of women from the time of Eve's grandmother down to now. She didn't know that, though, and we became pretty good friends. Her being so much older and so gently sad never wore on me at all. We were driven to each other, I suppose, because of the boredom of the place. Summer resorts are meant for the very young or the senile. The between kind, like me, dislike their promiscuity, and are afraid of tan and wrinkles from the sun and the wind.

"So we went about together, and neither of us having read a whole book through, and having no friends to talk about, we talked about ourselves. That is, we talked about the dresses we wore when we were married, and the gowns we had last winter, and the kind we were going to have next winter; and finally we ran out of things. About the time we were reduced to silence she was taken ill. She was generally ill in a mild, uncomplaining, yellow kind of a way; but this time she was down in bed, and she sent for me. I found her in her room, shivering. She declared she had something to tell me that had to be told. I tried to persuade her to wait until she

was better, but she wouldn't, and I sat down on the side of her bed and she told me her story. It was a shabby affair. There wasn't one point in it where you could put down your finger and say, 'Here is a tragedy'; but it just choked you up and made you wretched. I don't suppose I can make you see it as she told it, but it was something like this:

"She was married young, to a man considerably older than herself. The marriage was not a love-match, or a money-match, or anything of that kind. She didn't love him; but never having been in love, she rather supposed she never would be; and he seemed to do just as well as any one else. He was a good man; he had an ample income and no bad habits; and her aunts and her uncles supposed she had done very well for so young a person who had not had any previous experience in husbands. I take it that along with his goodness he was rather a stuffy sort, without any clear idea of the difference between women and house-cats, and only one clear idea about matrimony—that it shouldn't be allowed to limit a man's liberty. Oh, he didn't want liberty to range around at night and see things! He wasn't at all that sort; but he wanted liberty to talk without being interrupted, to advance opinions without being contradicted, to manage things without being criticized, and in general to order his own life and hers according to some preconceived plan of his own.

"In addition to all the known virtues, he possessed all known wisdom—which, I take it, is very hard on a man's wife. He read books, you see, and he kept frogs and glass jars full of little wobbly things that have their pictures taken for the medical journals, and he knew all about homogeneity and heterogeneity—whatever they are. On Sunday afternoons he wanted to read Herbert Spencer aloud, or take walks to the cemetery. He was a somnolent sort, too, who slept on the couch after dinner and snored, and then, about bedtime, woke up fresh and talked to his wife about the duty of improving one's mind.

"After a year or two of this quiet bliss, he decided that he needed a mountainous climate for his health, so he

bought a place seven miles from the station and three miles to the nearest neighbor—who was a colored woman with tuberculosis, and who did their washing. When his wife hinted that it was a trifle removed from civilization and suggested a visit to New York and the opera, he quoted Schopenhauer to the effect that only as a person is intellectually poor and needy does he crave society. Of course, things like that are unanswerable. No lady will call Schopenhauer names, so she gradually gave up. They kept a horse at first, I think; but among his other godlinesses this man believed in economy, and as they had only one man to work the place, he wasn't always handy to saddle the animal. She learned to swallow her fear and go into the stall and saddle it herself, but it was a low-bred, dangerous brute, and she finally decided that the mail wasn't worth the trouble of going after. She stopped writing letters, and heard from the world only at odd times.

"He had a way, too, of taking to the woods with his books and spending the day there. Though she didn't love the sight of him, she would stand at the window for hours watching for him to come home; and then when she did see him coming, the disappointment of it all took her about the heart and she would lock herself up and cry without knowing what she was crying about. You see, she was a gay, warm-hearted, impulsive, people-loving little thing. She didn't care at all about the things that dead writers thought about the higher life, and she couldn't be brought to see the sin of eating nitrogenous food, or the virtue of wearing flannel on your chest. But after a while she did, in a way, get used to it. By force of iteration he convinced her of his surpassing wisdom; and she ate just what he told her to eat, went to bed when he put out the light, even if she was in the middle of a sentence, and kept a neat little account of the money it took to run the house.

"Then her baby came. She had looked forward to that, you see, because it would be something human to have about. It would make her forget the people who had forgotten her, and the theaters and concerts, and the things

away off in her old life. Well, her husband knew about biology and ethnology and physiology, and all those things from the books and the jars, and he knew that Indian women generally walked into camp with their new babies in their arms; so when the baby came they had no pomp about it, but a colored woman drove over from the village once a day to make sure everything was going right. He believed in letting nature alone, you see. For a creature so far removed from the spontaneous, you never heard of any one who displayed such a divine confidence in the infallibility of nature's methods for other people. He believed a woman ought to nurse her baby and take care of it just like the original mother.

"She loved her baby. It stood between her and Herbert Spencer on Sundays. It filled up the days, which had seemed eons long before; but it filled up the nights, too, and as it was a lusty little chap it grew fat just in proportion as she grew thin. It takes strong nerves to respond to all a child's demands and nourish it day and night. Her nerves weren't strong, and they took to giving way; and though she worshiped the little mite, she had fits of impatience, followed by fits of remorse, later, when she should have been sleeping.

"Finally the baby fell ill. Of course, there wasn't any use in a lifetime of study if one had to send for a doctor every time a child had the snuffles, so they dispensed with the doctor. It was well known to science, too, that a child's appetite was the surest guide to its needs, so the little chap was fed sliced ham when his temperature chased the mercury at a hundred and five. Open windows were the best substitute for an outdoor life, and when the little fellow developed pneumonia they threw open all the windows and doors and welcomed in the zero weather. Of course, the baby died.

"After the funeral they spent a little time in town—for which, by that time, she didn't care at all. She would have liked to wear black; but mourning was a barbaric fashion, he thought, and she had grown used to supposing he knew best. When they went back to the mountains, he mapped out a course of study for her to make her forget; but she didn't

know whether she was reading about Napoleon the First or the Third, and her big tears blotted the pages where he had made marginal notes of reference for her.

"Well, I don't remember all the details, and I'm afraid I'm tiring you to death, but that's nearly all. Of course, the man came along. They always do come along, you know. I'd rather take the odds on a spavined horse than that a man won't come along when a woman's taking down books that tell about the easiest ways to die. It's the devil's last chance to get a woman's soul just as it's slipping away from him, and it never fails. This man was just an ordinary man, with a sizable equipment of vices and a heart three times bigger than his brain. They might have carried on the thing quietly for any length of time; but even very wicked people have some morals, so they put it all in a letter, which she pinned on her pincushion. Then she packed her baby's first shoes with her handkerchiefs and went away.

"When she told me that part it didn't seem to hurt like some other things—the baby's sliced ham, for instance. There wasn't much more to tell. They got divorces all around, and the man married her. He was divinely tender with her as long as he lived, which wasn't long, for he had gone several of the gaits and ended up with locomotor ataxia. The whole scandal blew over, and people sent her cards again. She was happy now, she said—reasonably happy, you know—as happy as one can be whose memory gets up at one o'clock and promenades until five o'clock. When she had finished and had explained to me just why she told me, and added that she didn't want

me to be a friend without knowing all about it, I said to myself, very seriously:

"'Amelia, don't you get married again! You might marry a great and good man and come out no better than this woman. Having made a success once, don't tempt Providence!'

"So you see, Mr. Bradford, though I'm sure this must seem very irrelevant and insufficient, I feel that I'm committed to myself to remain a widow. I make all sorts of apologies for inflicting you with such a long story, but I hoped that it might help to make my position clear."

III

MR. BRADFORD had risen to his feet.

"Please don't apologize," he said, wiping his forehead. "The story quite held me. The human interest in it was strong. Would you—I suppose you would be violating no confidence if you should tell me the name of the lady whose—er—history you have repeated?"

Mrs. Merriam looked surprised and a little gratified at the success of her story.

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "I don't suppose it would, now. I might not have been impelled to tell the story if her face had not rather haunted me for a day or two from seeing a notice of her death. Her name was Allen—Beatrice Arnold Allen, she wrote it."

Mr. Bradford was taking his hat and gloves from the table.

"Quite so," he said. "I half suspected it. You will not misunderstand my going so abruptly. I feel strangely agitated. The lady you speak of—of course you could not have known it. I quite exonerate you from that. The lady was my wife!"

THE MIND'S MIRACLE

He plays here, in the little square
Of sunlight on the cottage floor;
Of earthly gold this is his share—
He asks no more.

One watches, from her work-chair near,
The child's head in this square of gold,
Deeming life's wealth is centered here
For her to hold!

Cora A. Matson Dolson

A BRIEF TALK BY MR. MUNSEY ABOUT INVESTMENTS AND THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

LAST month we published in this magazine an article on investments for the people—I mean particularly the small investors. We were impelled to do so because of the extraordinary opportunity at that time to buy bonds and stocks and other securities at a phenomenally low price—at bargain prices, in fact.

Fortunately for those who have not yet invested, securities still remain at bargain prices. The chief reason why there has been no greater advance since that article was written is the disturbed money situation. This element is still very much disturbed, though it is gradually clearing up. The average price of money on call in New York during December has ranged from about fifteen to twenty-five per cent. With interest charges at these figures, there could be no normal and healthy advance in the price of securities. Moreover, the whole situation has been greatly aggravated by a feeling of uncertainty as to the business outlook generally and our financial prospects in particular. As a people, we are prone to be far up on the heights where prosperity is radiant, or down in the depths where gloom shuts in hard and fast all about us.

A middle ground would be more sane, but we are not a middle-ground race—not a phlegmatic race. We have imagination, temperament, initiative, courage to do and dare. And these qualities naturally cause us to overdo—to make the pace so hot that something breaks, everything breaks. This is what has happened recently with us, what has happened a good many times in our history.

When it comes, the tumble is so great that we feel the jolt, and know something has happened. Some of us see stars; others are paralyzed. Confusion and pessimism possess us, and the wail of awful night and despair is caught up on the wings of gray, grim gloom and carried throughout the length and breadth of the land.

This is feeling, sentiment, fear, alarm—not thinking, not the kind of reasoning that squares itself to common sense, and common sense is the best thing under the canopy of heaven by which to square anything. And it is this very common sense that is already beginning to right us and to

dispel the hysteria of senseless panic, and that will restore confidence in the money world and again place its great strong shoulder to the wheels of industry.

There is no legitimate reason for a long period of great depression. Money will undoubtedly get much easier after the first of the year, and clearing-house certificates will have disappeared within the next two or three weeks. Our people as a people—the eighty millions, I mean—are rich. Their farms, for the most part, are free from mortgages, and the farmer has a good home, money in bank, and money in his pocket. His wife and children have more comforts—have better food, dress better, and live bigger, fuller lives—than ever before in our history.

And what is true of the farmer is equally true of the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, and the wage-earner. At no time in the history of the world has the wage-earner had an income to compare with that which he is now getting, and which he has been getting for a number of years.

And this prosperity on the part of the farmer, the mechanic, the middle-men—THE WORKERS OF AMERICA—has lifted them up to a higher plane of life where the poverty and starvation and misery of old conditions do not obtain.

Now what does this mean when applied to the outlook for business? Doesn't it mean that the farmer, whose land is yielding a rich harvest, will continue to give his family the comforts to which they have attuned themselves? Will they not wear quite as good shoes and dress as neatly and as becomingly as they have been doing? If not, why not? Their income will doubtless be as large, or nearly as large.

And so, too, with the wage-earner, and with all the workers who have employment. They will all wish to live as comfortably as they have been living, and will all seek in rational measure the luxuries they have been enjoying.

LIVING WELL HAS BECOME A HABIT WITH OUR PEOPLE, and this means that our factories must hum with the whir of machinery to make possible the continuance of this habit—a habit that lifts man to a higher plane, a life worth while.

And as the factories start up work on full time and with a full force, which they must do very soon to supply the demand, the unemployed will again find themselves money-earners. As they become money-earners, they will join the money-spenders—the great consumers—eighty millions of them, to say nothing of the millions across the seas.

This panic did not come about from a congestion of manufactured articles, as has been the case on other recessions. WE HAD NOT overdone our manufacturing. Our warehouses were not glutted with stocks of unsold goods. On the contrary, most manufacturers were running overtime, and turning out products to the limit of their capacity, and even then could not meet the demand.

This was the case when the money panic struck us two months ago. There was prosperity everywhere—in every branch of industry and in every phase of business. There were no idle men, no idle workers. The earth was yielding up enormous riches in crops and gold and silver and copper and coal and iron and other minerals. Every condition save the money condition was healthy, vigorous, and sound. But we were over-extended. There had been too much high finance, too much highway robbery under the name of FINANCE, and primarily, fundamentally there wasn't money enough in the country to do the work we were doing, and there isn't money enough in the world to-day to do the world's work as we are now doing it.

But with the return of confidence, the money that has been taken out of circulation and hoarded will return to the channels in which it moves under normal conditions. And then our manufacturers and merchants and builders and business men of all callings will be able to get the necessary capital with which to carry on their enterprises. I don't mean that we shall jump suddenly into high-pressure production again, and I should regret seeing it. But I do hold that we shall have a shorter period of paralysis of business than ever before in our recessions, for the reason that everything favors a speedy recurrence of normal activities—good, healthy activities. I cannot analyze it in any other way, and in so far as my scope will permit me, I am squaring myself, both in my business and in my investments, to this conclusion.

If I am right in my reasoning, the price of securities will show a marked advance with the easing off in the rate of interest on money, and with the general improvement in business which cannot be delayed very long. With the disappearance of the short, cold days of winter and the return of spring, with sunshine and blue skies, there will come back to us that inspiration and hope and good cheer that stimulate confidence and give to it grit and courage.

This little talk which I intended in the outset to be mainly about investments, I see is confined almost wholly to the business outlook. But after all, isn't the business of the country so vital to the value of securities that a discussion of the industrial and commercial situation best measures that value? Next month we will handle this investment theme in a different way, giving more specific information on certain properties.

I am appending a small list of securities, repeating some of those mentioned last month, and adding others, all of which are well worth your consideration as big-paying investments and, I think, perfectly safe investments. Moreover, they will show a handsome advance in price. I wish to repeat what I said last month, that I am advising INVESTMENTS—stock or bonds taken out and paid for, not speculation. Avoid speculation as you would avoid death. Where one man wins at this game of chance, thousands lose. We hear of the winners—their winnings are published to the whole world with great *reclame*, while the myriad of losers fall unnoticed.

by the wayside, some perishing, others impoverished and embittered for life. But investing in good securities—BUYING OUTRIGHT, is as legitimate as any other form of employing your money.

RAILROAD STOCKS

	Highest price 1906	Highest price 1907	Closing price Dec. 28	Annual dividend rate	Yield to purchaser
Atchison	110½	108½	70½	6	8.5
Atchison (preferred)	106	101½	85	5	5.9
Baltimore and Ohio	125½	122	81½	6	7.3
Baltimore and Ohio (preferred)	99½	94½	75	4	5.3
"Big Four" (preferred)	118	108½	90	5	5.8
Canadian Pacific	201½	195½	151	7	4.6
Chicago and Northwestern	240	205	136½	7	5.1
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul (pfd.)	218	165½	133	7	5.2
Great Northern	348	189½	116½	7	6
Manhattan Elevated	162	146	116	7	6
Nashville and Chattanooga	149½	147	99½	6	6
Norfolk and Western	97½	92½	64½	5	7.8
Pennsylvania	147½	141½	109½	7	6.4
Reading	164	139½	93½	4	4.2
Reading (first preferred)	96	92	75	4	5.3
Southern Pacific	97½	96½	73½	6	8.2
Southern Pacific (preferred)	120½	118½	109½	7	6.3
Union Pacific	195½	183	117½	10	8.5
Union Pacific (preferred)	99½	96	80	4	5

INDUSTRIAL STOCKS

American Sugar (common)	157	137½	99½	7	7.1
American Telegraph and Telephone	144½	133	101	8	7.9
American Woolen (preferred)	110½	102½	81½	7	8.6
International Paper (preferred)	90	81	54	6	11.2
Mackay Companies (preferred)	71	59	4	6.5
Pacific Coast	142	124½	75	6	7.9
Pressed Steel Car (preferred)	105	99½	67	7	10.5
Railway Steel Spring (preferred)	107	99½	77	7	8.9
Republic Iron and Steel (preferred)	110½	100	66	7	10.6
U. S. Rubber (first preferred)	115	109½	77½	8	10
United States Steel (common)	50½	50½	26½	2	7.5
United States Steel (preferred)	113½	107½	87½	7	8

BONDS

	Price in December, 1906	Price in December, 1907	Rate of interest	Yield to purchaser
Atchison (convertible)	107	85½	4	4.6
Atlantic Coast Line	97½	85	4	4.7
Brooklyn Rapid Transit (convertible)	94½	68½	4	5.8
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy (joint)	100½	92½	4	4.3
Delaware and Hudson (convertible)	108½	94	4	4.3
Erie (convertible)	104	55	4	7.2
Lake Shore	98½	88	4	4.5
Louisville and Nashville	102	94½	4	4.2
Norfolk and Western	99½	92	4	4.3
Northern Pacific	103½	99½	4	4
Pennsylvania (convertible)	94½	90½	4	4.4
Reading (general)	100½	93½	4	4.2
Southern Railway	116	95	5	5.3
Union Pacific (convertible)	84½	4	4.7
United States Steel (sinking fund)	97½	85	5	5.9
Wisconsin Central	90½	80	4	5

THE ARREST OF JIM THRONG

BY BURKE JENKINS

AUTHOR OF "HER WAY," ETC.

STRAIGHT up the shimmer of heat rose from the scorching sand. A blistering sun beat upon the back of the traveler, headed west; for it was not yet noon.

The squeaking stirrup-leathers chafed raspingly against the cowhide boot-legs in the monotony of the little pony's pace, while slung holster and felt-covered canteen thumped at intervals on the rider's thigh. The pack animal, head extended in unwilling lead, and out of time to the mount, clattered stones in wearied clumsiness.

The horseman wore a gray flannel shirt, with two buttons open at the throat, and sleeves rolled to the elbow, revealing a thick chest and forearms, deeply browned and sinewy. His left arm swung loose and swayed with the pony's step; his right arm, crooked at the elbow and held well up, guided bridlewise the loose-hanging lines. Occasionally, at a stumble of the little animal, the rider would jerk him up, and for a moment would be somewhat shaken from the thoughts which set his broad upper lip in lines of tension.

The sun passed overhead and began to look under the hat-brim. It was already past time for the midday halt. No spot differed from another sufficiently to mark any distinction as a resting-place; so, with the indifference of worn custom, the traveler grunted a halt and swung himself slowly from the saddle.

He flung the bridle-lines forward over the pony's ears. Head down and rooted to the untied lines of command, it stood panting, bellows-sided, and with pulsating nostrils. Stepping stiffly, the man went back to the pack-animal and unfastened two morrals. Into each of these he poured a measure of corn, and

then slipped them over the panting noses. The beasts crunched away at the grains instinctively, but with little zest.

He loosened the cinch-girth and drew off the heavy saddletree, flung it beside the horse, and removed the damp blanket beneath which the hair lay wet and plastered with the edges foamed. He stroked the hot back and examined where the saddle had galled; then he turned, took from a saddle-bag half a dozen biscuits, and seated himself Turk-fashion alongside the trail. He munched this dry fodder, which clung to the teeth, and strove to wash it down by applications of the canteen of water, alkali-whitened and cutting. The pewter neck tasted bitter, and the gurgle lent no refreshment.

The sun was at its hottest. He took off his broad-brimmed felt hat, which was sweated through to the unraveled ribbon, and fanned his red-banded forehead. His brain was becoming numb to reason and taking on the fire of the desert.

"Here, here, Jim, boy!" he muttered to himself. "This devil of a scorch never got the best of you yet. 'Twon't be long. He's tiring. He's not far ahead, and his fires are getting closer together. So, Jim, boy, keep your thinking outfit clear. You've got your toys, remember; all part of your trade."

He reached to a hip-pocket and brought out a pair of handcuffs, to which the prairie dryness forbade a spot of rust. He gave them an unnecessary furbish on his sleeve and returned them to the pocket with a grunt. Mounting again, he pulled his hat-brim low, and set off toward the sun, now an hour toward setting.

And all this while before him lay the

sharp cuts of two ponies' hoofs, one unshod, showing up clear in the powdered dust.

Then, little by little, the character of the country changed, taking on a more rugged appearance. Boulders held up their hugeness to gaze; the trail rolled and rounded more and more. Now the horseman could look no farther than a few hundred yards ahead, so winding was the way.

The easy roll of the prairie, hill and divide of gentle slope, was giving way to bolder inclines and sharp-angled cuts, and the mounting crags of the Rockies' foot-hills.

"Huh!" exclaimed the pursuer upon sight of a change in the prints before him. "His mount's cast a shoe. Well, I'll swear, he's limping. Hello, what's this?" He dismounted for closer inspection. "O-ho, my hearty! Traded horses, have you? On the unshod pack-pony now, are you? Well, I declare, this thing's getting simpler every minute. Y'know, my lad, a pony sure needs shoes in this kind of a country we're gettin' into!"

He gave a hitch to his belt, bestrode the beast, and kept on. The trail made an even sharper turn to the right, past a boulder of unusual height. Around the bend it widened, and quick on the rounding he came upon two winded and rib-showing ponies, heads down in weariness.

The saddle-bags were missing from the mount, and no frying-pan could he find, lashed ready to hand, among the outfit on the pack-animal.

"So! Taken to the hills afoot, eh? Short provisions, light pack, and a gameless country! It's getting narrower all the time, Jimmie. But, though narrower and closer, it's a trifle different. In fact, I'd advise, as between friends, you know, a little extra care."

He examined the pack more minutely.

"Well! The fellow can't throw a cinch right. A tenderfoot, by the hook—but a game one, as I'm here to testify!"

Leaving his own pack-animal with the other two beasts, he set about to reconnoiter, to see where the footprints quitted the trail for the hills.

A small cliff of some twenty feet in

height, but rising sheer from the trail, continued its slope to a higher cliff above by a grade of no gentle incline. As he passed under the shelter of the lower one a pebble, dislodged above, rolled over the edge and fell before him. Not a flicker of hesitation betrayed that he saw it, but a corner glance of the eye had in reality shown him even more. A boot, whose glistening spur was conspicuous in the sun, was drawn hastily into the shadow of one of the boulders that dotted the steep slope below the upper cliff.

The mounted man kept on with unchecked pace, and passed under the further shelter of the lower promontory.

"That lad must be downright kind-hearted, or else he thinks I'm not alone. Why, he could have poked me without so much as a howdy; but as it is, it seems like things'll be on the other foot!"

He dismounted quickly, still hidden from the vision of the man above by the greater height lower down the trail. Throwing the bridle-lines forward over the pony's head, he left it standing, and swiftly, but with the craft and cunning of the true plainsman, he worked his way by a circuitous route to the brow of the upper cliff. A few minutes only were required to reverse the former position of the two men.

Below him on the slope crouched the fugitive. Annoyed, apparently, at the supposed quietude of his pursuer, he was craning an eager neck over the boulder behind which he had hidden.

To the click of a cocked carbine rang the command from above:

"Unsling that belt; down that rifle; and step ten paces away from them!"

A quick-shot glance over the shoulder into the little black eye of the carbine required no further comment. There was no alternative.

The fugitive unbuckled his cartridge-belt, dropped it to the sand, laid the rifle beside it, and stepped off the required distance.

Then the captor began his approach, keeping his man covered as well as he could in his groping on the steep incline. A stone started from its bed. It rolled; another joined. Down came the avenging slide upon the victim. But

he apparently saw little menace in this turn of affairs; rather the opposite. The captor couldn't check his own descent; he would sweep past; and again would the position be reversed.

But the man of the carbine lost none of this reasoning, either. As the small avalanche bore him down he flung his weapon from him, and, altering his course in the brief second offered, he whirled his captive into the slide by a double-arm grip of knotty embrace. Together now they rolled, and together they went over the lower cliff, a twenty-foot drop.

The captive fell underneath, and lay there motionless. A ragged cut on the white forehead spoke its story. Even the upper man was partially stunned; but he managed finally to straighten to an examination of the other. He listened at the wounded man's chest.

"Still thumping!" he grunted.

Then he set about crude preparations for betterment. He limped his way to their pack-ponies, broke out the outfits, and pitched the semblance of a camp.

Five days saw no change in the delirium that was the only companionship to the rugged but kindly nursing of the one whose life had in reality been saved by the cushion of his captive's body. On the third day there had come a remarkable sentence into the wounded man's ramblings. It ran:

"Only Jim knew that tackle, for I taught it to him!"

The rough nurse bent close and hastily. The fevered lips again formed the words:

"Only Jim knew that tackle!"

He raised the mustache back from the lips and looked at a younger mouth; and from that moment his attentions took on even greater kindness.

On the fifth day sanity came back to the captive's eye. Slowly realization stole its way back.

"So you got me at last?"

"Yes," answered the other.

"I'm glad of it. I was getting tired. When do you propose to start back?" He put his questions with little interest.

"We'll see. First, I've a little yarn to spin."

The captive couldn't mask interest in this strange announcement.

"I'm listening," he said.

"Two boys went to college together, and later fell in love with the same girl," the narrator began.

"Decidedly novel," interrupted the wounded man. "Which got her?"

"Neither!"

"A little out of the ordinary. Well?"

"Another man took her from them. One of them has been forgetting in the West for some years. He's a sheriff now."

The quickening of real life came to the effort with which the hurt man rose to his elbow and sought the other's face.

"Jim Throng!" he cried.

The sheriff bowed.

"Your turn, Dick," he said.

The other answered brokenly.

"Jim," said he, "I wasn't strong enough to leave as you did. I couldn't be away from her. I followed them after she married him. I just wanted to be near; for God, man, I loved her!"

The sheriff kicked an ember. The other continued:

"He turned to abusing her. I saw her grow pale and sad. I saw him strike her once. It was in the open at sundown. I showed myself and interfered. He turned on me with a weapon. I killed him. Then I ran. I've been running till you tackled me up there on the slope."

"But you killed him in self-defense!"

"Yes, Jim; but could I bring her into it? The trial—publicity—all?"

"That's so," assented the sheriff slowly; then he set on the coffee-pot.

"Things have changed a little since I taught you that grip on the old eleven, haven't they, Jim?"

"Some," grunted Jim.

"Well, shall we start back to-morrow?"

"What?" snapped Jim in a burst.

"It's your duty, isn't it?"

The sheriff reached into his hip-pocket and produced the still glistening shackles. He pointed westward to the rising foot-hills of the Rockies. Then he whirled the handcuffs far out on the sands of the eastward trail.

"I've resigned, Dick," he said.

All of which may explain why the sheriff of Winland County never reported.

HIS FATHER'S SON

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "A CONFLICT OF AUTHORITIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

MRS. PRIESTLEY put down the cup of coffee at her son's elbow, and stood hesitatingly beside his chair.

"When you're through, Jim," she said slowly, "I'll—I have something to tell you."

He put down his cup hastily, and half turned toward his mother.

"What is it?" he said. "Anything about Molly?"

"No, it's not Molly. Jim, your father's coming home."

She drew back a little then, frightened by the expression in her son's eyes. Her still rounded face lost some of its color, and she seemed to shrink in her plain, ugly calico dress. At the crash of Jim's overturned chair she put out her hands deprecatingly.

"Don't, now, Jim," she begged. "Don't carry on about it! It would have been only a year or so more, anyhow."

Speech did not come easily to Jim Priestley. Like his father before him, he was a silent man, to whom a blow came more quickly than a word, and whose rage was of the brooding, sullen kind. Now, as he walked past his mother and took his hat from its nail on the kitchen-door, there was no outburst of anger; only the straight line of his lips showed that her words had had any effect on him. He was a tall, loose-limbed young fellow, with heavy black hair, and eyes that were almost childishly blue—eyes like those of the little old woman who watched him.

At the door he stopped and turned around.

"He's not coming here," he said, the very lack of inflection making his tone menacing.

"It's the only place he's got, Jim!" she pleaded. "I know it's yours now, but where else can he go? You wouldn't turn your own father out in the street, would you? He was a good father to you for fifteen years, Jimmie." There was a haunting note of reproach in the thin old voice, and the corded, calloused hands under the gingham apron were twisting desperately. "I've seen trouble," she went on in her strained treble, "but I never thought to see the day a child of mine would turn his father out in the street."

Jim opened the door with an air of finality; then he closed it again, and came slowly back into the room.

"He's been a good father, has he?" he sneered. "He was a fine one, he was—a credit to his family! We're proud of him, aren't we? Ten years I've walked the streets and seen people turn to look at me, because my father killed a man and was doing time for it. And if you think, after all that, that I'm going to have any shave-pated, lock-stepping ex-convict in my house—my house," he repeated, "you're wrong, that's all. He doesn't come here!"

The painful tears of old age came into her dim eyes, and she fumbled in the bosom of her dress for a handkerchief. Her son watched her irritably, with the unreasoning anger we feel at those we have wounded.

"You know as well as I do, mother," he said more mildly, "that Molly's people wouldn't let her look at me if he came back here. You know what her folks are."

"Molly wouldn't give you up, Jim. If it was her father, she'd stick to him. Every one knows it was an accident; it

was a quarrel, Jim—just the kind of a quarrel your temper may get you into any day. It wasn't murder. You know that Ragan had pulled his revolver, and it was his life or your father's. And he's an old man now—an old man, Jim!"

She dropped weakly into a chair beside

came over him in a tidal wave of resentment; and the ebb, when it came, left him sullen and ugly.

II

It was Saturday night. The corners around the market-house and the city



"JIM, YOUR FATHER'S COMING HOME"

the table, still set with the remains of supper, and rested her head on her hand. The young fellow stood for a moment, creasing the crown of his straw hat; then he came over and put an awkward hand on his mother's shoulder.

"Just forget about it, mother," he said, not unkindly. "He spoiled your life and mine, and he isn't worth worrying about. He can't come here, that's settled. Now just don't think about it any more."

He closed the door behind him quietly; but, once away from his mother's pleading voice, all the wrongs of the last years, all the shame, all the covert malice of his associates, all the burning humiliations,

hall were crowded with men, loud-voiced and laughing, with here and there a reeling, tottering group, who punctuated their unsteady progress with noisy, braggart oaths. From somewhere out of sight came the rhythmic beat of a drum and the shrill song of the Salvation Army, and a waffle-vender was crying his wares with the metallic jangle of a beaten triangle. Through the crowds Jim Priestley, his mind a seething whirlpool of shame and pride, walked alone, savagely brooding, brushing past women with babies and men with baskets, shouldering the loafers aside, ruthlessly deaf to the men who called to him.

When he finally met Molly, she was not alone. Two or three girls were with her, and just behind them, keeping up a running fire of compliments and small talk, were as many young men. Molly looked at Jim as he approached.

"Good evening, Mr. Priestley," she said pertly.

Jim lifted his hat and passed on, black anger and jealousy in his heart. He knew the men; one of them—Hallowell, a mechanic like himself—had been his rival for Molly's favor, and had boasted that he would oust him yet. And so he swung along the street, his head down, seeing nothing of the crowd around, occupied always with the pictures conjured up by his own brooding fancy. Now, it was his mother, sobbing at the table. Now, it was his father as he remembered him, standing to receive that awful sentence of imprisonment for what promised

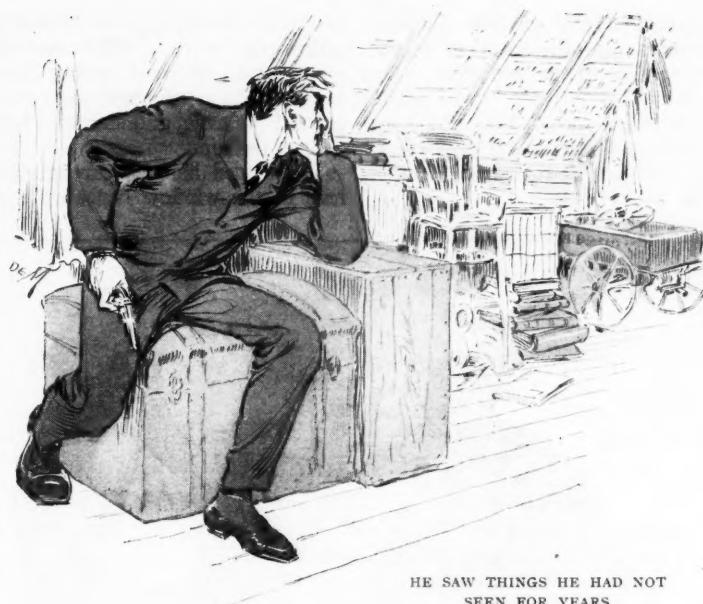
to be the remainder of his life. Oftenest of all it was Molly he saw—Molly, with her mischievous brown eyes and sensitive red lips; and finally the face of Hallowell, his hated rival, would come between him and the picture of the girl he loved.

It was two hours later when Jim, after standing sullenly with a crowd in the pool-room down the street, came back through the market-place. The streets were less crowded now; the late buyers had gone home with their baskets; the sleepy babies were tucked in their beds; the butchers, after twenty hours of work, had shut up their stands and gone away. Molly had disappeared, and the percentage of drunks among the corner loafers had increased. Then Jim saw Hallowell.

The cumulative rage of the evening surged up in him and maddened him.



"RUN! GET OUT, QUICK!
HE'S DEAD!"



HE SAW THINGS HE HAD NOT
SEEN FOR YEARS

He walked up to the other man with the lust of battle in his face. For a moment each glared a challenge at the other. Neither had been drinking, but both were blind with the intoxication of passion. Hallowell greeted Jim with a taunt, and then, mistaking his rival's speechless fury for moderation, grew facetious for the benefit of the bystanders.

"Say, stripes," he said sneeringly, "next time you go down to the pen I wish you would have your father knit me some socks. They make—"

But Jim's heavy fist had gone home on the point of his chin, and he went down with a crash and lay still. Some of the men around stooped over his prostrate figure. The crowd began to grow rapidly, although street-fights on Saturday night were too common to cause much excitement. Jim leaned against a post with folded arms, disdaining escape, although a policeman was rounding the corner. Then one of the men who had been examining Hallowell straightened up and came swiftly toward him.

"Run! Get out, quick!" he said under his breath. "He's dead!"

III

JIM didn't run. He stepped quietly through an open door into the darkened

market-house, which was just closing for the night, went through it and out into the deserted street beyond, took a détour through alleys familiar from childhood, and so made his way home. He was dazed with the revulsion of feeling—too numb with horror to think of escape. He did not rouse his mother, but made his way over the roof of the coal-shed to an up-stairs window, and crawled through.

For a while he stood there, the cold night air blowing in on him, the deadly languor of reaction creeping over him. Across the narrow strip of hall he could hear his mother moving about, as if he had awakened her. He brushed back his damp hair, and tried to steady his voice.

"Go to bed, mother," he called. "I'm here now."

He went to his own room and lighted the lamp. Then he blew it out again suddenly. They would be after him soon, and he might want to get away—might, because from the chaos of his mind he had not been able to evoke a plan for the future.

He sat by the window, leaning out, watching the street to see if he were pursued, not knowing or caring that it was raining, and that he was wet and cold. He could remember, sitting there in the

dark, every incident of his father's arrest ten years ago—the crowd of neighbors that gathered at the door; his mother's sobs; his father's bowed white head and hopeless face. Then the long days of waiting, the trial and conviction, the appeal, which took their last penny—and failed.

kerchiefs in the upper drawer of the yellow-pine bureau. When he had found his revolver, he went cautiously past his mother's door, climbed the attic stairs, entered the attic, and shut and bolted the door at the top.

He groped his way through the darkness to the window beneath the sloping



Some one came down the street, looking at the numbers. When he was opposite the house, he crossed the street and knocked. In an instant Jim was on his feet and at his mother's door.

"Tell him I'm not here!" he whispered hoarsely. "Call out to him—don't go down!"

"He's not in his room," she quavered from the window, in answer to an inquiry.

The man below hesitated, then turned away.

"I'll be back," he said briefly.

She turned to Jim, but he was gone. Back in his room he was turning over feverishly the litter of neckties and hand-

roof. The rain was coming down heavily now, close to his head, and the attic was musty and heavy with the smell of drying soap. Jim settled himself on his knees at the window, the revolver on the floor beside him. Through all the turmoil in his mind, one thing was clear—he would never go to the living death of the penitentiary. The six chambers of the revolver were six sure roads of escape.

Below, the gutters were filled with water that sparked and bubbled in the electric light. Some one was standing across the street, in the shadow of a doorway, and Jim knew at once that the house was watched.

After a time the rain slackened, and

the man across the street sat down on a door-step, an umbrella over his head. Jim watched him steadily. He grew cramped in his constrained position; his knees ached when he tried to straighten them, and his eyes burned from peering through the darkness. Below, through the thin flooring, he could hear his mother walking. A sudden shame for this new trouble he had brought on her came over him. He who had been so self-righteous, who that very night had refused to give his convict father a home—he was a murderer!

When he looked out again, the man across the street had gone. It was dawn now—a cold, wet dawn, gray and cheerless. Here and there the chimneys of the houses around began to show faint blue lines of smoke, in preparation for the early breakfast of the neighborhood. He heard his mother go stiffly downstairs, heard the shutters open, and the rush and yelp of his setter as it dashed into the little yard after a night in the kitchen. Then there were voices. He picked up the revolver and held it clumsily, his fingers stiff with cold; but no one came up the stairs, and he relaxed again.

The trunks and boxes around him were taking shape now. He saw things he had not seen for years. There was the quaint high chair, battered with the heels of lusty babies. He could remember his youngest brother, dead long ago, sitting in it. There was the old squirrel-cage, rusty now, and over in a corner, still showing traces of its gorgeous paint of years before, was the red wagon his father had painstakingly made for him from a wooden box. The tongue was gone, and one clumsy wheel lay forlornly in the wagon-bed; but Jim could see, with the distinctness that long-past events sometimes assume, his father's head, gray even then, bent over that uncouth wagon,

painting it with unaccustomed fingers and lettering a name on the side. The name was quite clear still—the "Jim Dandy."

Jim got up and sat on a trunk to rest his cramped muscles. The walls of the narrow room began to oppress him, like the walls of a cell, and the little red wagon stood out, a very passion of color, in the gray of its surroundings. He could not escape it; it was a symbol of the joy of the past in the hopelessness of the present.

Jim turned his back to it and gazed down at the street. Men with dinner-buckets—the Sunday shift at the mill—were leaving the houses around, their hats drawn down, their coat-collars turned up around their ears. When they overtook one another they fell into step silently, morosely. One man stopped, just across, and looked over at the Priestley house. Jim opened the window and whistled softly. The other man stepped to the curb and made a trumpet with his hands.

"I hung around here half the night, waiting for you," he called. "Say, Hallowell's all right. He came around in half an hour, and went home."

The revolver clattered to the floor and lay there. Jim nodded silently and closed the window. As he turned, a thin, watery shaft of yellow sunlight came through the window, and the little red wagon gleamed joyously.

When Jim went into the kitchen, the table was laid for breakfast. The setter leaped at him with moist caresses, but Jim's eyes were on a stooped figure in a chair by the stove. His mother held out a pleading hand, but Jim did not see it. He went across the room to the old man in the rocking-chair, and leaned over him, his hands on the bent shoulders.

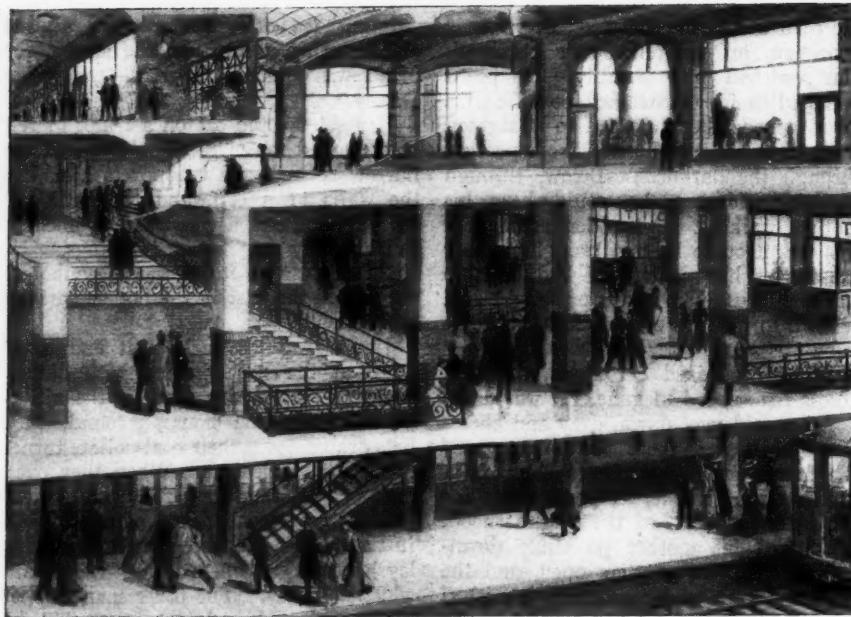
"Welcome home, father," he said huskily. "Welcome home!"

MAN AND THE SEA

THE heart of a man, like the heart of the sea,
Is full of passion and pain,
With tides that ebb and tides that flow
As they wax or wane.

The heart of a man, like the heart of the sea,
Pulses with joy or strife—
With winds of glee or winds of storm
Out of the vast of life.

William H. Hayne



THE UNDERGROUND PART OF A GREAT MODERN OFFICE-BUILDING—THE BASEMENT AND SUB-BASEMENTS OF THE HUDSON TUNNEL TERMINAL BUILDING, THE DOWN-TOWN TERMINUS OF THE SUBWAY CONNECTING NEW YORK AND JERSEY CITY

THE COMING OF THE FIFTY-STORY BUILDING

BY JOSEPH THOMPSON

WITH DRAWINGS BY H. M. PETTIT

THIRTY years ago, if a stranger visited New York, and desired to see the office district of the city, he found that it extended over a comparatively small part of Manhattan Island, chiefly the region east of Broadway and north of Wall Street, extending to the City Hall; that is, a space ten blocks in length and two or three across. He found that the typical office-building was a stone and brick structure from six to eight stories in height. In the whole office district there were perhaps half a dozen so-called fire-proof buildings; in reality these did not deserve the name,

for a good deal of wood was used in their construction.

If our visitor had entered even the most complete of these structures and desired to call at one of the upper offices, he would have been conveyed upward by a slow and jarring steam elevator. He would not have had to ascend very high, for the top floors in these buildings were little used for office purposes, the means of access being so inadequate that business men would not ask their clients to meet them there if they could help it. In many cases the janitor and his family occupied the top floor.

Let us suppose that this same visitor comes to New York again, say a dozen years later—in 1889. He now finds a marked change. The office district has spread out in all directions, and now is on both sides of Broadway, and both north and south of Wall Street. Stone and brick structures have proved unable to answer the demands of the city's increasing business, and the era of the steel-frame structure has entered. The new buildings are twice as high as those he saw before, running up to twelve or even sixteen stories. If he enters one of them, he will find that its elevators are both speedy and comfortable. No longer are top-floor offices undesirable. On the contrary, the fact now is, as it has since remained, that they are in special demand. Not only in the mat-

years, let us suppose that our stranger makes a third visit to the metropolis. In 1901, he finds that practically the whole of Manhattan Island south of the City Hall is given over to offices exclusively. No longer do people point out to him, as the standard of building perfection, some of the sixteen-story structures which seemed so splendid at his former visit. His city friends take him to Park Row, and tell him, with pride only half concealed, to let his gaze rest on the Park Row Building, the latest and greatest of local architectural marvels. He now beholds a mammoth structure whose soaring towers rise no less than thirty-two stories from the curb line, whose cost was in the neighborhood of two and a half million dollars, whose roof covers nine hundred and fifty



THE TOWER OF THE METROPOLITAN LIFE-INSURANCE BUILDING, ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK—
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE EIFFEL TOWER, THIS IS THE LOFTIEST OF TERRESTRIAL
STRUCTURES, BEING SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT FEET HIGH

ter of elevators, but in all internal conveniences and appliances, tenants are supplied with comforts unknown a few years earlier.

And after a lapse of another dozen

rooms, and whose elevators have a daily passenger traffic of some twenty-five thousand people.

And truly, when this enormous structure was completed and opened, about



A GROUP OF SKY-SCRAPERS IN DOWN-TOWN NEW YORK—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE BUILDING OF THE CITY INVESTING COMPANY, AT BROADWAY AND CORTLANDT STREET; ABOVE THIS RISES THE TOWER OF THE SINGER BUILDING, SIX HUNDRED AND TWELVE FEET HIGH

nine years ago, it seemed as if a limit had been reached. But no limit can be set upon human power and ingenuity.

Above the topmost roofs of Manhattan Island there are now rising huge towers of steel that dwarf the height of the

older edifices, and that mark a veritable new era in the construction of skyscrapers. The City Investing Company's Building, at Broadway and Cortlandt Street, is a hundred feet higher than the Park Row Building. The Hudson Tunnel Terminal Buildings, on Church, Cortlandt, Dey, and Fulton Streets, although not so tall, cover so much floor-space that they will be the largest and heaviest office-buildings in the world. The new Singer Building, at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, measures no less than six hundred and twelve feet from the sidewalk to the top of the lantern that crowns it, with forty-seven stories of offices and nine and a half acres of floor-space.

Several other buildings are projected or in course of construction in the down-town district, which are to surpass existing ones both in size and in the completeness of their equipment. Finally, the tallest yet planned, the loftiest of all terrestrial structures, except the Eiffel Tower, is taking shape in what may be called the up-town business region of New York. This last architectural wonder is an addition to the great white marble office-building of the Metropolitan Life-Insurance Company—a tower that will rise six hundred and fifty-eight feet above Madison Square, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street.

These enormous structures are being erected in response to a well-defined economic demand. During the last thirty years the business affairs of New York have been continually increasing in their magnitude and scope. There has been, moreover, much consolidation of interests. The quarters which served the small partnership and the small corporation will not do for the large trust. Furthermore, it has become more and more necessary for important concerns all over the country to have their New York offices, in order to be represented at the commercial and financial center of America. And while the demand for accommodation is increasing, the number of square feet on Manhattan Island remains precisely the same. There is, therefore, but one thing to be done. Following the example of the man in the parable, the small buildings must be torn

down and in their place must be erected structures which shall ascend higher and yet higher into the air.

BUILDINGS THAT COST MILLIONS

The first requisite in meeting the demand for these higher buildings is, of course, the money to pay for their construction. Some man or group of men must be found to furnish the great sums that such undertakings require. When a new sky-scraper is completed, and filled with tenants paying substantial rentals, we are ready enough to envy its owners and to be jealous of their dividends; but how many of us, if we had the necessary capital, would be willing to sink it in buildings like these, where the construction and engineering difficulties are so great, and the risk of failure is often so serious? If the owners reap a fair return, their service to society is commensurate with their profit.

The ground on which these mammoth structures stand in itself costs a fortune. There is not an available foot of land in lower Manhattan which is not already occupied. To erect a new building, then, the capitalist must buy land with older buildings on it. These must be torn down—a dead loss, for practically none of their materials can be used over again. The expense of carrying the foundations of a sky-scraper down to bed-rock is often very heavy; and the cost of the steel and stone and brick, of the construction, and of the countless details of equipment, may be anywhere from half a million to five million dollars.

PROBLEMS FOR THE ARCHITECT

The necessary capital having been secured, the next task—no light or easy one—is for the architect. He must draw the plans for the building, both externally and internally. The shape and the size of the ground on which it is to be erected constitute the first chain that binds him. Where a single inch of land is so valuable that legal battles are waged over its ownership, it must needs follow that the architect is not infrequently called upon to plan a structure to be erected on a small and irregularly shaped plot; and not an inch of this high-priced land must be wasted. The designer of a tall office-building is not at

all on the same plane with an architect who is commissioned to erect a monument in a park. The latter's hands are free; he can be justly blamed if he does not produce something artistic and attractive; the former is bound hand and foot, and if he succeeds in turning out something which does not actually offend one's esthetic sense, he is to be commended.

The conditions that will surround the building when it is completed must also be carefully considered. Every single suite of offices must be well lighted and aired—or, perhaps more accurately, as well lighted and aired as are the competing office-buildings. The proximity and the height of neighboring structures frequently make this a difficult problem. Again, it is one thing to build on the corner of the street, where light and air can enter from two sides; it is quite a different thing to build in the center of a block, surrounded on all sides by your neighbors' lofty walls. In the latter case, costly as is every inch of space, there must be courts or inlets of some sort to secure light and ventilation.

"EXPRESS" AND "LOCAL" ELEVATORS

Next come the problems of engineering and construction; and here again many of the striking features of these great buildings are not apparent to one who casually inspects them. Look first at the elevator service. Its insufficiency may finally thwart the success of the whole building. It must not take up too much rentable room, yet it must fully satisfy the demands of the tenants, for no New Yorker will consent to walk up even a single flight of stairs. It is estimated that between the hours of nine and eleven in the morning, not less than ten thousand people enter some of these huge structures. That is, enough people to form a considerable town must be transmitted to their respective floors within the space of two hours.

To accomplish this with the greatest efficiency, and with the greatest economy of space, a carefully devised elevator system is necessary. That the same "lifts" should serve the whole of thirty or forty floors would manifestly be highly unsatisfactory. A fortieth-floor tenant would justly complain if, to reach

his office, he had to take a car that might be obliged to stop thirty-nine times on its upward journey. It would be like traveling from New York to Chicago on a way train. The difficulty is met by dividing the service into "express" and "local," as on the railroads.

For instance, in a typical New York office-building of thirty-two stories, there are twenty-two elevators. Seven are locals running from the ground floor to the ninth, and no farther; seven more run express to the ninth floor and thence local to the seventeenth; seven more, express to the seventeenth and thence local to the twenty-fifth. The remaining elevator is a special one for the seven topmost stories, running from the twenty-fifth to the thirty-second. The cars of each group ascend and descend in regular order, under the direction of a starter; and it is claimed that the system can handle passengers as fast as they can crowd to or from the street. In other words, if any general alarm should send all the occupants of the building rushing for safety, the elevators could bring them down in successive loads so rapidly that before the passengers of one car could reach the sidewalk, those of the next car would be treading on their heels in the doorway.

ARE OUR SKY-SCRAPERS FIRE-PROOF?

Then there is the very important question of protection from fire. With flames rising from below, a large office population, many stories above ground, would, of course, be in a position of extreme peril. The experiences of Baltimore and San Francisco show that the ordinary "fire-proof" building, with wooden floors and trimmings, will burn quickly in a general conflagration. Accordingly, no wood or combustible material enters into the construction of the modern sky-scraper. The door-frames and window-frames are of pressed steel, the floors of steel beams, tiles, and cement. Where wood seems to appear, it will be found to be metal painted and stained to imitate wood. For all that alarmists have said, the tall office-buildings of New York would defy almost any sort of a conflagration.

Of course, the tenants have desks, chairs, carpets, and papers in their offices.

These may cause small blazes, but can scarcely endanger a building or its neighbors. It is true that fire-engines cannot lift water high enough to reach the top-most floors, but on each story the structure has its own hydrants and hose-lines, supplied from great tanks. If every building in down-town New York were of the modern sky-scraper pattern, it is hard to see how a fire of any magnitude could arise there; and at worst, under existing conditions, all the occupants of these tall structures would have plenty of time to escape before the destroying heat of a general conflagration could cut them off.

The effect of high winds is another factor that must be taken into account, especially in structures of the tower type, whose extreme height not only exposes them to great wind pressure, but makes vibration more dangerous. The architect must, therefore, so brace his steel frame as to keep it rigid, even against the most violent gales known to visit New York.

The danger of an earthquake is akin to that of a hurricane; and here again, from such evidence as is obtainable, the steel-ribbed sky-scraper is safer than its smaller neighbors of wood, brick, or stone. In San Francisco, after the earthquake of April 18, 1906, tall modern office-buildings stood intact while brick cottages and wooden laundry-shops were shattered. The inference is that safety is a question of scientific construction rather than height.

WHERE THE "SAND-HOGS" DELVE

An interesting feature of the building of a sky-scraper is the work below the level of the ground. In order to support the enormous weight of the steel frame, the foundations must be carried down to bed-rock. In the Wall Street district of New York, the rock usually lies from seventy to eighty feet below the street. The mechanical problem is to sink a solid mass of concrete to this depth—quickly, economically, and without endangering the surrounding buildings.

This is done by means of caissons. At first the caisson is simply a great box or frame—perhaps thirty feet long by eight feet wide and eight feet high—which is laid on the ground, open at the top and the bottom. Laborers—known

as "sand-hogs"—dig out the soil within the frame, and gradually sink it downward. When its top is level with the surface, another is fastened above it. As it descends farther and farther into the moist earth, it becomes necessary to roof the caisson and to pump in compressed air, in order to keep it from filling with water. Locks with double traps carry air to the work-chamber and bring back the excavated soil, much as blood is pumped in and out of the human heart. At the greatest depth, the work involves much discomfort and some peril, though most of the accidents that occur are due to carelessness on the part of the "sand-hogs"—chiefly to their rashness in coming too quickly from the condensed air of the caisson to the outer atmosphere. The result is the agonizing and often fatal seizure commonly called "the bends."

Similar shafts are sunk successively around the cellar walls and in the center of the plot, so as to form a solid concrete base, resting on bed-rock, and supporting the feet of the steel frame. No stronger foundation could well be devised, and the method is one that involves little risk to neighboring buildings.

SOME IMPRESSIVE STATISTICS

Here are a few facts that will give the reader an idea what an enormous undertaking it is to build and equip a sky-scraper. One of the office-buildings now under construction in New York will contain the following materials:

Twenty-four thousand tons of steel in the frame alone.

Thirty-seven thousand tons of concrete in the floors—enough to pave Broadway from curb to curb, a foot thick, from Bowling Green to Forty-Second Street.

Enough bricks, if put end to end, to make a line extending from New York to Denver.

Forty-five hundred tons of terra-cotta decorations.

Enough glass to cover three city blocks.

Enough pipes, for heating and plumbing, to extend from New York to Albany.

Enough wiring to make a telegraph line from New York to Philadelphia.

More than thirty thousand incan-

descent lamps—enough to supply a small town with electric light.

HAS THE LIMIT BEEN REACHED?

In conclusion, it is pertinent to inquire what will be the end of this process of raising huge towers into the air. Before the invention of the steel frame, it was impracticable to go much higher than eight stories. For a taller building, it would have been necessary to make the walls so thick that the rooms on the lower floors would have been mere niches in a mass of masonry. The coming of the steel frame—an invention in which New York and Chicago dispute the priority—effected an architectural revolution by taking the weight of the building off the walls, and reducing them to the function of mere screens against the weather.

At once buildings rose until it became difficult to handle the traffic passing to and from the upper floors. Even with the swift modern mechanisms it was thought for some time that not more than thirty stories could be adequately served without giving up too much of the rent-

able space to elevator-shafts. Recent improvements, as has been seen, have made it possible to go more than half as far again above the ground.

With the general increase in the height of buildings, however, other serious problems are looming up—the darkening and overcrowding of the streets, the congestion of all systems of urban transportation, and the possibility of terrific destruction by some great catastrophe. These help to make the question of a limit to the growth of the sky-scraper a most momentous as well as a very difficult one.

"There is nothing in the engineering problem," said a well-known writer in 1899, "to prevent the construction of a fifty-story building, but such a sight will probably never vex the eye of man." To-day, less than nine years later, structures of practically that height are being advertised for rental. Whether, in the coming years, these are in their turn to be overtopped by sky-scrapers of sixty, seventy, and even a hundred floors, it is safer not to prophesy. Only the future can show.

TO LYDIA—A VALENTINE

LADY, whom to know is rapture,
Let a hopeful lover say
How in rime he fain would capture
You in some strategic way.
Love's devices are so many,
Lucky I shall be to strike
One that happens to be any-
Thing you like.

To adore you is my duty;
I have worshiped you so long,
Something of your grace and beauty
Should be shadowed in my song.
You have all the charm and magic
Any man would care to meet,
And for you the only adjec-
Tive is—sweet!

It is useless to continue
Cupid's catalogue of bliss;
If I had my way I'd win you
More directly with a kiss;
So I trust that you will see my
Motive, and return a line
Saying you are glad to be my
Valentine!

Julian Durand

STORIETTES

When the Worm Turned

COOGAN opened the letter the post-man had just left, and drew from it a check which he viewed with a complacent smile. The check was for two hundred dollars, and the name signed to it—John T. Coolidge—made it good anywhere in the city.

It was a fine thing, this drawing so much a month from another man because you knew something about that other man which would be interesting for his wife and family—and everybody else, for that matter—to know. It was much easier than Mr. Coogan's regular line of business, which was burglary, with an occasional hold-up now and then when conditions were favorable. It was less risky, too, and Mr. Coogan was a careful man. He had spent one term as guest of the State, but that was when he was younger and less skilful. He disliked risks nowadays; and in view of this, he regarded Coolidge's contributions as little short of a godsend.

He reflected, however, that he ought to be getting more money out of Coolidge. He was a man of extravagant tastes, was Mr. Coogan, fond of good clothes and good living, with a system for playing faro and a belief that he could pick the right horses at the race-track. He was no common crook, was Coogan. He had something of an education, and his nickname among his less accomplished fellow-craftsmen was "Gentleman George"—a title which he affected to despise, but of which he was secretly proud.

He sat now, with an extremely good cigar between his lips, and speculated how far Coolidge could be safely pushed. He had already secured one increase, his original demand having been for only one hundred dollars a month. He had the man terrorized, that was plain. Coolidge would pay anything he could to keep Coogan quiet. The question was, how much could he stand? He was no

millionaire, but he must be reasonably well-to-do, reflected Coogan. He had a good business. He could certainly afford more than two hundred a month.

II

COOLIDGE looked up from his desk as Coogan entered the office, exhibiting a countenance on which hatred, aversion, and dread were mingled. It was not a weak face, by any means, and some men would have hesitated in levying blackmail on its possessor. Coogan at first had had something of this feeling himself, but he had soon got over it. That was before he had fully realized the strength of his position.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Coolidge," said Coogan cordially. "A fine morning. May I have fifteen minutes of your time on a little matter of business?"

Coolidge dismissed his stenographer, and wheeled in his chair. He knew perfectly well what was coming.

"The fact is, Mr. Coolidge," began Coogan easily, "I find my expenses increasing rapidly. I don't want to be too hard on you, but I think we'll have to raise that monthly allowance to three hundred dollars. You can make out a check for next month's allowance now, if you will. And if you could let me have a check for five hundred, on the side, I could use that, too."

Coolidge saw red for an instant. He longed to spring upon his tormentor, grip the man's throat in both hands, and watch him slowly choke to death. He had had this vision several times. Then the thought of exposure came, as it always did, and fury died away into fear, and then into despair.

"Where is this thing going to end, Coogan?" he asked dully. "How much more of this do you think I can stand? I'm not a wealthy man. I can't keep on raising you a hundred dollars a month every time you ask it."

"Oh, I guess you can stand this raise all right," returned Coogan carelessly.

"Three hundred a month won't cripple you. Men in your position in life should have a regular fund for this sort of thing. You ought to expect to pay out so much a year this way just as you pay rent or taxes. It's one of the penalties of being rich and respected."

Coolidge's anger flamed anew at this easy philosophy.

"I won't pay it!" he almost shouted. "You're bleeding me to death, and I won't stand it! Go, tell what you know, you fiend!"

"I will," said Coogan calmly, as he moved toward the door. "If I can't have three hundred a month, I don't want anything."

His hand was on the knob when Coolidge called him back. He smiled and sat down while Coolidge wrote out a check for three hundred dollars and handed it to him.

"Now that little matter of the extra five hundred," suggested Coogan.

Coolidge glared at him in helpless fury.

"Oh, I really must have it!" Coogan added smilingly.

Coolidge filled out another check and gave it to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Coolidge," he said affably, as he took his departure.

Coolidge said nothing. As the door closed he sat gazing into space in a kind of dazed despair. Then, rousing himself, he unlocked a drawer of his desk and took out a revolver. He gazed into its barrel and placed it to his temple. He shuddered as he felt the touch of the cold steel. He moved it from his temple and sat holding it in his hand, contemplating it intently.

"No, not that, not that!" he muttered, and putting the revolver into the drawer, he turned the key.

III

A COUPLE of weeks later, when Mr. James Flynn, known to the police and to the under world as Redneck Flynn, invited Coogan to join him in a job which was to be executed that night, he found the latter in a receptive mood. The faro system had been working badly, things had gone wrong with the horses, and Coogan needed money again. He did not feel like "squeezing" Cool-

idge after such a short interval, and he was ready to do a stroke of business of this kind if it came his way.

Thus it was that at two o'clock in the morning the two entered quietly, by a library window, a residence that Flynn had been "spotting" for several days. They proceeded to the dining-room and were examining the silver, when suddenly Flynn, noted in the profession for his sharp ears, hissed:

"I hear somebody. Comin' this way, too."

They listened a moment. The sound of a man approaching became plainly audible.

"I don't want no shootin'," whispered Flynn. "I'm goin' to duck." He slipped into the library and out of the window. Coogan started, too, but in the library he ran against a chair and his revolver fell from his hand with a crash. As he groped in the darkness to recover it, the lights were suddenly turned on, and he found himself looking into the muzzle of another revolver. The man behind it was John T. Coolidge.

Coogan felt a sensation of relief. He was saved, after all. Coolidge could not hand him over to the authorities. Everything would come out if he did.

"Well, Mr. Coolidge," he said easily, "I didn't know this was your house. It's lucky for me, and perhaps for you, too, that it is. If it had been anybody else's and I was handed over, it would have meant the pen for me, sure!"

Coolidge smiled pleasantly.

"Sit down," he said, "and we'll talk it over."

"Nothing to talk over, is there?" inquired Coogan. "You can't hand me over to the police. I'll blab everything if you do."

Coolidge sat down in a chair opposite, still covering Coogan with the revolver. This was a different Coolidge from the one Coogan had seen heretofore.

"No, I'm not going to hand you over to the police," responded Coolidge. "It would, as you intimate, be bad for both of us. I am going to hand you over to an entirely different official."

"Who's that?"

"The coroner!"

Coogan paled, but he kept his nerve.

"You mean you're going to kill me?" he asked, with a sneer. "That will be murder, and you know what they do to murderers in this State."

Coolidge laughed.

"Don't you know the law any better than that, Mr. Coogan? Don't you know that a citizen has a right to kill a man who breaks into his house? It will take the coroner's jury about fifteen minutes to exonerate me."

"It's murder morally, if it isn't legally!" cried Coogan desperately. "You'll pay for it in hell, if you don't here!"

"I don't believe in a hell any more, Coogan," responded Coolidge calmly. "You have taught me that. I believe that we get our hell on earth. You have been giving me mine for the past year, but it will be over in a minute and I'll be a free man again. Are you all ready to die, Coogan?"

Coogan's answer was a wildcat spring from his chair straight at his opponent. Instantly Coolidge fired, and the burglar sank to the floor with a bullet in his chest. Standing over him, Coolidge fired three more bullets into the prostrate body. Then, turning to the telephone, he notified the police.

Howard Shedd

Enoch Tate's Rival

DR. WESTCOTT hitched his staid old horse to a poplar by the front gate, pulled his medicine-case from beneath the seat of the buggy, and made his way leisurely up the gravel path to the little red house nestling beneath two giant elms, which flaunted the scarlet and gold of late autumn.

His resounding summons on the front door was answered by a portly, middle-aged woman.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said with an easy familiarity. "I wa'n't really lookin' for you much before evenin'. Come in. It's uncle that sent for you, but what he wants of you the good land only knows! He ain't been so spry for years as he is this fall. Step into the front room. You'll find him in there."

She opened the door of the room, and Westcott entered. In a rocking-chair by the single window sat Enoch Tate, a

gaunt old man, with sunken cheeks and huge shoulders, stooped by years of toil. His keen old eyes were turned on the doctor with piercing directness.

"How are ye, doctor?" he said in his deep, rumbling voice. "Have a chair. Fine weather for so late in the season, ain't it?"

Westcott dropped his medicine-case upon the haircloth sofa, and settled his own big bulk in a chair opposite his host.

"Splendid, but getting a trifle frosty," he said. "What seems to be the trouble, Enoch? Little under the weather, are you?"

The old man indulged in a cackling chuckle. "That's for you to find out," he observed. "Nothin' wrong, so fur's I know. But I want you to look me over thorough to make certain. Go over me careful as you can, an' let me know jest what you find."

The doctor's brows knit in a puzzled frown. "What's your idea in having me examine you? Have you had any pain lately?"

Enoch shook his head. "Nary one," he declared. "Never felt fitter in my life. You go ahead an' see 'f you can find anything ailin' me, an' when you git done I'll tell you why I wanted you to do it."

"All right," the doctor agreed. "You'd better stand up. That's right. Now put your hands up above your head —so. Now, then!"

He sounded and prodded the old man thoroughly; he examined his tongue and felt his pulse; he applied the stethoscope and listened to the even beating of the sturdy old heart.

"Find anything wrong?" Enoch inquired.

"Not a thing. You're sound as a nut. There's many a man twenty years younger than you are that might well envy that heart of yours and those lungs."

Enoch's grin broadened. "I cal'lated I was in pretty fair shape," said he, "but I wanted to be certain of it. Let's see, I'll be eighty-seven, come April. I'd oughter last four or five years more, hadn't I?"

"It's quite probable, if you take care of yourself," the doctor declared.

"Oh, I'm a goin' to do that," Enoch announced. "If it depends on takin'

care of myself, I shall live to be as old as Methuselah. I suppose you're wonderin' what I want to live so long for."

"It's the most natural thing in the world for a man to want to live as long as he can," said the doctor, "especially when he's got such a constitution as yours. It doesn't surprise me—"

Enoch interrupted him with a wave of the hand. "You think I want to hang on jest for the sake of livin'. Well, there's where you're wrong. I've lived a good deal longer now than most folks, an' if it wa'n't for one thing I'd just as soon go now as any time. I'm goin' to tell you now why I want to live a while longer, an' then I'm goin' to make you an offer."

He paused. The doctor nodded his head. "Go on," he said.

Enoch cleared his throat with considerable vigor. "I come of a long-lived fam'ly," he said. "My gran-father was ninety-five when he died, an' my father was turned ninety. When their time come, they was both the oldest men in town. That's what I want to be—the oldest man in town when I die. It's a fam'ly honor that I feel sorter bound to keep up. There ain't but one livin' man in this town older'n what I be."

"Who's that—old Sam Dalton?"

"Yes," said Enoch, "Sam Dalton. He was born in Janerwerry an' I was born in April of the same year. He's jest about as tough as I be; but I got to outlive him, somehow. When I git to be the oldest person in town I'll be ready to go, an' won't make no complaint; but until that time I'm goin' to hang on for all I'm worth, an' you've got to do your best to help me."

Something like a twinkle came into Dr. Westcott's kindly eyes. "Well, bless my soul!" he chuckled. "So that's it, is it? Of course I can't make any definite promises, Enoch, but I'll do my best for you. From all indications you needn't worry about leaving us just yet. You're in splendid condition; but, for that matter, so is Sam."

"Yes, I know he is," said Enoch. "That old fossil has the most irritatin' way of keepin' healthy that ever I see. Seems as if he was sot on cheatin' me out of my rightful honors. But I'm

jest as sot as he is. Now, here's the proposition I'm goin' to make ye."

The old man arose from his chair and hobbled over to the secretary in the corner. From one of the pigeonholes he drew out a well-stuffed envelope.

"There's a hundred dollars in this," he said. "That's a consider'ble sum of money for these parts. You can't pick it off'n every bush. Doc, you keep me alive longer 'n Sam Dalton, an' this envelope is yourn."

"Pshaw!" Westcott said in laughing depreciation. "I don't want your money. I'd do my best for you in any event. You ought to know that!"

"An' I ain't sayin' you wouldn't," Enoch snapped with some asperity; "but a hundred dollars is a hundred dollars. There ain't no gettin' 'round that. It's yourn when I'm the oldest man in town."

"Oh, all right," said the doctor soothingly; and that was the last he thought of the matter for some time.

II

It was late March when the doctor was again summoned to Enoch Tate's little red house. The old man had contracted a severe cold, which threatened to develop into pneumonia. The doctor put him to bed, left some medicine, and promised to call the following morning; but it was afternoon before he finally drove up to the front gate. Enoch lay in the bed, which had been brought into the front room, his sallow cheeks flushed and his eyes preternaturally bright.

"Well, well!" said the doctor, glancing quickly at his patient. "This will never do in the world. I had a premonition that I should have got here earlier, but to tell the truth, Enoch, I couldn't. I've been over to Sam Dalton's ever since early morning. He's had a stroke, and he's in pretty bad shape."

Enoch's fingers closed convulsively on the worn coverlet.

"Sam's had a stroke, you say?" he asked thickly.

The doctor nodded.

"Who's tendin' of him?"

"I am," said Westcott.

Enoch raised himself on an elbow. "What's his chances?" he demanded.

"Rather slight. I think, Enoch,

you're going to be the oldest man in town before night."

Enoch lay back on the pillows. His hands trembled; his under lip quivered.

"You're doin' everything you can for him, ain't you?" he asked anxiously.

The doctor turned to eye the old man. "Yes," he said simply. "There's very little that can be done."

"Guess he needs you more'n what I do," Enoch grunted. "You give me somethin' to ease up this roarin' in my head, an' then you go back to Sam."

"See here—" the doctor began, but Enoch cut him short.

"Fetch me that envelope out of the sekertary. It's in the third hole from the left, top row."

There was something in the sick man's burning eyes that made the doctor comply hastily. Enoch tore the envelope open and pulled out a wad of bills.

"Here," he said, thrusting them toward Westcott. "Take 'em. Take 'em, you hear? I never cal'lated on nothin' like this when I made the deal with ye. I never thought of me an' Sam both bein' sick at the same time an' you doctorin' us both. That hundred is yourn right now. Understand? You stuff it in your pocket, an' then you go over and do all you can for Sam. The money's yourn whether I outlast him or not."

The doctor's face darkened. He took a step toward the bed.

"If I'm goin' to be the oldest man in town, I'll do it fair," Enoch croaked.

"Confound you, Enoch!" the doctor exploded in righteous wrath. Then, as he looked at the worn old face on the pillows, with its twitching lips and its expression of childish eagerness, his own face softened. "All right," he said gently. "All right—just as you say."

He stuffed the bills into his pocket, and without a word began mixing some medicine in a tumbler by the window. Enoch watched him impatiently.

"Now I want you to go back to Sam's," Enoch said, as Dr. Westcott set the tumbler on a stand by the bed. "I sha'n't rest easy till you do."

"Very well," said the doctor. "I'll look in on you a little later."

The gray twilight was deepening into dusk when he again came into the room where Enoch lay.

"How's Sam?" the old man demanded immediately.

Dr. Westcott smiled. "I never saw such a constitution in my life," said he, "unless it's yours, Enoch. I found him much better. One side will be paralyzed, but for all that I wouldn't wonder if he lived for several years."

"Humph!" Enoch grunted, apparently in fine disgust. "You couldn't kill that old reptyle with a club!"

But the doctor noticed that his face wore an expression of relief, and that welling tears were dimming his eyes.

John Barton Oxford

The Major and the Angel

FOR a solid hour the adjutant had been singing "Children of the Heavenly King"; but the baby declined to be comforted. It was one o'clock in the morning, in the middle of a Montana winter.

The baby's mamma was officially understood to be enjoying social relaxation. She was the wife of little Dicky Jarboe, a second lieutenant of cavalry. All the other ladies of the garrison were comfortably housed in the East; but Mrs. Jarboe was a bride, and had romantic notions about being at her husband's side.

The major was managing her affairs. Everybody managed her affairs. She was that kind of woman. The major had been thinking it over, and had decided that she was not living a gay enough life for a girl. There came this dance over at the infantry post. The major sent her with Dicky and an escort of eighteen troopers.

She cried four times on the way. Once, during the ride, she sent the whole escort back two miles to caution the adjutant about warming the milk. At the ball, between dances, she slipped out to the dressing-room and stared out of the window through her tears.

At last the baby closed its eyes. The adjutant thought it was going to sleep. His trooper boots were off, so he softly tiptoed in his stockings across the room to the cradle and lowered the little muffled figure gently into the basket. But just as he was straightening up, the baby let out a plaintive wail.

The adjutant could hear the major

swear in the next room, where a knot of officers were waiting with bated breath. He dared not stop singing again, and to the tune of "Children of the Heavenly King" called for the orderly.

"Or-der-lee-lee give give to me that hot-wat-er baggy bag," he sang.

Nobody smiled; it was too tragic. The big trooper saluted, and handed over the hot-water bag, which the adjutant carefully applied to the young man's stomach. Only a more doleful screech resulted.

In utter despair, the adjutant planted the baby in the cradle, and walked into the next room, where the major was fuming up and down.

"It's no use, sir," said the adjutant hopelessly. "I quit."

"Huh!" snorted the major. "It's a pity, with all the time you've wasted gadding around with girls, that you never learned anything about babies!"

The nearest girl was a rancher's wife, aged fifty, and twenty-eight miles away, but the adjutant, being a wise young man, did not reply. Meanwhile the baby drew a long breath, shut his eyes, puckered up his face, and howled.

"Where's the nursing-bottle?" the major demanded.

"If he gets any more milk, it will begin squirting out of his pores," the adjutant said quietly.

"The milk was too hot!" snapped the major.

"When I last gave it to him, you said it was too cold," observed the adjutant.

The major turned savagely on the group of distressed-looking cavalry officers, who were sitting around, nervously pulling at their gauntlets.

"Why do you sit there gawking like crows on a fence-rail? Why don't you do something?" he demanded.

"Why not send for the hospital steward?" suggested a strained voice.

So the orderly plunged out into the night after the hospital steward. It was as black as a pirate's heart outside; the wind was howling across the parade. The baby stopped crying for a moment, and they all sat waiting in absolute silence. Only once the adjutant gave a sigh that had its roots in his soul, and said:

"And she told me it was a perfect angel!"

The hospital steward was a severe-looking young man with spectacles. He saluted, and advanced upon the baby with a grave expression. The officers watched through the door. He tried to feel the baby's pulse as it thrashed its tiny arms about. His procedure was distinctly professional, but the baby's wail rose to a wild shriek.

"I think," said the hospital steward, raising himself and speaking with impressive calm, "that the pulse is quite regular; the respiration is—"

"I think you are a jackass!" roared the major. "Get out, you idiot! Go back to the hospital!"

The hospital steward retreated with what dignity he could. The major banged the door behind him, to muffle the fearful noise, and turned desperately to face them all.

It was the orderly who spoke at last—a big, raw-boned Irishman. He had been struggling with an idea all evening, and now he clicked his heels together and saluted the major.

"If you please, sir," he said, "how would it do to telegraph to the kid's mother for orders?"

The major stared at the orderly in blank amazement. When he spoke, it was to the adjutant.

"Take that man's name!" he said. "Tell his troop captain that I want him to have the next chevrons. I am sorry it isn't a commission."

There was a perfect stampede for the telegraph-office. Some one tore off through the storm to the barracks to get out the operator. A lantern was soon bobbing across the parade; it was the corporal of the guard personally escorting the operator. They waited in solemn silence as he opened the telegraph-key. The man looked up, frightened. The key gave forth a flat clack. The wires had gone down in the wind!

The major turned and shouted for some one to get out the military signal-men. There was a great running to and fro in the snow as the instruments were set up. The glare of the acetylene lamps wavered crazily about as the tripods shook in the wind. Four or five times they pitched over into the snow.

"Turn out the guard!" roared the major.

"Turn out the guard!" roared the corporal of the guard.

"Turn out the guard!" roared the nearest sentry; and they heard the call go down the line.

The major's purpose was soon clear. One relief of the guard was posted on its knees in the snow holding the signal tripods steady. Although the wind was high, luckily the night was clear and dark.

The man at the tripod snapped the shutter open, and a long, vivid flash of light flew over the snow wastes, over the coulées and the gullies. Somewhere in the midst of the barrenness it found a cottonwood-tree, and showed it ghastly and wan.

"Too far to the left," said the signal sergeant gruffly. "Ought not to see that cottonwood."

The shutter man snipped off the light, and the instruments were readjusted. Meanwhile the adjutant and major struggled to compose a proper message.

"We must break it gently," observed the major.

"How would this do?" asked the adjutant. He wrote a despatch on the message slip, and handed it to the major.

"Too long-winded; get to the point," said the major. The adjutant tried again. The major tore up the second message with increasing asperity. "That would just about set her crazy!" he said sharply.

Finally they decided to send this despatch:

Baby crying, but not sick. Have fed, hot-watered, dangled, sung to. What shall we do now?

Then the shutter began to play fast and loose with the streak of light, cutting it off, letting it run out across the snow plain; then snapping it off with a sudden bite. The steady *click, click* of the shutter was music to the major's ears.

At the infantry post the band was playing the "Home, Sweet Home" waltz, and the dance was breaking up. The music floated out across the parade-ground to a lonely sentry walking a beat through the snow. The soft caress of the waltz music made him ache with homesickness for Coney Island and a girl he

used to know. Then, suddenly, he forgot all about it, and stood staring intently into the black night, out of which stared a strange, far-off spot of light.

As the dancers were bundling into their wraps, a soldier voice rang out:

"Corporal of the guard, No. 3!"

Presently a lantern could be seen pitching and bobbing across the parade, and they knew the corporal of the guard was running to Post No. 3. Then other men went by on the run. They were the signalmen, carrying their tripods and lamps.

To the major and the adjutant, tramping about in the snow at the cavalry post, it seemed an interminable time until an answering light came out of the dark like a great, flaming eye. It quickly broke into a long series of winks and stares.

In the middle of the message, the adjutant, who was reading the flashes of light into letters and words, gave a sudden exclamation.

"What is it?" snapped the major testily.

"Pins!" the adjutant shouted excitedly. "She says look for pins!"

"I should think you would have thought of pins," said the major sourly. "I should think pins would have occurred to you when the baby first began to cry."

The adjutant might have made a very pertinent reply; but again, being a wise young man, he said nothing. With one accord, all the officers turned and hurried toward the quarters where the baby lived. They entered the house together, almost on a run.

Meanwhile, at the other post, the baby's mother was rubbing clear places through the frost on an infantry captain's window. She was beginning to cry again when a lantern careened wildly along the walk and turned in at the infantry's captain's quarters. There came a rap on the door. Brushing aside her host and her own husband, Mrs. Jarboe rushed to the door, and tore an official-looking despatch from the corporal's hands.

It was on message paper; the form of it was unimpeachably military. It showed that the heart of the major was again beating in normal time, and that

he was at peace with the world. Thus it read :

To MRS. RICHARD JARBOE, care Captain Smith, Fortieth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort Lincoln:

I have the honor to announce that we have found the pin. The infant now sleeps.

Your most obedient servant,
MAJOR COMMANDING SQUADRON A,
EIGHTEENTH U. S. CAVALRY.

H. C. Carr

The Honor of the Family

LORINDA PODMORE'S wedding-day had come. The guests were assembled. Old man Podmore proudly presided over "Lorindy's presents," spread out to public admiration in the sitting-room. The Rev. Ormsby Molland arrived, and the bridal party came out of the spare bedroom into the focus of the lime-light.

The ceremony began in the most solemn and impressive manner. Lorinda's mother was crying softly, out of pure sentiment; Lorinda's father was grinning and pulling at his thin whiskers, out of pure satisfaction. Billy Babbit, the bridegroom, was turning red and white, hot and cold, out of pure misery.

"William Henry, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, so long as ye both shall live?"

There was a prolonged silence. Every eye was fixed on Billy Babbit, and every eye saw the red flush that crept up the back of his neck, burned his ears, suffused his face. Lorinda surreptitiously pinched his hand. The clergyman whispered encouragement.

"I will," he prompted good-naturedly.

"No!" thundered Billy, "I won't!"

For one brief instant everything went stock-still in breathless amazement. Lorinda Podmore uttered a weak gasp, and fainted. Her mother let out a shriek, and followed suit. Her father plowed his way to the front rank.

"What?" he yelled.

"I've changed my mind," quoth Billy.

Saying this, he turned, was out through the open window before anybody could stop him, and fled for the woods. Old Josh had to go to the shed for the

muzzle-loader, so that he was a full three hundred yards in the rear.

Poor Lorinda Podmore! She was not as young as she had been, and the passing of the years had brought with them a great and ever-growing respect for the holy state of matrimony. She was a good girl, and, if her face was homely, her heart was none the less kind; but Greendale was too small a place for her ever to live down this calamity.

Old man Podmore went about like a raging lion. He had failed to overtake the scoundrel who had brought disgrace upon the whole household; for when Babbit had once gained the friendly shelter of the woods, he had eluded pursuit and mysteriously vanished. His house was watched to no purpose; he did not go home, and his hired man knew nothing of his whereabouts, or at least said he didn't. So Joshua Podmore went roaring about the countryside, threatening what he would do to the "skunk" when he caught him.

At the end of three weeks Billy Babbit unexpectedly came back, and went about his business in the regular way. He had just been over to the city for a spell, he said, and he had gone there on business—not because he was afraid of old Josh Podmore, to prove which assertion he brought back with him a leather cartridge-belt and a big pistol, and wore them wherever he went.

The news reached old man Podmore the morning after Billy got back. He didn't poke his nose outside the house all that day; but at night, after it got dark, he slipped out by the back way and circled around through the fields to Billy Babbit's domicile, quite forgetting to take the muzzle-loader with him.

Billy was home. He and his hired man were toasting their boots on the damper of the kitchen-stove when Josh Podmore opened the door and walked in.

"Wanter see ye alone, Babbit," Podmore snapped peremptorily.

"Cert'nly. Well, Tom!" He glared at the hired man. "Didn't you hear what the gentleman said? Git out!"

"Er—want yer gun, Mr. Babbit?"

"Git!" cried Billy angrily. He turned mildly toward his visitor. "Won't you set down, Joshua?"

Joshua sat down. For a full minute

he pulled his whiskers before he spoke. Then he spat quickly into the stove.

"I reckon ye know wot I'm here fer, Babbit," he began abruptly. "What ye goin' ter do 'bout it?"

"Don't know as I b'en thinkin' o' doin' anythin' in perticklar," mused Billy. "Why should I? Man's got a right to change his mind, ain't he?"

"What?" snorted old Podmore. He shook his head angrily. "Betcher life y'ain't—not when things hez got's fur ez a weddin'! Babbit, I ain't a goin' ter hev ye triflin' like this with the tender feelin's o' my on'y darter. She's got grounds fer a libel suit, consarn ye! She kin hev ye up fer alimony, an' breach o' promise, an' divorce, an' a hull lot more things like that! An' what's more t' the p'int, she's a goin' t' do it, 'less ye make repairin's mighty quick!"

Billy's face blanched suddenly.

"I ain't got nothin' agin Lorindy," he said soothingly. "Y'see, Joshua, when me'n' Lorindy agreed t' gi' tied up, it was with the distinct understandin' that I was goin' t' be boss; an' she went an' kicked over the traces first go-off. I ain't goin' t' marry any wumman as wants the hull county lookin' on an' crittercizin'. Marryin's a sacred institooshun, an' consarns the contractin' parties on'y. Thet's allus been my theerry. I ain't goin' t' marry her ef—"

"Who's askin' ye t' marry her?" broke out old Podmore. "I wouldn't let ye marry her, arter what's happened, not ef ye was the Prince o' Diddlededum! But ye've gotter make repairin's, Babbit, fer all the wounded feelin's an' the disgrace my darter suffered three weeks ago Friday. I hev an idee which I come here to perpose t'ye, an' ef ye don't agree—"

"What's the idee?" said Billy.

"This is it. Seein's ye publicly said ye wouldn't hev Lorindy, ye oughter give her a chance to publicly say she won't hev you. We'll hev another weddin', with the same folks there as was there three weeks back. Then, when the preacher says to Lorindy, 'Will ye hev him?' she kin hev the chance t' say back, 'No, I won't,' jest like ye done, an' I reckon thet'd sorter square matters, an' recover her dignity an' sech fer her. The honor o' the family hez been shattered, an' demands repairin', Babbit; an' me,

the head o' the family, demands it. What d'ye say to it?"

"It's a good idee," agreed Billy thoughtfully. "As you say, Joshua, I guess mebbe it was ruther hard on Lorindy, with all them tongue-waggers present. I don't mind obligin' you—fer the honor o' the family. But as fer marryin' Lorindy—"

"Ain't I said I wouldn't let ye marry her now ef ye was a millyunaire?" cried old Podmore irascibly. "I ain't a wantin' ye fer no son-in-law, Billy Babbit. All I'm askin' is fer ye t' act square an' give Lorindy a chance t' git even with ye in the eyes o' the neighborhood; an' ef ye're half a man, ye'll make it a go."

"It's a go," said Billy.

And that is how another wedding-party came to assemble in the Podmore parlor one month after the fatal Friday. The same guests were invited, and, needless to say, not one of them was missing. Old man Podmore again presided over the presents in the sitting-room—the same presents. The Rev. Ormsby Molland, who knew nothing of the secret compact, again arrived, and again the bridal party came out of the spare bedroom into the focus of the lime-light. Once more the ceremony began in a solemn and impressive manner. Once more Lorinda's mother wept softly, Lorinda's father grinned with satisfaction, and Billy Babbit felt mighty uncomfortable. And once more the minister said:

"William Henry, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, so long as ye both shall live?"

"Yes, I will," said Billy calmly.

An audible sigh passed through the room. The ceremony went smoothly forward to the other question:

"Lorinda Ann, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will!" said Lorinda clearly.

Billy Babbit turned as white as the bride's veil, and tremblingly nudged the stays of Lorinda's corset.

"Lorindy," he whispered frantically, "you was to say 'I won't'!"

"Hush!" admonished that lady, *sotto voce*. "I've changed my mind!"

"Let us pray," said the Rev. Ormsby Molland.

Hopkins Moorhouse

LIGHT VERSE

HER MIRROR

IMPRISONED in a bit of glass,
Framed by a silver band,
Her glowing face laughs back to me,
Who close beside her stand.

Pray, hold it thus, my dainty maid;
'Tis double joy to me;
I love you so, one's not enough—
Now two of you I see!

Clifford Trembly

VALENTINE

DEAR heart, I yearn for thee
With such dream ecstasy
As doth the longing tide
For the rapt moon, its guide!
List while my lips repeat—
Wilt thou not love me, sweet?

Open thy lattice! Ope
Thy soul and bid me hope!
My Mecca thou; thine eyes
Beckon to paradise!
Oh, speak, for time is fleet!
Wilt thou not love me, sweet?

Clinton Scollard

A TRIBUTE TO PERFECTION

I LOVE my little wife because she's good
and fair to see;
I love her for the reason that she takes
good care of me;
I love her for her bright, brown eyes that
sparkle all the day,
And help to drive my troubles and anxieties
away.

I love her for her tuneful voice, that makes
me think of rills
That babble Nature's poetry out in the
glad green hills;
And when she lifts it up in song, makes
music of the sort
One dreams about in reveries of old
Apollo's court.

I love her for the happy smile she greets
me with 'at e'en;
I love her, too, because she never asks me
where I've been,

But seems content that I have come, how-
ever late the hour,
And never lets suspicion base intrude its
visage sour.

I love her for her patient ways when I am
difficult—
Through which content and happy peace
invariably result.
I love her for the gentleness, the clear,
unruffled mien,
With which she faces trials when they come
upon the scene.

And, best of all the virtues which I never
weary of
Rehearsing when I'm speaking of this
woman that I love—
When she hath donned her apron, and hath
set herself to bake,
She makes a darned sight better pie than
mother used to make!

Blakeney Gray

A DIFFICULT TASK

I TRIED to teach my lively son and heir
The satisfaction and the pleasure rare
Of using English pure and undefiled,
Instead of slangy terms uncouth and wild;
"For slang is vulgar, dear," said I. "No
doubt
Your tip is straight," said he. "Let's cut
it out!"

"George Washington," I added calmly,
"when
He spoke his words or wrote them with his
pen,
Avoided slang, my son, in every way,
And always said whate'er he had to say
In English pure." He answered me, "I
think
If that's the case, we'll put it on the blink!"

"Then there was Shakespeare, too. He
ne'er abused,"
Said I, "the English language that he used
By mixing common slang terms in his
lines;
And William Shakespeare's name forever
shines
Among the great." "Hooray!" he cried.
"I'll take
The hint from Bill, and give all slang the
shake!"

"The poets," I went on, "Keats, Shelley, Poe,
Who with their verse set all the world aglow,
In lofty phrase their noble thoughts expressed,
And always found pure English served them best.
Not one of them to slang would ever stoop."
"From this time on," said he, "it's in the soup!"

"Strong men," said I, "in every walk in life,
The men of peace, the men who lead in strife,
Great statesmen, soldiers, thinkers, when they speak
Use English *chaste* as Homer's classic Greek.
What does for them, for you is good enough."
"Well, I should smile," quoth he. "The pure's the stuff!"

I paused awhile—in fact, am pausing yet.
My teaching thus far, to my great regret,
Though well received, has hardly worked the good

I'd fondly hoped, in starting, that it would;
But this is *sure*—his slang he shall relax,
Or get it whee! the chicken got the ax!

John Kendrick Bangs

THE HIT OF THE SHOW

WE turned them away up in Buffalo,
We stood them up nightly at Troy;
Somebody's hit, mind you, pulled them all in,
And I was the Candy Boy!

Our fat leading lady was on the friz;
The heavy, a piteous ham;
The juvenile man, a piece of Brie cheese;
The soubrette, a placid clam.

When I came on first, though, in L. U. E.,
And strode up U. C. in the Spot,
All over the house you could hear them fall!
Nothing but me in the plot!

Of course they were jealous, those other shines.
But they'll bill me next year—you'll see!
For Frohman sat *through* in a box one night,
And Frohman was watching—me!

It wasn't so much what I said that took,
Though I read all my lines quite well;
It was how I walked, and the way I stood—
The natural things that tell.

The lines, as I say, were not fat at all;
'Twas the way that I made them mine:
"The carriage is ready, sir"—that was one,
And "Yes, sir," my other line.

George Randolph Chester

AT BRIDGE

SHÉ trumped my ace; what could I do?
The stakes were high, 'tis very true;
But oh, her eyes are big and blue!
I only smiled.

She led the king before their ace,
And said: "Oh, pshaw! That's not the place!"
And then she laughed into my face:
"Now don't get riled!"

Then she revoked; we lost three tricks.
She said: "Well, we *are* in a fix!
I know you feel like throwing bricks,
But don't get mad!"

We lost. I gave my I O U,
For shekels are both far and few.
She said: "I don't know what to do,
I feel so bad!"

"It really was a perfect shame!
But, then, I never liked the game;
Compared to hearts I think it tame—
Don't you?"

I said, "I think so, too!"

Celia Myrover Robinson

A SONG OF ARABY

EAT of my heart, light of my eyes,
Thou wilt come, thou wilt come,
When the world's asleep and the night-moth flies,
And old Yussuf, drugged with dream-flowers, lies—
Light of my eyes, thou wilt come!

Beat of my heart, light of my eyes,
Thou art near, thou art near;
My bracelets chime—the scented dusk replies;
Then heart to heart, with rapturous soft cries,
Light of my eyes, thou art near!

Beat of my heart, light of my eyes,
Thou must go, thou must go;
For the moon grows pale and the sweet night dies,
And old Yussuf turns in his sleep and sighs;
Light of my eyes, thou must go!

Elinor Cook

MELBA, THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN PRIMA DONNA

BY WILLIAM G. FITZ-GERALD

ATOMBOY galloping on pony-back over miles of blue-green grass, and through pungent eucalyptus-groves, a hundred miles from anywhere, on the wide plains of Victoria—that was young Helen Porter Mitchell. She sang, of course, from earliest childhood—sang, however, as a prophet with little honor in her own country.

“Make that funny noise in your throat, Nellie,” the girls in the Presbyterian Ladies’ College at East Melbourne would beg of her.

Who thought then that the “noise,” that marvelous natural trill, would one day ring through the foremost opera-houses of Europe and America?

But before she took wings for the outer world, the girl was groping blindly toward her destiny. The whole family were staying, one summer, at Sorrento, a resort on the Victorian coast. Here Nellie noticed the disrepair of the local cemetery fence, and a concert in aid came naturally to her mind. But her father, David Mitchell, frowned upon the scheme. He and his wife had already detected symptoms of a longing for a “public career,” and were doing their best to frustrate it.

As Miss Mitchell persisted, her father went to all his friends and begged them to stay away from the concert, in order that his daughter’s foolish ambition might be nipped in the bud. And as an additional precaution, he withheld the necessary money for the humble preliminaries. Thereupon the girl got some paste from the cook and did her own bill-posting—largely on the dilapidated fence that was to be rebuilt; and on the eventful night she sang with a brave heart to an audience of two! Here was grit in a girl of sixteen.

Marriage and emancipation followed a year later. Behold Nellie Armstrong now as a choir singer and a semi-professional pianist. She sang and played at concerts as far north as Brisbane, but won so little recognition that at times the takings did not cover the hire of the hall. It was, she thought, time for the flight overseas, where fortune’s favorite was to come into her own.

Wife and mother at twenty, she left Australia with husband and father, and called on Sir Arthur Sullivan in London. Sullivan heard her, and promised her a small part in “The Mikado.” Before the time came for her début, however, she visited Paris and was introduced to the famous teacher Marchesi, who was greatly impressed by the compass and the purity of her voice.

“Come to me and the world shall know of you!” the excited old lady cried, and forthwith introduced her new star to the venerable Charles Gounod, who often watched her from a box at the Paris Opéra with all a father’s pride.

MELBA’S DÉBUT IN OPERA

The name “Melba”—abbreviated from Melbourne, her native city—was adopted just before her first appearance in grand opera. This took place in Brussels, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, on the night of October 15, 1887, the part she sang being that of *Gilda* in Verdi’s “Rigoletto.” Later, in Paris, came Délibes’s “Lakmé”—and a hitch. Melba’s French was poor. Other rôles she had sung in Italian, as a great concession; but a piece so typically French as “Lakmé” in a foreign tongue! The directors could not think of such a thing. Greatly perplexed, they met in conclave, calling the composer to their aid.

"Why," cried M. Délibes, "I don't care if the girl sings in Chinese. I want her to sing in my opera, anyhow!"

Melba was sought, in those days, not only by impresarios, but also by the great-

phisto to her *Marguerite* in his house in the Place Malesherbes. Leoncavallo, too, taught her the score of "I Pagliacci" in Milan; Saint-Saëns, that of "Hélène" in Monte Carlo. Massenet was her tutor



MME. MELBA (NELLIE MITCHELL ARMSTRONG), WHO MADE HER DÉBUT IN 1887,
AND WHO IS STILL ONE OF THE FOREMOST OPERATIC SOPRANOS

From a photograph by Shadwell Clarke, London

est living composers, who wanted their music rendered by a voice so lovely. Verdi himself taught her the rôles of *Gilda* and *Violetta*. Old Gounod sang *Frère Laurent* to her *Juliette* and *Mc-*

for "Manon"; Ambroise Thomas for his own opera of "Hamlet."

As to Puccini, Melba helped him along the road to his present fame by her insistence that "La Bohème" should be put

into the bill at Covent Garden. The directors objected that it was too slight; that their patrons needed more substantial fare at so costly a banquet as grand opera. Moreover, it was new and untried. Then Melba offered to sing the "mad scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia" on the same evening, and Covent Garden gave way, knowing that the house would be filled. In this way "La Bohème" got its first chance in London, and thereafter the sprightly and tuneful opera won its own way.

After Brussels, Paris, and London, there is only a monotonous succession of Melba's triumphs to record, from San Francisco to St. Petersburg. Fourteen monarchs have decorated the singer. King Edward and Queen Alexandra have had the voice of gold "laid on" by means of the electrophone, so that *Mimi's* lovely plaint in "La Bohème" might travel nightly over a hundred miles of wire to their majesties at Sandringham. A distinction which the prima donna prizes still more highly is the fact that the grave and learned trustees of the British Museum asked her to make four gramophone records, wherewith to immortalize her voice for posterity. These disks are now stored among the myriad treasures of the huge temple of the arts and sciences at Bloomsbury.

Six years ago, for the first time since gaining fame as a prima donna, Melba revisited her native Australia. She received a welcome almost fantastic in its extravagance. The governor-general, the cabinet ministers, the judges, the mayors—the whole political and social hierarchy of the entire continent—turned out to do her honor. The railroads along which she traveled were decorated, and were lined by cheering crowds. The *Lillydale Express*, published near David Mitchell's country estate at Cave Hill, actually came out in letters of gold. At her first evening concert in Melbourne the receipts totaled nearly three thousand pounds. Before she left for the outer world, a five-pound note was considered quite a handsome fee for Nellie Armstrong.

MELBA'S HOME IN LONDON

Melba's home is her London house, No. 30, Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, which she bought from Mrs. Hwfa

Williams some years ago. Its decorations are lavish, and represent both money and an informed artistic taste. It contains a great many treasures of unique interest. For instance, a prominent feature of the music-room, standing near a fine piano, is a big shield covered with orders and insignia presented to Melba by almost all the rulers of Europe, from the Czar of Russia to the President of France.

The prima donna's bedroom is characteristic of her liking for all that is dainty and beautiful. Upon the bed itself the hapless son of Louis XVI slept his last night in royal state before the Parisian mob stormed the Tuileries. A little masterpiece by Jean François Millet is framed in the top of the dressing-table, so that Melba may always contemplate her favorite master. The table is furnished with articles in flawless tortoise-shell, and each piece bears a big "M" in diamonds. There are lace draperies of marvelous fineness, and a collection of colored prints.

In the adjoining dressing-room is a wash-stand topped with ancient crystal, and furnished with articles of old Sèvres, incrusted with gold. Beyond is the snow-white bath-room; between the two rooms is a folding crystal partition, framed in bands of ivory. This was designed by the singer herself.

In the entrance-hall there hang a couple of large canvases—Australian landscapes, painted by Melba herself when she was only thirteen. She has always been interested in art, and has given valuable help to several struggling painters, especially to those hailing from her native land. She commissioned Rupert Bunny to paint a now famous Royal Academy portrait of herself, and gave commissions to Mackennal for portrait-busts, and to Hugh Ramsay and C. E. Ritchie for Australian scenes and sketches.

Two seasons ago, I attended a concert in London where every performer owed his or her success wholly or mainly to Nellie Melba. Among them were Irene Ainsley, the New Zealand contralto; Landon Ronald, the British composer and conductor; young Ada Sassoli, the Italian harpist; Maude McCarthy, the Irish violinist, and Parkina, the American soprano.



MME. MELBA WITH HER FATHER, DAVID MITCHELL, OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, AND HER
NIECE, MISS NELLIE PATTERSON

*From a photograph by Talma, Melbourne, taken during Mme. Melba's visit to
Australia six years ago*



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN MME. MELBA'S LONDON HOUSE, NO. 30, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE

From a photograph by Doreney, London

I could tell many stories of the prima donna's ready—sometimes too ready—generosity where the voice of distress was raised, but her begging-letter mail is already formidable, and I must not add to it. Every day she is importuned by ambitious young singers and students who ask her to give them a hearing, or beg her to advise them from her wide experience.

"Is it not strange?" she will say. "A violin student will devote ten years to mastering the elements of his profession, whereas a singer expects to develop the perfect technique of *bel canto* with little study and no work to speak of."

She herself has labored eight hours a day on the historical and scientific side of her art. When they found fault with her French, she promptly went to the best teacher she could find and practised in the language for six and seven hours a day.

Her daily routine at home invariably begins at half past eight, no matter how late she has retired. Half an hour or so is given to physical exercises; and by ten her personal correspondence is finished. Other letters she turns over to Miss Agnes Murphy, her private secre-

tary, who, by the way, is also an Australian.

Melba always superintends her own household affairs, and to this is probably due her success as a hostess. After breakfast she will go to the piano and sing a little, to see what condition her voice is in. In her opinion, a singer's diet should include plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. She herself only takes a cup of tea and a little toast for breakfast, and at lunch some stewed fruit, with a light salad. Her chief meal is, of course, dinner, which is taken quite late at night, unless she is singing. In that case, a light meal is eaten about tea-time.

Melba's catholicity is shown by the fact that although she does not sing in German opera, she readily admits that Richard Wagner is the greatest of all masters of music. Last season, when she heard "Parsifal" for the first time at the Metropolitan, in New York, she was so profoundly moved by the magic of the work that for days she could scarcely think or speak of anything else.

Ask this truly remarkable woman to put some little motto in a birthday-book, and she will forthwith write:

"Live and let live!"

A UNIQUE GROUP OF KINGS AND QUEENS

NEVER BEFORE, PROBABLY, WERE EIGHT SOVEREIGNS PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER

OUR readers will be interested in the reproduction here of a very remarkable photograph taken at Windsor Castle on Sunday, November 17, 1907. The wedding of Princess Louise of Orleans, great-granddaughter of King Louis Philippe, to her cousin, Prince Charles of Bourbon, had drawn to England representatives of all the royal families of Europe; and on the day mentioned, eight of the most exalted were photographed together in one of the drawing-rooms of the most magnificent royal residence in the world. The King of England and the King of Spain stood close to the German Kaiser, and the five ladies present were the Kaiserin Augusta and the Queens of England, Spain,



EIGHT SOVEREIGNS AT WINDSOR—STANDING IN THE BACK ROW, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT OF THE PICTURE, ARE THE KING OF SPAIN, THE GERMAN EMPEROR, THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, AND THE KING OF ENGLAND; SITTING IN THE FRONT ROW ARE THE QUEEN OF NORWAY, THE GERMAN EMPRESS, THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, AND THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

From a photograph by Downey, London

Norway, and Portugal. It was, in a sense, a family gathering. With the exception of the Queen of Portugal—who is a very distant cousin—its members are closely related by ties of blood or marriage. King Edward being the father of the Queen of Norway, uncle of the German Kaiser, and uncle of the Queen of Spain.

Windsor Castle was an ideal meeting-place for so many sovereigns. It is the only royal residence in England which is likely to inspire envy in a visiting monarch. The original castle was erected by William the Conqueror, but was demolished and rebuilt by Edward III, who was born there. It has been enlarged and embellished by most of the succeeding rulers. Queen Victoria alone spent upon it a sum amounting nearly to five million dollars. King Edward has also been lavish in the alterations which he has made in this majestic pile; and for the first time the castle now contains conveniences such as electric lights and bathrooms, which Queen Victoria persistently excluded. Few persons are permitted to enter the private apartments of the castle, which are a miracle of sumptuousness and art, being crowded with priceless paintings, with splendid gold and silver plate, with the finest porcelain from Sèvres and from the Orient, and with many cabinets of precious stones.

THE STAGE

THREE BLANKS AND A WINNER

THREE BLANKS AND A WINNER

of Arthur Bourchier, manager of the Garrick Theater, to admit any of the critics to the performance piqued the public's curiosity; another is the charm of Alexandra Carlisle's *Carlotta*—the



GRACE WALSH, WITH SAM BERNARD IN "THE RICH MR. HOGGENHEIMER"

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago



PERLA LANDERS, WHO CREATED CHRISSY HEATH IN "THE COMING OF MRS. PATRICK"
From a photograph by Doris, Ogdensburg

part played here by Marie Doro as a star. Certainly, as presented in New York, the entertainment offers an extremely thin two dollars' worth. Even the element of novelty is missing. More than a decade ago E. S. Willard gave us, in Barrie's delightful "Professor's Love Story," a plot that revolves around the awakening of the tender passion in the breast of a recluse; and the same idea was used in

Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "Mice and Men." In both those plays the growth of the sentiment was convincing, and tinged with a subtle humor that bordered at times on pathos—a quality which never appears in "Marcus." We see the writer of histories at first shocked by the advent of this elfin creature into his household, but in the same act in which her caresses annoy him he suddenly discovers that



BLANCHE RING, THE BRIGHT PARTICULAR LUMINARY IN THE THREE-STAR PRODUCTION,
"THE GAY WHITE WAY"

From her latest photograph by Matzen, New York

she has twined herself about his heart-strings.

As portrayed by Miss Doro, this child from a Turkish harem reminds one more of some animal like a serpent or a mouse

cross-legged on a couch, but they are not a sufficient dramatic equipment for a star, even when coupled with large eyes.

Last winter, when Miss Doro appeared in the title rôle of Gillette's play that



IDA CONQUEST, TO APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY THIS SPRING

From her latest photograph—copyright by Dupont, New York

than of a human creature capable of inspiring affection. She has absolutely no variety in her inflections, and was evidently selected for the part because she looked it—a tendency that is doing more to retard the advance of dramatic art in America than any other one thing. Supple muscles may enable one to sit

failed, "Clarice," her notices were about equally divided between bad and good, so that there was no overwhelming demand to see this sinuous young woman's name flare in electrics over the theater doors. Once before Mr. Frohman made attempt to distinguish her—in a circus play, "Friquet," but with futile results.

On the same night in which New York saw the *première* of "The Morals of Marcus," at the Criterion, "The Witching Hour" struck town at the Hackett. There had been practically no

pet theories of their authors are not apt to be alluring in the perspective. Besides, Mr. Thomas had just seen his latest output, "The Ranger," placed in the storage warehouse after a brief career as a vehicle



ELSIE BAIRD, WHO IS HARRIETTE CRAIG, AN AMERICAN GIRL OF MILLIONS, IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE YANKEE REGENT"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

advance heralding of this play, which is from the pen of Augustus Thomas, and mainly concerns itself with telepathy. The absence of preliminary trumpeting was probably wise. Dramas founded on

for Dustin Farnum. John Mason was starred in the new production, but the Shuberts have given him such excellent support in Russ Whyte, Jennie Eustace, and William Sampson, that in describing



MARY GARDEN, ONE OF HAMMERSTEIN'S PRIMA DONNAS AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA-HOUSE

From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York

the cast one is almost tempted to resurrect that now contemned term "all-star."

The play itself turned out to be something new, with worth as well as novelty to commend it. One man's power of transmitting thought to another is the basis on which the piece is built. Readers may very possibly say that if this were all they knew of a play they would not

be likely to pay two dollars a seat to see it; but there is a great deal more in "The Witching Hour." Mr. Thomas has been skilful enough to bestow this hypnotic power on a man who does not know that he possesses it. In the whole drama there is no fanatic to tire one out with his endeavors to make converts. On the other hand, there are skeptics galore who ridi-



JEAN AYLWIN AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTERENBERG" AT THE LONDON GAIETY

From a photograph by the Dover Street Studio, London



LILLIAN NORDICA, WHO RECENTLY LEFT HAMMERSTEIN TO SING WITH THE SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY IN BOSTON

From a copyrighted photograph by DuPont, New York

cule the idea of telepathy, which, however, is put to practical use in freeing a young man on trial for murder.

It would be unfair to Mr. Thomas and to the reader to attempt to describe the play in detail. In nothing that he has ever done—and his record is a long and meritorious one—has Mr. Thomas ever shown better constructive power, keener

wit, or more touching sentiment than in this drama of thought-transference which was bartered about from one manager to another before it finally found a market. Both Charles and Daniel Frohman are understood to have turned it down.

Of the chief players in the cast, John Mason, who was for so long leading man with Mrs. Fiske, and who started the

present season in the same capacity for Virginia Harned, puts exactly the right amount of skepticism into his telepathic utterances; Russ Whytal, by his con-

present indications it seems likely that "The Witching Hour" will tick its responses to New York popularity as long as has "The Man of the Hour," which



MARGARET DALRYMPLE, WHO IS MALITZA IN THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION
OF "THE MERRY WIDOW"

From a photograph by White, New York

summate naturalness as *Judge Prentice*, has made himself a new Broadway favorite; while William Sampson, who used to be the Chinaman in Augustin Daly's revival of "The Geisha," stirs in the humor with excellent discretion. From

reached its five hundredth consecutive performance at the Savoy early in December.

Alas! no such triumph attended a play offered in New York at about the same time—"The Toymaker of Nuremberg,"



ELSIE JANIS, WHO IS THE STAR IN "THE HOYDEN," A MUSICAL PLAY FROM THE FRENCH

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



FLORA JULIET BOWLEY, WHO IS SYLVIA RANDOLPH, LEADING WOMAN WITH
ROBERT EDESON IN "CLASSMATES"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

by Austin Strong, a relative of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and author of "The Little Father of the Wilderness," a curtain-raiser produced by Francis Wilson in front of "The Mountain Climber" a season or two ago. He has another one-act piece, "The Drums of Oude," doing well in London. But "The Toymaker of Nuremberg"! It may perhaps be described as an attempt to combine the atmosphere of "Peter Pan" with the story of "The Music Master."

Its pitiful failure is all the more to be deplored, as this test marked one of Charles Frohman's very few endeavors to encourage young playwrights. It is to be feared that after the collapse of this toy balloon from Nuremberg it will be a long time before the big manager risks his money with aspirants seeking a chance in this most difficult of all fields. The idea in "The Toymaker" was a good one—the effect of the Teddy-bear craze on the market for dolls; but it was handled as if it were itself some frail toy which its maker was afraid of smashing by too close fondling. The play died in its infancy—aged three weeks.

Even the Hippodrome, that institution to which our country cousins lend such steadfast support, has shared in this season's output of poor drama. On Thanksgiving Eve the annual new production was made there in the shape of "The Auto Race." In this the public was promised a thrill such as had never been thrust over footlights before. Three cars were to come bearing down stage straight for the audience in the finish of such a contest as Long Island used to see during the Vanderbilt Cup period. Expectation was on tiptoe. With the huge space at command, great effects were confidently anticipated, but alas for the reality! The three cars came down to the footlights in darkness, and halted on the verge with such precision as conveyed to the mind of the onlooker the impression that caution and not daring was the watchword of the chauffeurs.

The London Hippodrome would be a much better house for such a spectacle. There one has a runway extending out from the stage into the middle of the auditorium, beneath the orchestra seats, down which the cars might race with a pretty fair semblance of reality.

For the rest, the new show at the New York Hippodrome spells the lavishing of money in scenery, costumes, and a mighty cast, most of which expenditure goes for naught, because misdirected. The circus features are reduced to one solitary act. To be sure, this takes place in a very pretty ring on a realistic green lawn, but scenery and background do not atone for lack of action. The "Four Seasons" is a pretty series of transformations for the ballet, and must have meant no end of money and of work, especially in the change from autumn to winter; but in their power to lure cash into the box-office they are far inferior to the plunging horses, which involved no such expenditure. And poor Marceline, the famous clown, although he is made the central figure in the auto race, has practically nothing to do, and wanders through the evening like a lost sheep. What the Hippodrome needs just now in its producing department is less money and more brains.

GRAND OPERA AND MARY GARDEN

Last season, when Oscar Hammerstein inaugurated his Manhattan Opera-House, many people shook their heads and declared that it was out of the question for New York to support two grand-opera troupes.

"He may manage to struggle through one winter," the pessimists added. "Mapleson and Abbey did that; but without the *cachet* of fashion, opera cannot last in New York, and you cannot have two centers of fashion in the same city."

But the croakers were wrong. Hammerstein is now well on in his second season, and is drawing larger audiences than last year. There is no real rivalry between the two houses, though the managers may occasionally squabble, after the fashion of operatic impresarios, for the services of this or that singer. Hammerstein's success has not affected the prosperity of the Metropolitan, which, though it has added Thursday evening to its weekly schedule, continues to be crowded to its capacity at every performance. Indeed, if Mr. Conried had not contracted to give opera in Philadelphia on Tuesday, it is quite probable that the Broadway temple of music and fashion would open its doors

every night in the week, for the demand for seats continues to outrun the supply.

Writing before the advent of Tetrazzini, who made such a success at Covent Garden in the early winter, and who is billed to appear at the Manhattan on the 15th of January, there is no great new reputation to chronicle. There have, nevertheless, been some interesting newcomers. At the Metropolitan, Chaliapine, the Russian basso, has created a mild sensation—if the term be not too strong for any emotion that ever ripples the somewhat *blasé* audiences of that dignified establishment—by his bizarre rendering of such parts as the title-rôle of Boito's "Mefistofele" and *Don Basilio* in "The Barber of Seville." He is the most important addition to what is probably the strongest company of singers ever gathered in New York, including as it does such sopranos as Sembrich, Eames, Farrar, Gadski, and Cavalieri, and such tenors as Caruso, Bonci, and Knoté. Annually for the past two or three seasons Mr. Conried has announced the engagement of Morena, the Munich prima donna. She was promised once more in his latest prospectus, and though at the time of writing she still has not appeared, it is possible that she may surprise and gratify the local Wagnerites by coming to New York before the season ends.

Bonci—whom, as will be remembered, the astute Conried lured away from Hammerstein by some high managerial strategy—has pleasantly disappointed those who feared lest the vast spaces of the Metropolitan might be too much for the diminutive but otherwise admirable Italian tenor. Purity of *timbre* is quite as important as muscular strength in giving carrying power to a singer's voice, and Bonci has proved that his art is quite equal to the demands upon it. Paired with Sembrich, he has been very successful in several of the older Italian operas.

At the Manhattan, the most interesting newcomer thus far has been Mary Garden, of whom we give a portrait this month. Hammerstein introduced her to New York in Massenet's opera "Thaïs," and she proved to be finer in a dramatic than in a vocal sense, her voice being marred by a disagreeable tremolo. As an actress, nature has equipped her prodigally. She is tall of figure, and lithe and

graceful in movement. Contrary to general impression, she is not an American, but was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Her family, however, moved to Chicago while she was a young girl. Here she discovered that she had a voice, and after four years of preliminary training she went to Paris for further study.

Her débüt in opera came about with a suddenness that was truly dramatic. Early in the year 1900 she was engaged to sing at the Opéra Comique, commencing with the following October. *Louise*, in Charpentier's opera of that name, was one of the rôles given her to study, but she had no idea of appearing in it until six months later. One day in April, however—curiously enough, it was Friday, the 13th—the manager, M. Carré, came to her and explained that his prima donna was ill and might not be able to get through that evening's performance. Would she be able to go on in case of need?

Although she had never had a rehearsal with orchestra, Miss Garden consented, and when the opera began she was watching it from a box. After the second act the call came. She had no appropriate costume, but she went on the stage in her evening gown, sang the part to the end, and was enthusiastically applauded. Since that time she has been one of the leading singers at the Opéra Comique, and next spring she is to appear at the Grand Opéra itself.

CIVIL WAR ECHOES AT THE BELASCO

"The Warrens of Virginia" is the first play produced by Belasco in several seasons in which his name does not appear as co-author. William C. De Mille, who wrote it, is the eldest son of Mr. Belasco's old-time collaborator on "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," and "Men and Women." The young man has already to his credit two vehicles for Robert Edeson—"Strongheart" and "Classmates." In "The Warrens" he has employed the old-time machinery of the war drama which was so popular in the eighties—the inevitable despatches and the never-failing Yankee lieutenant in love with a fair Confederate maid, not forgetting the comedy negro servant. But a new twist is imparted to the old strands by making the despatches bogus and the lieutenant-lover

more of a cad than a hero, while the whole is set forth with the Belasco touch of realism—which is, after all, only that witchery of stageland to which he has accustomed us.

The first act, set in the copse, with the brook running down stage amid a flood of sunshine, is a scene to lodge long in one's memory. But why describe mountings at the Belasco? One always knows what to expect there.

Of the abolition of *entr'acte* music—an innovation already effected at the Stuyvesant—the audiences at the Belasco may or may not approve. One gets no music with "The Warrens," except some bugle-calls and a hint of martial airs from off stage. In the last act, *General Warren's* dream of war-time days, while he dozes in his rose-garden, is so cleverly simulated by muffled sounds of battle behind the scenes that it receives a round of applause all to itself.

Frank Keenan, lifted from the sheriff of "The Girl of the Golden West," has heaped unto himself new honors as the Confederate general. Illness, rage, tender sentiment, playful comedy, bounding hope, humiliating self-accusation, and towering rage—all these he is called upon in turn to depict, and never once is he found wanting.

As for Charlotte Walker, who is the Yankee lieutenant's Confederate sweetheart, Belasco has certainly accomplished wonders with her since she appeared last spring in another war play—"On Parole." In that she seemed stilted and unnatural; as *Agatha Warren* she is altogether charming. That she should have fallen so far short in one Southern play and fitted so neatly into another is all the more surprising when one remembers that she is a Southern girl herself. She was Hackett's leading woman in "The Crisis."

Possibly not in several seasons has any actor been obliged to wrestle with such an unsympathetic rôle as falls to the lot of Charles D. Waldron in *Ned Burton*, the Northern lieutenant. That he should contrive to play it without either losing the sympathy of the audience or falling short of the requirements of the plot speaks well for the skill of this young man, who was for several seasons leading juvenile with the Murray Hill stock company. More recently he has been win-

ning new laurels at the head of a similar organization in San Francisco. His mother, Isabel Waldron, is also in the cast of "The Warrens."

THE NEW STAR THAT COHAN MADE

Sequels to popular plays have frequently resulted in disappointment. George M. Cohan has tried the experiment of taking a single character from his "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway"—*Kid Burns*—weaving a new set of adventures about him, and entrusting the interpretation to Victor Moore, the actor who first made *Kid* famous. He calls the show "The Talk of New York," and *Kid* is the same slang-slinger as before.

As a play, "The Talk of New York" rather falls to pieces when a pistol-shot closes the third act, but as an entertainment it may be called good fun from start to finish. Moore himself is wonderfully apt at switching from comedy to pathos, and succeeds far better than more pretentious players in simulating a lump in his throat.

Moore was born in a little town in New Jersey, not far from Philadelphia. As he himself somewhat naively puts it, "the nearest approach to stage life in my family was my grandfather, who was a Methodist evangelist." Love of the theater seemed instinctive in the boy, and grew with his growth after he had been taken by his brother to his first show, at a dime museum in Philadelphia. Then the family moved to Boston, where the father set up in business as a restaurant-keeper. Here, in a city with theaters on every hand, Victor fairly went wild. It wasn't long before his persistency in haunting stage-doors procured him a job as super in the Boston Theater, where his pay was three-fifty a week—or three hundred and fifty, as the boys delighted to call it.

As may be imagined, this sniff of scenery from the wrong side only whetted young Moore's desire to go deeper into stage life, and his next attempt was made as a villain in certain fly-by-night companies that essayed to flit from the Hub to the near-by towns. They stranded in nearly every case, but luckily this occurred so soon that the players were never very far from home. It was during one of his first attempts at villainy

that Moore, in his zeal to lend realism to his performance, fired his revolver plump into the face of the hero, who had to give over the entire next day to having the powder picked out of his complexion.

Tired of being a big toad in a little puddle, Moore now decided that it would perhaps be better to become for a while "a small splutter in a big splash," as *Kid Burns* would express it, hence his advent in New York as a waiter in "Rosemary," with John Drew. Two or three seasons later he was engaged, at twice as much salary as he had ever drawn before, to do a woman's part in the Casino spectacle, "Jack and the Beanstalk." Klaw & Erlanger were putting on the show, and one morning, after these two gentlemen themselves had been in front, watching the rehearsal, they sent for Moore and gave him two weeks' salary in advance.

"What's this for?" inquired the actor.

"To pay you for not acting that part," was the reply. "It's equivalent to a two weeks' notice."

Thus it came about that the highest pay Moore had as yet received was given him for not going on the stage. The experience, bitter though it may have been at the time, gave him an opportunity to get into stock work, with its varied training. While in this line at the American Theater, he played *Chimme Fadden*, a character somewhat on the lines of *Kid Burns*, and thus laid the foundation for his specialty.

Meanwhile, vaudeville was born out of variety, and waxed so popular that Moore felt a burlesque on its methods would be appreciated; so he devised a sketch called "Change Your Act," which made him famous in the two-a-day houses, whence he was lured by a big salary from Cohan for "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway."

Mr. Moore's wife is Emma Littlefield, who plays *Isabelle McFadden* in "The Talk of New York," and was with him in his vaudeville sketch.

HOW THREE CAREERS BEGAN

How did she get her start? Did she tramp up and down Broadway, haunting agents' rooms and managers' offices, or did some kind friend pave her way to her first opportunity? Theatergoers often

ask these questions about the leading women whom they see on the stage. By way of a partial answer, suppose we take three of the actresses whose portraits appear in this issue of THE MUNSEY—Elsie Janis, Blanche Ring, and Flora Juliet Bowley.

Elsie Janis, the youngest of the three, was born in Columbus, Ohio, on the 16th of March, 1889. As Elsie Bierbower—her real name—she manifested a precocious gift of mimicry, and this naturally led to her going in for amateur theatricals at an early age. When the child was ten years old, her mother, who was extremely ambitious for her, took her to Cincinnati, where James Neill had a stock company. After several visits, she convinced Mr. Neill that her little girl had talent, and he at last permitted her to make her début as *Cain* in "The Charity Ball." This was on Christmas Eve, 1897. She vindicated her mother's claims, and just a year later appeared before President and Mrs. McKinley at the White House.

Her introduction to New York was made on the roof of the New York Theater in the summer of 1905, when her imitations of various popular players aroused extraordinary enthusiasm in the audience, and resulted in the Lieblers engaging her as a Broadway star. She had already filled this position on the road, doing Anna Held's rôle in "The Little Duchess."

The Lieblers had a play especially written for her—"The Vanderbilt Cup." This made a big hit, which is more than can be said of the first edition of Miss Janis's present vehicle, "The Hoyden." The latter is more of a real play than was "The Vanderbilt Cup," but possibly the public isn't looking for a real play as a vehicle for an actress who made her mark by giving imitations. A similar hoodoo seems to be pursuing poor Cissie Loftus. Even changing her name to Cecilia, and doing *Ophelia* to the *Hamlet* of Sothern, failed to convince managers that she ought to have anything but the sort of work she is trying to get away from.

Blanche Ring has another phase of the same difficulty to contend with. Because she has made audiences laugh by her manner of singing humorous songs

in musical comedy, the managers insist that she shall keep on being Blanche Ring on the stage as well as off, while her ambition is to do some real acting. She argues that her success in the burlesque field pretty conclusively demonstrates her capacity for better work.

There were no bars up against Miss Ring's entry into the show business, as she comes of a good long line of theatrical stock. Her grandfather was principal comedian in the old Boston Museum stock, and both her sisters are on the stage. New York first heard of her when she sang "The Good Old Summer-Time" in "The Defender," in 1902. That autumn Mrs. Osborn, dressmaker to the stage and the Four Hundred, made her leading woman of the "playhouse" experiment in Forty-Fourth Street, where she attempted to discount what the critics might have to say of a nonsensical production by calling it "Tommy Rot." The *Tribune* emphasized the only good thing in the piece by referring to it as a "one-Ring show."

The same term might apply to "The Gay White Way," in which, although Miss Ring has two associates in big type—Jefferson De Angelis and Alexander Carr—the bulk of the work, as well as the bulk of the praise, goes to this plump and indefatigable player. Last season she was with Lew Fields in "About Town," and before that she was leading woman for Frank Daniels in "Sergeant Brue."

Utterly different had been the experience of Flora Juliet Bowley, now leading woman with Robert Edeson in "Classmates." Born in San Francisco, of a family with no stage connection whatever—her brother, by the way, is a captain in the United States army—Miss Bowley was sent East to school, and afterward went through the course at Smith College. Participation in amateur theatricals revealed her tendency toward the footlights, and, after she left college, she possessed herself of a letter to James K. Hackett and obtained an interview with him. Impressed by her personality—a great factor nowadays in the eyes of managers—Mr. Hackett asked her to read for him some of the speeches of *Drusilla*, a character in

"The Fortunes of the King." She passed this ordeal so successfully that she was assigned to the part of *Maud Catherwood* in "The Crisis."

A THRICE-MADE-OVER PLAY

"If I wasn't a critic, and if I hadn't seen it before, I might have thought the show pretty good."

Such was the comment of a woman who sat through the first New York performance of "A Knight for a Day," at Wallack's. The first part of the remark was inspired by her belief that critics watch plays with the idea of finding not what is good in them, but what is bad. As to the rest, it happened that she had seen this same piece when it was known as "Mam'selle Sallie," and before a cruel public forced the management to place it in the storage-warehouse.

But this is not all the history of "A Knight for a Day," which came to New York with a record of thirty-seven weeks' continuous run in Chicago. Before it was "Mam'selle Sallie" it was a musical comedy called "The Medal and the Maid," which was brought over from London and put on at the Broadway Theater, in January, 1904. It lingered there only a few weeks, snuffed out by adverse comments of the press and chilled by the non-attendance of the public. But the managers still had the scenery. Nobody had cast slurs upon that, so the lyrics, by Owen Hall, maker of "Florodora," and the music, by Sydney Jones, who wrote the score of "The Geisha," were thrown overboard, and "Mam'selle Sallie" reconstructed out of what was left. What Messrs. Hall and Jones said to the process, or whether they were indemnified in any way, deponent saith not. On the program of "A Knight for a Day" there is not the ghost of a reference to either of them. The book and lyrics are credited to Robert B. Smith and the music to Raymond Hubbell.

Whatever success the re-revamped affair may achieve in Gotham is to be attributed to Mr. Hubbell and to Gus Sohlke, the stage-manager. "Florodora" won out on one musical number, without any assistance from electric lights or properties. In "A Knight for a Day" there are three songs introducing

an ingenious and amusing succession of novelties, while the eight Berlin dancing madcaps give the much-vaunted "pony ballet" cards and spades in the way of cart-wheels and ginger. The fact that a locket has been substituted for a medal in the newest version makes not a particle of difference. No one thinks of paying any attention to the plot after the madcaps start their whirlings. "A Knight for a Day" is no show for the high-brows.

"THE SECRET ORCHARD" AND THE CRITICS

The New York critics were at loggerheads over Channing Pollock's dramatization of "The Secret Orchard." One declared that a fine play was spoiled by inadequate acting, while another asserted that the work of a competent cast was thrown away on poor material. A third affirmed that it is the best thing Mr. Pollock has yet done, while a fourth said that "its construction is slipshod, its dialogue without distinction, wit, or force, its personages conventional, its motives stale, and its development in defiance of ordinary human experience."

Without attempting to reconcile these contradictions, one or two comments may be made upon the piece as presented in New York. It affords a striking instance of the unfortunate fact that managers too often choose players because they fit into the "big scene" of a piece, rather than for their all-round ability to play their rôles. For instance, Josephine Victor, who is the unhappy girl *Joy*, the *Duke of Cluny*'s victim and his wife's ward, totally fails to make the character convincing, except for a couple of minutes at the climax of the third act, where her secret is disclosed and her betrayer's guilt brought home to him. It is fair to add, however, that it would be exceedingly difficult to find any young actress who could do much better. The duke's relations to *Joy* are supposed to be the result of the "devil's looks" that a seemingly innocent girl turned upon him when they met.

"In her eyes I saw—I saw the devil!" he tells *Favreau*, his friend and father-confessor. "Oh, those eyes, those eyes!"

A little later the girl herself comes on the stage, and there proves to be nothing

so mysteriously diabolical, so far as the audience can discern, about her visual organs. Indeed, what possible pair of optics could look the part?

One often gets the same sort of disappointment in an illustrated story, when the heroine is described by the author as being of rare and peerless beauty, but she appears in an accompanying illustration as a most ordinary-looking person.

The weak spot in Mr. Pollock's play is the second act. The first begins well enough, and ends with an interesting promise of trouble to come; but in the next the dramatizer seems to be trying to put off his big scene to what is, according to the playwright's rule of thumb, its proper position—the act preceding the last. It is rather surprising that Mr. Pollock's "pin parade" did not show him that in this scene he has left his men too long with nothing to do or say. We may explain that when he is working on a play he makes a little tag for each character, and fastens it to a pin, which he sticks into a sheet of pasteboard representing the stage, and moves from place to place as the action continues. This method, he claims, enables him to see the progress of the piece from the viewpoint of the audience much more clearly than if he kept the whole thing in his head.

The chief difference between the play and the novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, on which it is based, is in their respective endings. In the book, the *Duke of Cluny* escapes from his shocking position by suicide; in the play, he is forgiven by his wife, and the American sailor marries *Joy* in spite of her past. Mr. Castle consented to the change for London and New York, where audiences demand happy terminations; but he insisted that in Germany, where—in the novelist's opinion, at least—art has more chance of popular appreciation, the drama should remain a tragedy.

"It is easy enough to have characters shoot themselves and end a play that way," retorts Mr. Pollock; "but to get a logical and convincing conclusion of a brighter sort is really some trick!"

Whether the public will agree that your conclusion is logical and convincing—that is what no playwright can find out until the box-office returns are all in.

HARVEY, HUSTLER & TWITCHELL

BY WILLIAM L. ALDEN

AUTHOR OF "TOLD BY THE COLONEL," "AMONG THE FREAKS," ETC.

THE American consul was standing at the window of his office, looking out at the wet, deserted Italian street that lay below him. A heavy November shower had been falling for some hours, and every one, except the policeman, an occasional soldier, and an obviously weak-minded dog, was keeping under shelter. The consul was a grizzled, tired, melancholy man of at least sixty-five, and this was his first experience of the rainy season in Italy.

"Call this sunny Italy!" he murmured to himself. "Give me Chicago every time! If it does rain there, folks manage to get round and attend to business, instead of sitting inside of cafés and smoking cabbage-leaves!"

There was a knock at the consul's door, and a young woman, rather overdressed but undeniably pretty, entered. She asked if she could see the consul.

"I'm here, marm," replied that official. "Take a seat, and let me know what I can do for you. You're the first American that I've seen for a month."

The visitor sat down, after having taken the precaution to dust the wooden office-chair with a corner of her mantle.

"Yes," she said reflectively, "I don't suppose that many Americans come to this outlandish place. But I'm an American all through, and if you're the consul I want your advice. Are you a married man?"

"Well, not altogether," replied the consul cautiously. "The fact is, I was married to a certain extent, but I got a divorce, such being the lady's particular wish."

"I'm from St. Louis," said the visitor, exchanging confidences with the consul. "I'm Harvey, Hustler & Twitchell. You know that name, I reckon?"

"I should think so!" replied the con-

sul. "Harvey, Hustler & Twitchell is about the biggest provision-firm outside of Chicago."

"Just so," replied the girl. "My father, John Harvey, brought me up to the business, and made me a partner when I was twenty-one. Father's dead, Mr. Hustler's dead, and Mr. Twitchell is just about half alive, so that he never attends to business except when I'm away. I run the whole concern, but hardly anybody knows that Harvey, Hustler & Twitchell is a woman, and a young one at that."

"It does astonish me some," said the consul; "but nowadays our American women can do pretty much everything. They'll be running the government before long, I expect. But what might it be that you want my advice about?"

"Well, it's a rather delicate subject. To tell the truth, it's about marriage."

"Marriage," said the consul sententiously, "is a good thing in some respects. I may be wrong, but such is my opinion."

"There's a gentleman," continued the young lady, "who wants to marry me, and I think some of taking him. Of course, I've had no end of offers in my time, but I always reckoned that the men who made them had an eye on my money; and buying husbands isn't a part of Harvey, Hustler & Twitchell's business. Now, this particular gentleman owns up that he hasn't but two hundred dollars a year, and yet I can't altogether believe that he wants to marry me for the sake of my money."

"Might I ask who he is?" said the consul.

"He's an Italian gentleman—a marquis—and he lives right here in this city, so I thought that perhaps you might know something about him."

"Don't you do it, my dear young lady!" exclaimed the consul energetically. "Don't you ever think of marrying any Eyetalian. All they want of an American wife is her money."

"He wants me," continued the girl, "to settle all my money on myself. That doesn't look as if he was on the make. His uncle is very rich; but then, as he says, he has no chance of coming into his uncle's property unless his two cousins should die. I believe he doesn't care a straw for my money."

"Don't you believe a word he says!" urged the consul. "Can't you see that if he is poor that's the very reason why he wants your money? Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face."

It was a pretty nose, and Miss Harvey, remembering the fact, believed that the kindly old man had meant to pay her a compliment.

"What you say sounds all right, but somehow I don't quite believe it. He seems such a nice man, and such a perfect gentleman! But now I'm coming to the point. I'm going to tell him that Harvey, Hustler & Twitchell has gone to smash, and that I shall have to borrow money from you to take me home. I'll tell him to call on you, and ask you about the failure of the firm. So, if you please, you'll kindly tell him that I haven't a cent in the world. Then we'll see what he'll do."

"It ain't a bad idea," replied the consul. "It doesn't exactly come within the consular regulations, but I reckon that I can do what you want. When will the young man be likely to call here?"

"I'll see him to-night," replied Miss Harvey, "and he'll probably look you up to-morrow. Thank you very much. If there's anything to pay, you will please let me know." So saying, Miss Harvey shook hands with the consul and sailed out of the office, leaving him full of sympathy and admiration.

II

THE next afternoon a young and handsome Italian called at the consulate in evident distress of mind. His card bore the name of the Marquis Santini, and after apologizing profusely, in fairly good English, for his intrusion, he said

that a young American lady had requested him to ask the consul if it was true that Harvey, Hustler & Twitchell had failed.

"Well, I should smile," replied the consul.

"Then, if you smile, it is all a mistake!" cried the visitor. "Arvey, Oostler & Twitchell is then what you call olreckt. I am so glad!"

"Harvey, Hustler & Twitchell have gone to everlasting smash," said the consul in his most impressive manner. "Liabilities about two million dollars. Assets about fifty cents. I calculate I'll have to lend Miss Harvey money enough to take her back to her friends."

The young man's face fell.

"Then," said he mournfully, "it is all true. Tell me, dear sir, can I make money if I go to America?"

"Can you cut hair and shave?" asked the consul. "Barbers are in fair demand in Chicago. If you could wait at table, you might perhaps get a situation. Or you might dig ditches and such, on the railroad. Those are about all the ways in which a foreigner like you could earn money in America."

"I cannot shave," said the marquis, with a blush, "but I think I could dig. Do you think if I digged very hard I could make money? I should want almost nothing for myself; and I have a little money, just a thousand francs, that I could give my wife for her robes."

"Do you mean to say," asked the astonished consul, "that you would work on the railroad to support yourself and a wife?"

"Sir! I would do all things," replied the Italian, "if I could marry Miss Harvey. We could not live here on a thousand francs; but in America, if I could gain enough money for a little food for myself, and a few coats, and a cigar now and then, my wife could live on the thousand francs. Is it not so?"

"Look here!" said the astonished consul. "Do you really mean that you'd marry a woman who hasn't got a cent, and that you'd go to work on a railroad to support her?"

"By Bacchus, I mean him!" answered the Italian. "If Miss Harvey will marry me, I will give her all my thousand francs, and I will go to America

by the third class, and I will dig like seven hundred devils. I go now to buy a mattock, and to take a lesson in the business of to dig. Sir consul, I thank you. If Miss Harvey makes me the happiest of men, I will instantly come and inform you."

Late that afternoon Miss Harvey called at the consulate. She wore a troubled expression, and a sudden fear that financial disaster might really have overtaken her came upon the consul.

"My dear young lady," he cried, "don't tell me that there is anything the matter!"

"There is and there isn't," replied Miss Harvey. "I told the marquis that my firm had gone up, and he says you told him the same."

"I did so," answered the consul. "I must say that he took it like a white man, and wanted to go to America and earn a living for you."

"He told me all about it," continued the girl, "and somehow I admired him so much that I hadn't the heart to tell him that it was all nonsense. He brought a ridiculous big spade with him, and said that now he was a working man he wasn't ashamed to carry it himself through the street. I expect that he'll be here in a few minutes, and I want you to break it to him that he isn't going to marry a poor girl, after all."

"I'll break anything in reason," replied the consul; "but do you really mean to marry him?"

"I do," replied the girl. "He's the first man I've met of whom I'm certain that he doesn't want to marry me for my money. Only I feel somehow afraid to tell him that we've been playing a game with him. I didn't know what a noble, unselfish fellow he was when I told him that the firm had failed, and that I wasn't worth a dollar in the world. I didn't mean any harm; but now I'm ashamed of having told him a lie."

"Oh, there's no harm done," replied the consul soothingly. "He'll be so glad when he finds that he hasn't got to dig that he'll never dream of blaming you. When he comes in, I'll tell him the truth in a sort of delicate way, and you'll find that he'll care more for you than ever. Only mind—I don't hold with this marrying of foreigners. It's a mistake,

no matter how plausible the foreigner may be."

"Was your wife a foreigner?" asked Miss Harvey.

Her question was meant to be a home-thrust, but it failed.

"My late wife," replied the consul, "was a first-class American woman, and when she said that she'd prefer to have a divorce, I naturally did as she requested. If she'd been an Eyetalian, instead of proposing to arrange things in a friendly way, as a wife should, she would probably have stuck a knife into me."

Miss Harvey made no answer, but sat still, flicking her boot with the tip of her parasol, and waiting for the expected arrival of the marquis. She had not long to wait, for in a few minutes, during which the consul vainly tried to discuss the weather and the probable issue of the next Presidential election, the Italian knocked at the door and entered, bringing his mattock with him, and depositing it proudly in the corner of the room.

"I wear him now," he explained, "as a soldier wears a sword. It is with him that I shall make my fortune in America!"

"See here, marquis!" said the consul, after the young man had exchanged greetings with Miss Harvey, "I've some good news for you."

"I had the best of all news last night," said the marquis, looking rapturously at his fiancée.

"This is pretty good news, all the same," continued the consul. "You know Miss Harvey told you that Harvey, Hustler & Twitchell had failed?"

"It is true," returned the young man; "but that is nothing—absolutely nothing."

"And," continued the consul, "I told you the same thing, didn't I?"

"You told me the same," replied the marquis.

"Well," resumed the consul, "it wasn't true—not a blamed word of it. It was only a little game that we were playing on you. Miss Harvey wanted to know whether you were after her or her money. The firm hasn't failed, and Miss Harvey is as rich as ever. Now, you can throw away that shovel of yours

—it's a pretty poor specimen compared with our American shovels—and feel easy in your mind."

The young man's face grew dark and stern. He turned to Miss Harvey, and asked:

"Is it true that which this man says?"

"It is quite true," faltered the girl; "only he puts it in a way that don't sound very nice."

"And you doubted my honor, and told me a lie because you doubted me?"

"I only wanted to make sure, you know," answered the girl, with growing alarm.

"Then you distrust me! You think I am not a man of honor! You play some games with me, and you tell me lies! You make this old man to join with you in your conspiracy! It is enough. I loved you, and I would have worked for you, and digged the whole earth for you, but I thought you were as true and noble as you looked. I would have married you when I believed that you were poor; but now that you are rich, I withdraw. I can marry no woman who doubts my honor. Miss Harvey, allow me to say farewell. Sir consul, I bid you good day." And the young man walked out of the office, leaving his mattock behind him.

"Don't you mind, my dear," said the consul. "He doesn't mean it. He's just talking through his hat."

"He does mean it!" cried Miss Harvey. "It's all your fault!"

"My fault!" exclaimed the astonished consul. "Why, what on earth have I done, except to do just what you asked me to do?"

"That's just it," replied the girl, with a sob in her voice. "If it hadn't been that you insisted he was only wanting to get hold of my money, I wouldn't have told him that the firm had failed. Why couldn't you mind your own business, and not come interfering with other people's affairs?"

"But my dear young—"

"I won't listen to a word you say!" cried the girl. "It is perfectly true, what he says about my having insulted him. I wish I was as poor as I said I was! It would serve me right."

At this moment a telegraph-messenger entered the office and asked the consul

if he could assist him to deliver a telegram which had just arrived from America. The consul looked at the brown envelope, and handed it without a word to Miss Harvey, to whom it was addressed. The messenger, assured that the telegram had been delivered to its owner, took his departure, and Miss Harvey, opening the envelope, read the startling message:

Twitchell absconded. Big forgeries. Firm suspended. Come home at once. WILSON.

"Who's Wilson?" asked the consul.

"He's my head clerk, and what he says can be depended on. I never did take much stock in old Twitchell, anyhow."

"I'm awfully sorry," began the consul.

"And I'm not sorry one little bit," said Miss Harvey. "Now I am really poor, and Luigi will love me again. Just you run after him as fast as you can, and tell him that it was the truth, after all, and that he's got to come back and take care of me. Now, hustle, that's a dear good soul—for you are that, no matter what I said a minute ago!"

The consul, like a good American, was ready to obey any order from a woman; but as he was about to leave the office, he turned to the girl and said:

"I've lived to see an Eyetalian who won't marry a rich American girl, and I've lived to see a rich American girl who is glad to lose her money. I reckon that I'd better go into a lunatic asylum where folks are sane. The world's gone too crazy to suit me!"

Half an hour later he reentered his office in company with the marquis, and a little later still he accepted the young man's fervent thanks, and a kiss from the young lady.

"I don't know," he said, "as the marquis need bother about digging ditches. I'll give him a letter to my brother, who'll find him a good berth in our pork-packing house. After he's lived a spell in Chicago he'll wonder how he ever managed to exist in this broken-down old town. And I shouldn't wonder, my dear, if you'd be a sight happier in Chicago than you ever could have been in St. Louis."

INTIMATE TALKS ABOUT BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

VII—"M. LECOQ," BY EMILE GABORIAU

SUPERCILIOUS persons, who profess to have a high regard for the dignity of "literature," will probably sniff at the notion that any book by Gaboriau deserves consideration. His work, they will say, is not "literature" at all. Indeed, in some histories of French literature—even popular ones like that of Dr. Wells—the name of Gaboriau is not so much as mentioned. In the second place, many will not admit that detective stories, with very few exceptions, belong to the category of serious writing.

Now, it is true that Gaboriau was not the master of a finished style, that he often wrote merely to fill space, and that sometimes his books deserve classification with the ephemeral productions of ephemeral men. Professor Brander Matthews has called attention to his fondness for interpolating a long story in the middle of another, thereby violating the unities and exasperating the reader. All this criticism is wholly just; but it affords a chance for the exercise of critical discrimination.

It suggests a pertinent parallel. There have been persons without any oratorical gifts who, nevertheless, under the impulse of some strong emotion, have spoken in such a way as to win a lasting reputation for oratory. There are poets whose verses in general are dull and

commonplace, yet who have left a stanza, or a line or two, that are immortal. And so there is many a novelist whose volumes, taken as a whole, are marred by a hopeless mediocrity, yet who has produced at least one book that rises far above the ordinary level and deserves remembrance.

To this class belongs Emile Gaboriau. One book of his, "*M. Lecoq*," is not only remarkable in itself, but it marks a definite stage in the evolution of the detective story.

THE DETECTIVE STORY

As for the detective story in general, those who would cast it out from the upper ranges of fine fiction do so because they think, in the first place, that it makes a vulgar appeal through its exploitation of crime; and in the second place, probably, because most detective stories are poor, cheap things. Just at present there is a great popular demand for them; and in response to this demand a flood of crude, ill-written, sensational tales comes pouring from the presses of the day. But a detective story composed by a man of talent, not to say of genius, is quite as worthy of admiration as any other form of novel. In truth, its interest does not really lie in the crime which gives the writer a sort of starting-point. In many of these stories the

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The articles of this series discuss in a familiar way the best modern and classical books, some knowledge of which is absolutely indispensable to educated men and women, and to any one who would associate with intelligent people of the world. The following papers have already appeared: "The Novels of Charles Dickens" (August, 1907); "Sappho," by Alphonse Daudet (September); "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne (October); Homer's "Odyssey" (November); "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë (December); "The Short Stories of Edgar Allan Poe" (January, 1908). Forthcoming articles will deal with "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray, and with the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

crime has occurred before the tale begins; and frequently it happens, as it were, off the stage, in accordance with the traditional precept of Horace.

The real interest of a fine detective story is very largely an intellectual interest. Here we see the conflict of one acutely analytical mind with some other mind which is scarcely less acute and analytical. It is a battle of wits, a mental duel, involving close logic, a certain amount of applied psychology, and also a high degree of daring on the part both of the criminal and of the man who hunts him down. Here is nothing in itself "sensational" in the popular acceptance of that word.

The reasoning, for instance, in Poe's story of "The Purloined Letter" would excite the admiration of a mathematician or of a student of metaphysics. In the same author's most famous story, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," there are to be sure some details that are terrible to read—hideous traces of a monstrous crime; but these details are necessary. The perpetrator of the crime is not a human being, but an orang-outang, and this fact compels a description of the unhuman and frightful manner in which the murders were committed. But in general, not only in Poe, but in Du Terrail and Gaboriau and Boisgobey and Conan Doyle, the evil deed which is the cause of the whole action is usually passed over very lightly, and very often it is not a crime of violence. Indeed, the matter may turn out to be no crime at all, but simply a mysterious happening, which the quick-witted, subtle hero is called in to solve, as in Doyle's "The Man with the Twisted Lip," or the same author's slighter tale, "The Yellow Face."

Therefore, when we speak of the detective story, and regard it seriously, we do not mean the penny-dreadfuls, the dime-novels, and the books which are hastily thrown together by some hack-writer of the "Nick Carter" school, but the skilfully planned work of one who can construct and work out a complicated problem, definitely and convincingly. It must not be too complex; for here, as in all art, simplicity is the soul of genius. The story must appeal to our love of the mysterious, and it must be characterized by ingenuity, without

transcending in the least the limits of the probable.

THE GENESIS OF THE DETECTIVE STORY

The origin of the detective story is to be found in Voltaire's clever romance, "Zadig," which he wrote under peculiar circumstances. He had fallen out of favor with the French court, because he had intimated that some of the members of the royal circle were guilty of cheating at cards. This brought upon him the keen displeasure of the queen. He feared lest at any moment he might be arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille. Within the hour, almost, he had his carriage prepared and hurried away at half past one in the morning. Arriving at a little wayside inn, he sent a letter to the Duchesse du Maine, begging her to hide him in her château until he had been pardoned. For a month he lived in two rooms, which she provided for him, behind barred shutters, and with candles burning night and day.

There Voltaire wrote and wrote continually in his cramped hand, while his valet copied the sheets which his master kept tossing upon the floor with the ink still wet upon them. At two o'clock in the morning, Voltaire would go softly down to where the duchess was awaiting him, and eat a little supper in her presence, amusing her by his brilliant talk. Then he would creep back to his prison, and, after a brief interval of sleep, would once more fall to writing. It was under these strange circumstances that he composed the miniature masterpiece of romance which he called "Zadig."

"Zadig," of course, is not a detective story. It is an oriental tale, and its hero, *Zadig*, is a marvelous philosopher and acute observer. One passage in the story tells how he described to the Persian king's attendants a horse and a dog which had been lost, and which *Zadig* had never seen. Nevertheless, he was able by his powers of observation, and from certain indications, not only to describe the dog—its sex, size, and condition—but to tell correctly what sort of a bit was in the horse's mouth, and with what sort of shoes the animal had been shod.

Here was the same kind of deductive reasoning which plays so great a part in

the best detective stories of later days. Poe, who was steeped in French literature, must have derived from Voltaire the idea which he so brilliantly developed in his story, "The Purloined Letter." It is interesting to remember that the scene of all three of Poe's most famous detective tales is laid in France.

ÉMILE GABORIAU

As I said last month, no one has surpassed the ingenuity of Poe in the construction of these stories. I noted, however, that one's admiration ends with the matter of his constructiveness and reasoning, and I ventured to say that the defect in all these tales lies in the fact that their author could not create a living, breathing character. His personages are nothing but abstractions. He moves them about like chessmen on a board, and we are interested, not in them, but in the problem with which they have to do.

In order that the detective story should be something more than mathematics applied to fiction—or, perhaps, fiction applied to mathematics—it was necessary that what Poe did should be combined with a sympathetic understanding of human nature. This combination was effected—imperfectly, to be sure, but still with great ability—by Emile Gaboriau in the best of his detective stories, "M. Lecoq."

Gaboriau was a journalist before he became a novelist; and as a journalist he was interested in the problems with which the police of Paris had to deal. This was under the Second Empire, when Napoleon III, for his own personal safety, had established a marvelously elaborate system of espionage. The police records contained the daily history of almost every human being within the boundaries of France. Enrolled in the organization were not merely the usual police, but a host of unknown spies. These might apparently be shopkeepers, janitors, laborers, or whatever else seemed best; but apart from their ordinary occupations, they were the eyes and ears of the men who controlled them all at the central prefecture of police or the mysterious Black Room in the Tuileries, and to whom they reported daily.

Every foreigner, even though he were known to be merely a traveler for pleasure, was watched, and everything that he did was carefully recorded. An inquiry addressed to the minister of police could bring from him at once complete particulars concerning almost any man or woman—where they had been at a given time, who were their friends, how they amused themselves, and a great deal more besides. All this information might not be used, and much of it was never used, yet scarcely anything was unknown to the men who cast this great spider's web over France, and who could produce from their files facts which, if generally known, would have wrecked families, destroyed reputations, and laid bare the dark secrets of many a life that seemed wholly spotless.

Gaboriau became fascinated by the thoroughness and precision of this remarkable system. He studied it in all its phases, and with the greatest care. As a result of this study, he wrote those novels which, with all their blemishes, are still read eagerly in many countries and in many languages.

Of these novels the one that is best constructed and the most deserving of fame is that entitled "M. Lecoq," which he published in 1869, not many years before his death. In it is seen an ingenuity equal to that of Poe, while there is also shown a fair success in sketching character. Moreover, the author has introduced a new type of deductive reasoner which suggested to Conan Doyle the interesting *Mycroft Holmes*, brother of *Sherlock Holmes*, and that great detective's superior in the subtlety of his intellectual processes.

THE STORY OF "M. LECOQ"

It will be remembered that the story of "M. Lecoq" opens with the commission of a crime, which, on the face of it, was not mysterious, but was apparently just one of those every-day tragedies that take place in the lowest quarters of Paris. Several detectives are making their rounds in the outskirts of the city, on a winter night, when they hear cries and pistol-shots from a low drinking-den of evil repute, situated in an open field on which the snow lies deep. The detectives hurry to the scene, sur-

round the house, break in the door, and see, by the light of some flaming pine-knots upon the hearth, that an act of violence has been committed. Tables and chairs have been overturned. Two men are stretched dead, while a third is already in the throes of death. Behind an oaken table stands a young and stalwart man clutching a revolver. His torn garments resemble those of a railway porter. He declares that he has shot the men in self-defense, because they made a desperate attack upon him, believing him to be a police spy.

On the face of it there is nothing improbable in this. His story is believed by the men who arrest him, and especially by *Gevrol*, a police officer of some rank. The youngest of the detectives, however, whose name is *Lecoq*, feels a vague suspicion that the prisoner is not what he declares himself to be, and that underneath this crime there is hidden a tale of peculiar mystery. Two women are known to have been present, but they have escaped. There are also, to the mind of *Lecoq*, indications that the prisoner, in spite of his common clothing, is no common person; that he is a man of education, of great natural ability, and perhaps of rank. This idea of *Lecoq* is scouted by *Gevrol*; but, nevertheless, the young detective resolves to establish his theory and to solve the problem.

From that moment there begins a conflict of wits between the prisoner on the one side, and *Lecoq* on the other, the latter having the sympathy and confidence of the examining magistrate. The scene of the prisoner's examination by this magistrate is one of thrilling interest, and it gives us Anglo-Saxons a vivid picture of the workings of French law in its assumption that a prisoner is guilty unless he proves his innocence. The long, searching inquiry in which the judge alternately pleads with the accused and browbeats, threatens, and tortures him, hoping at last to break him down and wring from him a full confession, is wonderfully told.

The prisoner tells the magistrate a perfectly straightforward story, and yet there are parts of it which, under a keen cross-examination, show weakness and self-contradiction sufficient to strengthen

the suspicion of *Lecoq*. Nevertheless, the detective is for the time quite baffled. All the external evidence that can be found curiously confirms the prisoner's story.

Lecoq becomes convinced that there is a very shrewd accomplice acting from without, who, in some mysterious way, is working as the prisoner's second self. The accused is kept in prison. His every action is watched, both night and day. Extraordinary tricks are devised to compel him to betray himself. They completely fail.

At last, *Lecoq* arranges matters so that the mysterious criminal may escape. *Lecoq's* plan is to follow him after he has escaped, and thus discover who are his friends and who he really is. The escape takes place. The prisoner threads his way through the most intricate mazes of criminal Paris, followed by *Lecoq*, who carries on the pursuit with the keenness of a hound; but at the end of the long hunt the object of it unexpectedly disappears over a high wall, which surrounds the magnificent grounds and mansion of the *Duc de Sairmeuse*, one of the noblest members of the French aristocracy.

Though *Lecoq* and the police at once enter the mansion, and search all the rooms in it, their bird apparently has flown. A ball and reception are in progress in the great house. There are no traces there of the fleeing criminal; and *Lecoq* for the time confesses himself defeated, suffering in silence the jeers of his associates, and especially of *Gevrol*, who has become jealous of his able and enthusiastic subordinate.

Lecoq finally betakes himself to the house of an old retired tradesman, who is an amateur in criminology and detection. This person, named *Tabaret*, but known to the police as *Père Tire-au-Clair*, is much of the time confined in bed by gout. For his own amusement, however, he collects all the details of every conspicuous crime and studies them with intense avidity, not as crimes, but as psychological problems. Given all the facts, he can, by the unerring processes of pure reason, sift out the false from the true, the irrelevant from the essential, and go swiftly to the heart of any mystery. It is he who gives

Lecoq the clue to the identity of the escaped prisoner.

Here is the original suggestion of *Mycroft Holmes*, who, it will be remembered, was fat and lazy, spending his spare hours in the Diogenes Club, of which no member ever spoke to any other member. *Mycroft Holmes* never troubles himself with any active work. He relies entirely upon his detective powers and relentless logic. It may be said that this is only a copy of Poe's *Auguste Dupin*, but such is not the case. *Dupin* did "outside work," personally visited the scenes of crimes, inserted advertisements in newspapers, and, in fact, employed the whole machinery of detection. But *Mycroft Holmes*, like old *Père Tire-au-Clair*, simply thought out the problem presented to him, and then directed others what to do. Here we find a conception more attractive even than that of Poe; and the literary touches of Gaboriau and Doyle give us a genuine personality that far surpasses the interest of a mere calculating machine.

GABORIAU AND CONAN DOYLE

It is true that Gaboriau mars his story by injecting into it a long secondary narrative. Conan Doyle made precisely the same mistake in his first successful detective tale, "A Study in Scarlet"; but it was a mistake which he never repeated. Gaboriau, therefore, is a link between Edgar Allan Poe and Conan Doyle, just as Poe himself is a link between Voltaire and Gaboriau.

Conan Doyle is the supreme writer of detective stories. He, like Gaboriau, plays the game fairly, since he lets the reader have all the knowledge which *Holmes* himself possesses. It has been written of his tales:

The really remarkable thing about these stories is that, before the mystery is solved, the reader is put in possession of every fact material to its solution. The Chinese puzzle is handed over with no missing pieces. We

are freely offered every single bit of evidence which could convince the detective. That is, the reader has been kept in exactly the mental state of the ingenuous *Dr. Watson*, or the blundering officials, *Lestrade* and *Gregson*. He has seen all there is to be seen; and if he fails to interpret events aright, it is simply because his own acuteness does not equal that of the detective.

In other words, the cleverness of Doyle lies in his simplicity and frankness, and also in the fact that his people are living, breathing human beings. One grows fond of *Sherlock Holmes*, not only because of his wonderful skill, but because of his faults and failings. His addiction to the cocaine habit, his dislike of women, his skill as a boxer, his need of smoking great quantities of shag tobacco when thinking out a problem, his trick of shooting bullets into his mantelpiece so as to form initials there, the general disorderliness of his house-keeping—all these things give him individuality. We feel that we actually know him. We are almost as much interested in his personal whims and prejudices, and his casual talks with *Watson*, as we are with his triumphs of detection.

And the same thing is true of *Watson*, that admirable, commonplace, and usual Briton, and in a lesser degree of the official police who use *Sherlock's* skill and then take the credit to themselves. No imitators of Poe, or of Doyle himself, have been successful in this thing. They can think out problems, but they cannot create men and women.

In this, even Gaboriau is superior to Poe. Had there been no Gaboriau, we might never have had that fascinating cycle of stories which Conan Doyle has written around the great detective who lived in Baker Street, and whose name is as well known all over the world to-day as that of *Shylock*, *Falstaff*, or any other creation of Shakespeare himself, perhaps with *Hamlet* as the one exception.

THE SURE ESTATE

HIGHEST pleasures vanish fast;
Quick they greet us, quick are past;
Tranquil joys are best for keeping—
Tranquil joys the longest last.

Eugene C. Dolson

CROOKED PLAY

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE SOUR CREEK HOLD-UP," "A BOOM IN TODDITE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

YOUNG Hopper saw that he had lost his last check even before the keen faro-dealer swept away the bets, and the boy's proud glance around the gambling-table was an invitation to comment.

"Beats all how they run, kid," concluded a sympathetic spectator.

Hopper jumped angrily to his feet. He did not wish sympathy; he wished admiration and applause for losing two hundred dollars without complaint. To his chagrin, the other players paid no attention to him. Neither the lank cowboy nor the bearded ranchman looked up. Hopper quite pitied their ignorance. They were missing pleasurable excitement, he thought, through not knowing the completeness of his loss.

Still flushed with the intoxication of his first gambling—for he was only seventeen—Hopper traversed the long, shabby billiard-room of the Spearwood Hotel, bluishly lit by hissing electrics. Spearwood was experiencing a mining boom on a modest scale. It was very different from the distant and moribund Missouri village which had drearily limited Wash Hopper's existence a few months ago.

Boschen, a local merchant, beckoned to Hopper with his cue.

"I saw your uncle leaving on the stage this P.M., Wash," said Boschen. "Know when he's coming back?"

The question smashed into Hopper's brain like a murderous bludgeon, and his jaw dropped helplessly.

"Couple of days," he mumbled. "Uncle Lem—yes—he's coming back—couple of days."

In his simple mind the picture of his

uncle's return blazed luridly, like a gigantic, sputtering set-piece of fireworks. He sat down on the edge of the raised plank sidewalk. A street-lamp showed the sign over three upper windows of a building opposite:

LEMUEL HOPPER
LOAN AND LAND OFFICE

Wash tried to remember near which window he had been standing when his uncle entrusted him with the two hundred dollars. The money was due before to-morrow noon to a man who was coming from Wolf City, and cash payment of it on the hour was legally necessary to bind the bargain for a mining-claim.

"I reckon it was the middle window," moaned Wash.

There was a broken pane in it. The Wolf City man's name was Harvey O. Crandall. Two hundred dollars was a good deal of money to Uncle Lem, but he expected great things of the claim. The folks at home hadn't thought much of Uncle Lem until he offered to take Wash into partnership with him out West.

"Yes, sir, it was the middle window, sure," said the boy, and hid the scalding tears in his two hands.

Suddenly his heart was cheered by the recollection of a newspaper story. It was a foolish anecdote about the generosity with which chivalrous gamblers are said to treat their victims. By it Hopper was flattered that the faro-dealer, because of his desperate plight, would aid him. This delusion filled him with great and sudden joy.

The billiard-room was almost unoccu-

pied. The cowboy was gone; so were the ranchman, and Boschen, and the sympathetic spectator. A drowsy stranger was alone at the card-table, confronting the dealer.

Hopper slouched into a neighboring chair. The dealer's fingers fascinated Hopper—those shapely, white, admirable fingers of a gambler, supple, unfaltering, always moving, and never once without reason. Hopper sat as if hypnotized by them.

"'Nother fifty marker on th' high," droned the stranger.

With a careless elbow he shoved some

Hopper could do nothing but stare steadily at the needle-points.

"Tell you what, Dwyer," continued the stranger, "I been car-ridin' all day. I'll go and heave down a quart or two of coffee, an' then I propose for to make this bank look like Death Valley. I purpose for to buck you, Dwyer, till the



THE DEALER'S FINGERS FASCINATED HOPPER—THOSE SHAPELY, WHITE, ADMIRABLE FINGERS OF A GAMBLER

chips to the floor, and stooped sleepily to recover them. The wonderful fingers moved under Hopper's enraptured gaze, and the high card lost. Then, in Hopper's estimation, nothing less than a miracle happened. The fingers became motionless.

Hopper was as startled as he would have been by the abrupt halt of a running river. He raised his astonished eyes and met the optics of the dealer, which darted into his the flash of innumerable needle-points.

II

THE stranger yawned humorously.

"Shucks!" he said. "I lose th' high, and th' whole blame caboodle."

cows go to roost. Save me a seat with a mattress to it."

"All right, friend," said the impassive Mr. Dwyer.

He clicked his faro-box as the man went out. The box was craftily dishonest, and so was Mr. Dwyer. He was questioning now whether his craft had been at fault. The drowsy stranger could not suspect, but it seemed that this staring, crazy-eyed kid had noticed the slip of that high card. Would it pay Mr. Dwyer to buy off the boy? The drowsy one might be good for thousands. Mr. Dwyer rolled a cigar reflectively between his lips. Even a kid's yarn might ruin his present project, for his record was not savory.



"NEXT CROOKED PLAY THAT COMES OUT OF THE BOX, DON'T YOU REAR UP LIKE YOU'D SEEN A GHOST"

Unaware of the cause of these speculations, Hopper tried to begin his appeal.

"Excuse me, mister," he stammered, thrusting a hand into his empty breast-pocket. "You made a certain winning to-night, and I thought I'd—I'd—"

Dwyer bit the cigar decisively. His fear, then, was well grounded.

"You took two hundred off of me early in the evening," proceeded Hopper. "I thought—I'd ask you—you know—considering everything—"

A slamming door heralded the return of the drowsy stranger. Mr. Dwyer tossed several yellow-backed bills to Hopper.

"There's your two hundred," he said hastily. "See here! For that hush-money you keep your mouth shut. The next crooked play that comes out of the box, don't you rear up like you'd seen a ghost."

"Crooked?" echoed Hopper blankly.

It was evident to Dwyer that his new confederate could be frightened.

"Yes, crooked," growled the impatient gambler. "That hush-money makes you my pardner, and when my pardners squeal they get a skinful of bullet-holes.

So mind! Yonder's Mr. Good-thing coming back."

Hopper crinkled the bills incredulously, and pretended to watch a billiard-game. He was dazed rather by the money than by Dwyer's disclosure. The situation did not balance itself yet in his lame wits.

"Play fair, you!" laughed one of the billiardists to the other. "Straight work between straight men!"

Vaguely discomfited, Wash walked away. The secret was safe. Dwyer could not betray Hopper without betraying himself. But Hopper was troubled, dully and mysteriously. Never, so long as he lived, would he bet on another card. He loathed even the place where he had gambled.

In the next block were the Board of Trade rooms, the resort of Spearwood respectability, where one found newspapers, magazines, and the society of the better citizens. To-night Hopper remembered, with shame, how he had hurt his honest uncle by deriding and avoiding the staid little club. At the threshold of the Board of Trade Mr. Boschen greeted Hopper with a cordial slap on the shoulder.

"Come right in, Washington," he urged. "Glad to see you here. Why, I was talking to the mayor just now, and he said how he wished there were more young, reliable fellows like you coming to Spearwood and settling down here in business. Step right in!"

The room was bright and cozy, and Mayor Stanton, who was visible within, smiled hospitably.

"I guess I won't stop," sullenly declined Hopper. "I was only looking around. I guess I won't stop."

Hopper was perplexed by his own refusal, because he had gone to the Board of Trade with the intention of spending the evening there. Miserable and puzzled, he sauntered aimlessly along the street, strangely fearful of his lonely bedroom.

In a stable-yard was gathered a group of mining-teamsters—rough and uncouth barbarians, the battered driftwood of the frontier. Hopper loaded his pipe and hung in the shadow of the gate, listening. Any talk of men would be a relief, he fancied.

Perched on a wagon-tongue, a ragged negro teamster was finishing an excited oration.

"What'd Ah do?" he shouted. "Ah called him outer his name, dat's what Ah done! He couldn't talk back none. Man, he was crookeder'n Powder River, he was, an' he knowed it! He couldn't kick, whatever Ah called him. So Ah took an' lammed his jaw, the low-down skin, the—"

Although it is usually unprintable in its unexpurgated luxuriance, the most rigid literary requirements in one essential particular are always satisfied by a mining-teamster's language. It is exceedingly clear and explicit in its characterizations, and leaves behind no trailing fog of doubt.

Hopper put his pipe in his pocket and drew from it the yellow bills. Before exposing Dwyer, he saw with cruel distinctness that he

must restore this money, which made him, while he retained it, the ally of a swindler.

III

THE hotel-office was thronged with uproarious men. Hopper sidled into an obscure corner by the desk and listened.

"Ran Dwyer out, did he?"

"Sure. Dwyer, he hopped a freight five minutes ago. Left his lay-out and a couple of thousand of the other fellow's cash—most all he'd won."

"Well, well! Funny nobody spotted him for a crook till now."

"Oh, Dwyer had pals to cover him! I expect they'll skip, too."

"By nation, they'd better! Don't hanker after that brand in Spearwood. Here's the cuss that done it!"

The drowsy stranger appeared and led the crowd out to the barroom in order suitably to celebrate events.

Wash leaned against the desk. His confession was going to be pretty hard. He did not think of reasoning himself into the belief that the confession need



"YOU LITTLE SNIDE, YOU'VE BEEN INTO THE SAFE FOR THIS DOUGH!"

not now be made. Like a fanatic, he was possessed by one idea—the idea that the money he had stolen from his uncle must be repaid to the man whom he had helped Dwyer to cheat.

The drowsy stranger strolled into the deserted office.

"Can I bother you a minute?" so-lit Wash.

The stranger, a big, hard-featured man, impassively surveyed the trembling youngster.

"What name?" he grunted.

"Name of Hopper."

"Concern across the street?" asked the man.

Wash nodded mechanically.

"I was sitting by that faro-table to-night," he blurted, "and Dwyer gave himself away to me, thinking I was onto him, and he passed me two hundred for to hush up so's he could bunco you, and I did, and—"

"Rein in!" protested the stranger. "What are you chewin' about, anyhow?"

"I mean for you to take this money," explained Hopper.

"Give you this for hush-money, did he?" said the man, counting the bills. "Well, you might have froze to it—you're kind o' square, after all. Two hundred bones, exact. Quite a wad for Dwyer to give up."

"Oh, he'd just won it off me," murmured Hopper.

He was stubbornly anxious for his story to be credited, but his mouth twitched and he turned away without marking the sharp glance of the stranger's eyes, drowsy no longer.

"And it's quite a wad," he deliberated, "for a office-boy to be rubbin' around a faro-bank with." He caught Wash by the collar brutally. "Where's the boss of this Hopper concern?" he roared. "You little snide, you've been into the safe for this dough! Where's your boss?"

The savage grip stiffened Hopper's resolution for the moment.

"Let go!" he demanded. "I won't sneak. My uncle gave me that two hundred before he left town."

"For yourself?" retaliated the stranger.

"That's our own business," said Wash, who was struggling bravely against tears.

"That's for him and me to fix when he comes back, and I won't sneak. Let go!"

"Well, dog my cats!" observed the man, and loosened his hold.

Hopper's flare of spirit disappeared, and his mouth twitched again pathetically.

"I'd sort of like folks to know I'd squared myself with you, mister," he entreated. "I'd sort of like to have you stand by me for—for that."

"I don't stand by no thievin' crooks," snapped the stranger. "No, sir, I don't speak up for no crooks. Maybe I'll give you a writin'. Sheet of paper, Ben!" he said to the clerk, who was entering from the bar, reminiscently wiping his lips.

The stranger was a meditative and laborious penman. Hopper gazed at the three windows opposite the hotel. He pitied Uncle Lem more than he did himself. He had done all he could to clear his conscience, but soon his uncle must suffer for both of them. The necessity of sharing the penalties of his misdeeds with that good old man did not seem right to Hopper.

The stranger flicked the paper to the clerk.

"Witness this, will you?" said he. "Now understand, you kid!" he stormed, shaking his fist in Hopper's face. "Don't ever talk to me about this ever no more! I've got the two hundred, and that's all there is to it. You take your medicine and shut up! It's heap bitter medicine that'll soak you plenty beneficial, by the look of you. Remember, I don't stand by no thievin' crook. Grab your receipt. Give me my key, Ben."

Wash read what was written on the paper:

SPEARWOOD, S. D.

April 16, 1907, 10½ P.M.

Rec'd off of Lemuel Hopper, per kid, Two Hundred Dollars, payment on Lady Panther mine, all legal.

Signed: HARVEY O. CRANDALL.

"What? Are you—you—" sobbed Wash, breaking down. "Uncle's claim—not lost—so help me, I'll never—"

"Shut up!" commanded Mr. Crandall, with redoubled ferocity.

"Here's your key, Harve," said the clerk.

THE LOVE THAT IS BLINDEST

BY W. G. SHEPHERD

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON H. GRANT

MRS. WATTLES was one of those middle-aged women who preside over small candy-stores and look at the world over the tops of their spectacles. She dealt mostly in pennies and nickels, and lived in two small rooms at the back of the store. A gay-colored curtain hid the doorway in the board partition, which was so low that Mrs. Wattles never cooked cabbage on wash-days, lest the odor might taint her wares.

This was Tuesday, just an ordinary sort of a day—the kind of a day on which you would suppose nothing out of the ordinary could occur in the little store on Payne Avenue.

Payne Avenue is not to be judged by Mrs. Wattles's humble store. It is a natural evolution of a certain quarter of the big city—a monument to the occasional haste of its inhabitants, and to the fact that ordinary persons do not always have money ready to spend at the spur of an unexpected necessity. The big stores up-town do not "trust." Here, in Payne Avenue, if you are in too great haste to go up-town, you may buy almost anything you need; here you know the store-keepers, and they know you. Where you work, and when your pay-day comes around, you explained to them when you first moved into the neighborhood.

Payne Avenue has an Improvement Association, made up of merchants, and a weekly newspaper, half metropolitan, half rural, which calls, in every edition, upon "the great East Side to support its own merchants." A policeman walks augustly up and down the street; and in the midst of all this stands the little store of Mrs. Wattles.

One of the first customers of the day was Mrs. Derrick—"F. Derrick" on

Mrs. Wattles's books. For years the name had been there.

"Miserable, miserable!" wailed the ample Mrs. Derrick, in reply to Mrs. Wattles's query as to her health. "I jest can't get shet of my rheumatiz. Hez the bread man been around yet?" Mrs. Derrick's face was a picture of unhappiness.

"Yes. He jest came in," replied Mrs. Wattles briskly. "White er rye?"

"Brown. I'm bakin' beans to-day."

"Washin'?"

"Yes. I was ailin' yestidday, and I let it go over."

Mrs. Derrick, her bread in her arms, started for the door.

"Look a here," said Mrs. Wattles, coming out from behind the counter and assuming a confidential air. Mrs. Derrick's face took on an expression of resignation, and she stopped. "I had a dream last night about my Jim," said Mrs. Wattles, almost in a whisper. "I dremp I seen him right here in this store."

Now, it must have happened that Mrs. Derrick was feeling more "miserable" on this particular Tuesday morning than she had ever felt before during the period of her acquaintance with Mrs. Wattles. Truth to tell, she had once said that she thought "Mis' Wattles was cracked about that son Jim o' her'n"; but this morning her patience gave out entirely.

"Mis' Wattles," she said, glaring, "I've listened fer long enough to them stories o' your'n about that Jim. I ain't denyin' ye hev a son by that name, but what I want to know is, how kin he ever find you?"

The tears were showing on Mrs. Wattles's cheeks behind the low-hanging glasses. They touched the heart of Mrs. Derrick.

"Now, I ain't blamin' ye, Mis' Wattles, fer yearnin'," she said more gently. "You understand that. But ye ought to be reasonable-like. You moved away, ye say, from where he wuz born, after he run away. You admit he don't know where ye air, and you don't know where

"Good morning," he said, in a very businesslike tone. "Will you please give me a five-dollar bill for this change? I'm sending the money to my mother in Michigan. I've just got a job, and goodness knows she needs all the help I can give her!"

Mrs. Wattles smiled.

The young man was waiting with assurance. Mrs. Wattles pushed back her apron from one side of her skirt, and delved into a pocket-hole. From it she drew a leather wallet of the sort that is fastened at the neck with a draw-string. Her long, wrinkled fingers opened the bag. Slowly she laid back the folds until the contents were revealed, and from the midst of the coins she drew forth a bill. As carefully and slowly as she had removed it, she closed the bag and returned it to the mysterious pocket.

She gave the bill to the young man.

"You'd better count that change," said the stranger in an off-hand way.

As he spoke, Mrs. Wattles saw him ostentatiously place the bill in an envelope, and put the envelope in an inner pocket of his coat.

"I don't think that any young man who would send money to his mother would cheat," answered Mrs. Wattles, unsuspicious.

"Well, it's business," replied the youth. "Anyway, to tell you the truth, I counted it in a hurry myself."

"Well, we'll count it, then, to be sure," answered Mrs. Wattles.

If she had taken it without counting, she would have been money ahead. Slowly, with the young man looking on and counting, too, Mrs. Wattles handled the coins, piece after piece, until the last one was counted. There was only four dollars and seventy-five cents.



"YOU'D BETTER COUNT THAT CHANGE"

he is. I'm jest tryin' not to let ye raise any false hopes, Mis' Wattles, that's all."

By now Mrs. Wattles was sobbing on the ample bosom of Mrs. Derrick, and that lady's strong arms were about her. Mrs. Derrick's face, bearing a smile of pity, was a sermon on the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Her "rheumatiz" was forgotten, and her air of desolation was gone.

II

TEN minutes later, when Mrs. Derrick left, Mrs. Wattles was behind the counter, ready to administer to the wants of a young man who had entered the store and interrupted the previous customer's consolations. She smoothed down her apron in her accustomed manner, and looked at the young man over the tops of her glasses. He laid a handful of change down on the show-case.

"Just my luck!" said the young man, annoyance in his tone. "Well, my room is up the street—only a block away. Give me the change, and keep this bill until I get back with the quarter."

He handed Mrs. Wattles an envelope and hurried out. She saw him run past the window.

Now, the beauty of this trick is that it usually gives the scamp who plays it time to get away. Two hours elapsed before Mrs. Wattles began to wonder why the young man did not return. The envelope was lying on a shelf back of the peppermint-jar, and it occurred to her that to leave five dollars lying about in this fashion was running a risk of losing it.

She was looking toward the door, which a customer was opening, when her long fingers dipped into the envelope for the bill. Empty! That's what the envelope was.

The astounded woman customer stepped

out of the way as Mrs. Wattles dashed for the front door. She looked up and down the street, as if the young man with the mother in Michigan might still be in sight. He was not; neither was there a policeman within view.

Down the two steps to the sidewalk Mrs. Wattles fairly hopped, and rushed into the drug-store, next door. The surprised druggist saw her dash to the telephone, jerk down the receiver, and shout:

"Central, give me the police-station; give me the sheriff; give me somebody I can report a theft to! I've been robbed!"

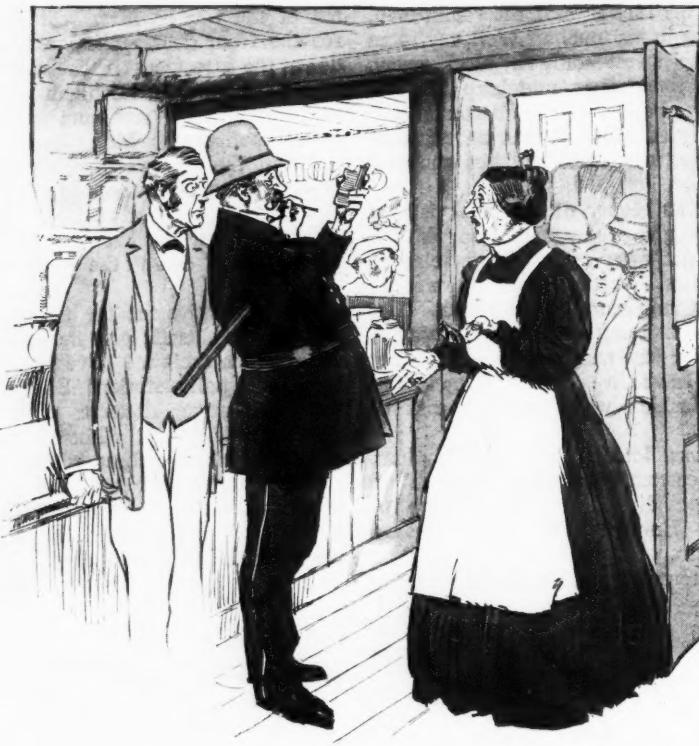
"Hello, police-station! Sheriff! Send the patrol-wagon down to eight eighty-six Payne Avenue! There's a robber around here! I've been robbed!"

The druggist saw her rush from the telephone, leaving the receiver hanging by its cord, out through the door, and past his window to her store.

It was fifteen minutes before the



THE ASTOUNDED WOMAN CUSTOMER STEPPED OUT OF THE WAY AS MRS. WATTLES DASHED FOR THE FRONT DOOR



THE PAYNE AVENUE OFFICER TOOK A DESCRIPTION OF THE YOUNG MAN
WITH THE MOTHER IN MICHIGAN

patrol-wagon, carrying three determined-looking officers, rolled up, the horses panting. By this time the Payne Avenue policeman had returned to his beat. His official decorum vanished as he saw the patrol-wagon hurrying along his street and stop before Mrs. Wattles's store. He came up in long bounds, his club in his hand and his helmet on the back of his head.

If the policemen had only been broad-minded enough to realize how excited one can get when she has been cheated out of five dollars by a lying young man with a touching story about his mother, surely they would not have blamed Mrs. Wattles for calling them out on a fool's errand. They asked her for the whole story. When they heard it, one of them began to get red in the face with anger, but another—a big Irishman with curly hair—said:

"Well, 'tis hard, begobs, to lose foive

dollars by a thrick the loikes av that. Come on, let's be takin' the wagon up sthreet!"

III

THE policemen went away in the wagon. The Payne Avenue officer mopped his brow, took a description of the young man with the mother in Michigan, which he laboriously wrote in a greasy little notebook, and departed. Mrs. Wattles was left in the store, repeating her story to a little knot of patrons and acquaintances.

An hour must have elapsed, for the excitement had died down, before another stranger entered the store. He was a well-dressed young man.

"Good afternoon," he said pleasantly.

Mrs. Wattles smoothed down her apron, looked at the prospective customer over the tops of her glasses, squinted her eyes, looked more closely, and then said:

"Good afternoon."

The stranger laid a handful of silver coins on the show-case.

"Could you oblige me with a five-dollar bill for this?" he asked in a very polite way.

Mrs. Wattles looked at him in astonishment. Her first impulse was to yell for help; but she curbed the temptation, realizing that as yet the young man had done nothing criminal.

Instead of yelling, she raised her spectacles high on the narrow bridge of her nose, and looked through them directly at the stranger. It was the first time, perhaps, that any one ever saw her eyes through her glasses. He stood gracefully leaning against the show-case, with one hand stretched out, palm down, alongside the pile of change he had laid on the glass.

"I live up the street here a little ways," he said. "I want to send some money to my mother. Of course I can't send the silver in a letter, and that's why I want the bill."

Mrs. Wattles was doing her best to control herself. She longed for a wagon-load of policemen. Her lips tightened, and she looked at the young man again through her glasses. Her mind was rapidly studying schemes for capturing him. Her eyes wandered to the pile of change, which the beringed

hand of the young man seemed to be guarding.

Then she looked at the hand. She looked at it again. The young man shifted uneasily on his feet. Mrs. Wattles, who had not spoken a word during all this time, was indeed acting strangely. She took off her glasses, wiped them on her apron, replaced them, and directed her gaze once more to the young man's hand. Then she looked at his face again.

With one sweep of his hand the young man gathered up the change and started for the door; but at the door stood Mrs. Wattles. Her face was a blaze of glory.

"Jim Wattles!" she sobbed in joy. "You can't fool your old mother! I knew you by the scar on your hand. The idee of your tryin' to tease me after all these years! But it's jest like you." She pushed him away from her, but kept her hands on his shoulders. She looked at him proudly. "I knew you'd find me some way," she said.

There were tears in Jim's eyes, too, but there was a puzzled look on his face.

"How did you know I was playing a trick on you?" he asked. The envelope game had been his surest and safest one.

"Oh, somebody told you about the young fellow that cheated me that way this morning," said Mrs. Wattles. "You jest wanted to tease me. Why, I knew right away!"

WANDERLUST

A WIND-SWEPT cloud from the restless sea—

A drifting cloud on the mountainside—

Sang: "Why so tamely cling, ye trees,

To these silent heights? On the ocean's tide

Are life and paths to the ports afar

O'er the jeweled deep, 'neath the outmost star."

Then cursing its chains, an oak-tree grand

With longing prayed for that restless sea,

Till ax and stream and the builder's hand

The oak, a white-winged ship, set free,

In ecstasy, dreamlike, forth to fare

O'er lucent depths to the Everywhere.

Ah, the drifting cloud on the mountainside

Had whispered naught of storm and wreck;

But the oaken ship lies fathoms deep,

With the seaweed green on her lonely deck;

And oh, for the leaves and the birds' sweet song

And the voice of the forest the whole night long!

Virginia Bioren Harrison

THE PRIMA DONNA*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING," "FAIR MARGARET," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

RUFUS VAN TORP, a New York financier, head of the Nickel Trust, is staying at his place in England, Oxley Paddock, which he has renamed Torp Towers. He is a man who has made enemies, chief among them being Isidore Bamberger, an old business associate of Van Torp's. Years before, Bamberger divorced his wife, blaming Van Torp for the estrangement, and expecting him to marry Mrs. Bamberger as soon as she was free. Instead, she married Senator Moon, of California, who died, leaving her with a little deaf-mute daughter; and when the mother lost her reason, Van Torp adopted the child, putting her in charge of a governess, Miss More.

Chiefly to prevent injury to the prestige of the Nickel Trust, Bamberger has hitherto refrained from open attack on Van Torp, but now the storm seems about to burst. One of Van Torp's neighbors is Lord Creedmore, whose daughter, Lady Maud, is married to Count Leven, a Russian diplomat. The count, who has an understanding with Bamberger, surprises his wife as she is visiting Van Torp in rooms in the Temple, and just as the New York millionaire is giving her a large sum of money. A fortnight later, Lady Maud receives a document informing her that her husband has brought suit for divorce in the court of the Patriarch of Constantinople, who has jurisdiction over Russian subjects married abroad.

Lady Maud has become a friend of the famous prima donna, Margarita de Cordova—an English girl, whose real name is Margaret Donne, and whose father, an Oxford professor, now dead, was a college chum of Lord Creedmore. Van Torp, too, is an acquaintance of Mme. Cordova's, and still another is a Greek financier, Constantine Logotheti. Indeed, both of these men have sought to marry the prima donna. Van Torp was also engaged, at one time, to Bamberger's daughter, who died tragically in a panic caused by an explosion at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York.

Van Torp is walking in his grounds at Oxley Paddock with little Ida Moon, when Logotheti comes up in a motor-car, and asks for a private interview. The Greek shows the New Yorker a newspaper article accusing the latter of serious misdeeds, and adds that he has received an anonymous letter containing some of the same scandalous stories, including one that connects Van Torp's name unpleasantly with that of Margaret Donne. Logotheti urges that the author of these attacks should be suppressed.

XX

VAN TORP stood on the steps till Logotheti was out of sight, and then came down himself and strolled slowly away toward the trees again, his hands behind him and his eyes constantly three paces ahead bent upon the road.

He was not always quite truthful. Scruples were not continually uppermost in his mind. For instance, what he had told Lady Maud about his engagement

to poor Miss Bamberger did not quite agree with what he had said to Margaret on the steamer.

In certain markets in New York, three kinds of eggs are offered for sale—namely, "eggs," "fresh eggs," and "strictly fresh eggs." I have seen the advertisement. Similarly, in Van Torp's opinion, there were three sorts of stories—to wit, stories, true stories, and strictly true stories. Clearly, each account of his engagement must have belonged to one of these classes, as well as the general

* Copyright, 1907, by F. Marion Crawford, in the United States and Great Britain. This story began in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for August

statement he had made to Logotheti about the charges brought against him in the anonymous letter. The reason why he had made that statement was plain enough; he meant it to be repeated to Margaret, because he really wished her to think well of him. Moreover, he had recognized the handwriting at once as that of Mr. Feist, Isidore Bamberger's former secretary, who knew a good many things and might turn out a dangerous enemy.

But Logotheti, who knew something of men, and had dealt with some very accomplished experts in fraud from New York and London to Constantinople, had his doubts about the truth of what he had heard, and understood at once why the usually reticent American had talked so much about himself. Van Torp, he was sure, was in love with the singer; that was his weak side, and in whatever affected her he might behave like a brute or a baby, but would certainly act with something like rudimentary simplicity in either case. In Logotheti's opinion, English-speaking men might be as profound as Persians in matters of money, and sometimes were, but where women were concerned they were generally little better than sentimental children, unless they were mere animals. Not one in a thousand cared for the society of women, or even of one particular woman, for its own sake, for the companionship, and the exchange of ideas about things of which women know how to think. To the better sort—that is, to the sentimental ones—a woman always seemed what she was not, a goddess, a saint, or a sort of glorified sister; to the rest, she was an instrument of amusement and pleasure, more or less necessary and more or less purchasable.

Perhaps an Englishman or an American, judging Greeks from what he could learn about them in ordinary intercourse, would get about as near the truth as Logotheti did. In his main conclusion, the latter was probably right; Van Torp's affections might be of such exuberant nature as would admit of being divided among two or three objects at the same time, or they might not. But when he spoke of having the "highest regard" for Mme. Cordova, without denying the facts about the interview in

which he had asked her to marry him and had lost his head because she refused, he was at least admitting that he was in love with her, or had been at that time.

Van Torp also confessed that he had entertained a "high regard" for the beautiful Mrs. Bamberger, now unhappily insane. It was noticeable that he had not used the same expression in speaking of Lady Maud. Nevertheless, as in the Bamberger affair, he appeared as the chief cause of trouble between husband and wife.

Logotheti was considered "dangerous" even in Paris, and his experiences had not been dull; but, so far, he had found his way through life without inadvertently stepping upon any of those concealed traps through which the gay and unwary of both sexes are so often dropped into the divorce court, to the surprise of everybody. It seemed the more strange to him that Rufus Van Torp, only a few years his senior, should now find himself in that position for the second time. Yet, Van Torp was not a ladies' man; he was hard-featured, rough of speech, and clumsy of figure, and it was impossible to believe that any woman could think him good-looking or be carried away by his talk.

The case of Mrs. Bamberger could be explained; she might have had beauty, but she could have had little else that would have appealed to such a man as Logotheti. But there was Lady Maud, an acknowledged beauty in London, thoroughbred, aristocratic, not easily shocked, perhaps, but easily disgusted, like most women of her class; and there was no doubt but that her husband had found her, under extremely strange circumstances, in the act of receiving from Van Torp a large sum of money for which she altogether declined to account. Van Torp had not denied that story, either, so it was probably true.

Logotheti, whom so many women thought irresistible, had felt instinctively that she was one of those who would smile serenely upon the most skilful and persistent besieger from the security of an impregnable fortress of virtue. Logotheti did not naturally feel unqualified respect for many women, but since he had known Lady Maud it had never oc-

curred to him that any one could take the smallest liberty with her. On the other hand, though he was genuinely in love with Margaret, and desired nothing so much as to marry her, he had never been in the least afraid of her, and he had deliberately attempted to carry her off against her will; and if she had looked upon his conduct then as anything more serious than a mad prank, she had certainly forgiven it very soon.

The only reason for his flying visit to Derbyshire had been his desire to keep Margaret's name out of an impending scandal in which he foresaw that Van Torp and Lady Maud were to be the central figures, and he believed that he had done something to bring about that result, if he had started the millionaire on the right scent. He judged Van Torp to be a good hater and a man of many resources, who would not now be satisfied till he had the anonymous writer of the letter and the article in his power. Logotheti had no means of guessing who the culprit was, and did not care to know.

He reached town late in the afternoon, having covered something like three hundred miles since early morning. About seven o'clock he stopped at Margaret's door, in the hope of finding her at home and of being asked to dine alone with her; but as he got out of his hansom, and sent it away, he heard the door shut, and found himself face to face with Paul Griggs.

"Miss Donne is out," said the author, as they shook hands. "She's been spending the day with the Creedmores, and when I rang she had just telephoned that she would not be back for dinner."

"What a bore!" replied Logotheti.

The two men walked slowly along the pavement together, and for some time neither spoke. Logotheti had nothing to do, or believed so, because he was disappointed in not finding Margaret in. The elder man looked preoccupied, and the Greek was the first to speak.

"I suppose you've seen that shameful article about Van Torp?" he said.

"Yes. Somebody sent me a marked copy of the paper. Do you know whether Miss Donne has seen it?"

"Yes. She got a marked copy, too. So did I. What do you think of it?"

"Just what you do, I fancy. Have you any idea who wrote it?"

"Probably some underling in the Nickel Trust whom Van Torp has offended without knowing it, or who has lost money by him."

Griggs glanced at his companion's face, for the hypothesis struck him as being tenable.

"Unless it is some enemy of Countess Leven's," he suggested. "Her husband is really going to divorce her, as the article says."

"I suppose she will defend herself," said Logotheti.

"If she has a chance."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you happen to know what sort of a man the present Patriarch of Constantinople is?"

Logotheti's jaw dropped, and he slackened his pace.

"What in the world—" he began, but did not finish the sentence. "That's the second time to-day I've been asked about him."

"That's very natural," said Griggs calmly. "You're one of the very few men in town who are likely to know him."

"Of course I know him," answered Logotheti, still mystified. "He's my uncle."

"Really? That's very lucky!"

"Look here, Griggs, is this some silly joke?"

"A joke? Certainly not. Lady Maud's husband can only get a divorce through the patriarch because he married her out of Russia. You know about that law, don't you?"

Logotheti understood at last.

"No," he said, "I never heard of it. But if that is the case, I may be able to do something—not that I'm considered orthodox at the Patriarchate! The old gentleman has been told that I'm trying to revive the worship of the Greek gods, and have built a temple to Aphrodite Xenia in the Place de la Concorde!"

"You are quite capable of it," observed Griggs.

"Oh, quite! Only, I've not done it yet. I'll see what I can do. Are you much interested in the matter?"

"Only on general principles, because I believe Lady Maud is perfectly

straight, and it is a shame that such a creature as Leven should be allowed to divorce an honest Englishwoman. By the bye—speaking of her reminds me of that dinner at the Turkish Embassy—do you remember a disagreeable-looking man who sat next to me, one Feist, a countryman of mine?"

"Rather! I wondered how he came there."

"He had a letter of introduction from the Turkish minister in Washington. He is full of good letters of introduction."

"I should think they would need to be good," observed Logotheti. "With that face of his he would need an introduction to a Port Saïd gambling-hell before they would let him in!"

"I agree with you. But he is well provided, as I say, and he goes everywhere. Some one has put him down at the Mutton Chop. You never go there, do you?"

"I'm not asked," laughed Logotheti. "And as for becoming a member, they say it's impossible."

"It takes ten or fifteen years," Griggs answered, "and then you won't be elected unless every one likes you. But you may be put down as a visitor there just as at any other club. This fellow Feist, for instance—we had trouble with him last night—or rather this morning, for it was two o'clock. He has been dropping in often of late, toward midnight. At first he was more or less amusing with his stories, for he has a wonderful memory. You know the sort of funny man who rattles on as if he were wound up for the evening, and afterward you cannot remember a word he has said. It's all very well for a while, but you soon get sick of it. Besides, this particular specimen drinks like a whale."

"He looks as if he did."

"Last night he had been talking a good deal, and most of the men who had been there had gone off. You know there's only one room at the Mutton Chop, with a long table, and if a man takes the floor there's no escape. I had come in about one o'clock to get something to eat, and Feist poured out a steady stream of stories as usual, though only one or two listened to him. Suddenly his eyes looked queer, and he stammered, and rolled off his chair, and lay

in a heap, either dead drunk or in a fit, I don't know which."

"And I suppose you carried him down-stairs," said Logotheti, for Griggs was known to be stronger than other men, though no longer young.

"I did," Griggs answered. "That's usually my share of the proceedings. The last person I carried—let me see—I think it must have been that poor girl who died at the opera in New York. We had found Feist's address in the visitors' book, and we sent him home in a hansom. I wonder whether he got there!"

"I should think the member who put him down would be rather annoyed," observed Logotheti.

"Yes. It's the first time anything of that sort ever happened at the Mutton Chop, and I fancy it will be the last. I don't think we shall see Mr. Feist again."

"I took a particular dislike to his face," Logotheti said. "I remember thinking of him when I went home that night, and wondering who he was and what he was about."

"At first I took him for a detective," said Griggs. "But detectives don't drink."

"What made you think he might be one?"

"He has a very clever way of leading the conversation to a point and then asking an unexpected question."

"Perhaps he is an amateur," suggested Logotheti. "He may be a spy. Is Feist an American name?"

"You will find all sorts of names in America. They prove nothing in the way of nationality, unless they are English, Dutch, or French, and even then they don't prove much. I'm an American myself, and I feel sure that Feist either is one or has spent many years in the country, in which case he is probably naturalized. As for his being a spy, I don't think I ever came across one in England."

"They come here to rest in time of peace, or to escape hanging in other countries in time of war," said the Greek. "His being at the Turkish Embassy, of all places in the world, is rather in favor of the idea. Do you happen to remember the name of his hotel?"

"Are you going to call on him?" Griggs asked with a smile.

"Perhaps. He begins to interest me. Is it indiscreet to ask what sort of questions he put to you?"

"He's stopping at the Carlton—if the cabby took him there! We gave the man half-a-crown for the job, and took his number, so I suppose it was all right. As for the questions he asked me, that's another matter."

Logotheti glanced quickly at his companion's rather grim face, and was silent for a few moments. He judged that Mr. Feist's inquiries must have concerned a woman, since Griggs was so reticent, and it required no great ingenuity to connect that probability with one or both of the ladies who had been at the dinner where Griggs and Feist had first met.

"I think I shall go and ask for Mr. Feist," he said presently. "I shall say that I heard he was ill, and wanted to know if I could do anything for him."

"I've no doubt he'll be much touched by your kindness!" said Griggs. "But please don't mention the Mutton Chop Club, if you really see him."

"Oh, no! Besides, I shall let him do the talking."

"Then take care that you don't let him talk you to death!"

Logotheti smiled as he hailed a passing hansom; he nodded to his companion, told the man to go to the Carlton, and drove away, leaving Griggs to continue his walk alone.

The elderly man of letters had not talked about Mr. Feist with any special intention, and was very far from thinking that what he had said would lead to any important result. He liked the Greek, because he liked most Orientals, under certain important reservations and at a certain distance, and he had lived among them long enough not to be surprised at anything they did.

Logotheti had been disappointed in not finding the prima donna at home, and he was not inclined to put up with the usual round of an evening in London during the early part of the season as a substitute for what he had lost. He was the more put out, because, when he had last seen Margaret, three or four days earlier, she had told him that if he

came on that evening at about seven o'clock he would probably find her alone. Having nothing that looked at all amusing to occupy him, he was just in the mood to do anything unusual that presented itself.

Griggs guessed at most of these things, and as he walked along, he vaguely pictured to himself the interview that was likely to take place.

XXI

OPINION was strongly against Mr. Van Torp. A millionaire is almost as good a mark at which to throw mud as a woman of the world whose reputation has never before been attacked, and when the two can be pilloried together it is hardly to be expected that ordinary people should abstain from pelting them and calling them bad names.

Lady Maud, indeed, was protected to some extent by her father and brothers, and by many loyal friends. It is happily still doubtful how far one may go in printing lies about an honest woman without getting into trouble with the law; and when the lady's father is not only a peer, but has previously been a barrister of reputation and a popular and hard-working member of the House of Commons, it is generally safer to use guarded language. The advisability of moderation also increases directly as the number and size of the lady's brothers, and inversely as their patience. Therefore, on the whole, Lady Maud was much better treated by the society columns than Margaret at first expected.

On the other hand, they vented their spleen and sharpened their English on the American financier, who had no relations and scarcely any friends to stand by him, and was, moreover, in a foreign country, which always seems to be regarded as an aggravating circumstance when a man gets into any sort of trouble. Isidore Bamberger and Mr. Feist had roused and let loose upon him a whole pack of hungry reporters and paragraph-writers on both sides of the Atlantic.

The papers did not at first print his name except in connection with the divorce of Lady Maud. But this was a landmark, the smallest reference to which made all other allusions to him

quite clear. It was easy to speak of Mr. Van Torp as the central figure in a *cause célèbre*. Newspapers love the French language the more as they understand it the less; just as the gentle amateur in literature tries to hide his cloven hoof under the thin elegance of *italics*.

Particular stress was laid upon the millionaire's dreadful hypocrisy. He taught in the Sunday-schools at Nickelville, the big village which had sprung up at his will, and which was the headquarters of his sanctimonious wickedness. He was compared to Solomon, not for his wisdom, but on account of his domestic arrangements. He was, indeed, a father to his flock. It was a touching sight to see the little ones gathered round the knees of this great and good man, and to note how an unconscious and affectionate imitation reflected his face in theirs.

It was true that there was another side to this truly patriarchal picture. In a city of the far West, wrote an eloquent paragraph-writer, a pale face, once divinely beautiful, was often seen at the barred window of a madhouse, and eyes that had once looked too tenderly into those of the Nickelville Solomon stared wildly at the palm-trees in the asylum grounds. This paragraph was rich in sentiment.

There were a good many mentions of the explosion in New York, too, and hints, dark, but uncommonly straight, that the great Sunday-school teacher had been the author and stage-manager of an awful comedy designed expressly to injure a firm of contractors against whom he had a standing grudge. In proof of the assertion, the story went on to say that he had written four hours before the "accident" happened to give warning of it to the young lady whom he was about to marry. She was a neurasthenic young lady, and, in spite of the warning, she died very suddenly at the theater from shock immediately after the explosion. His note was found on her dressing-table when she was brought home dead.

Clearly, if the explosion had not been his work, and if he had been informed of it beforehand, he would have warned the police and the Department of Pub-

lic Works at the same time. The young lady's untimely death had not prevented him from sailing for Europe three or four days later, and on the trip he had actually occupied alone the same "thousand-dollar suite" which he had previously engaged for himself and his bride. From this detail the public might form some idea of the Nickelville magnate's heartless character. In fact, if one-half of what was written, telegraphed, and printed about Rufus Van Torp on both sides of the Atlantic during the next fortnight was to be believed, he had no character at all.

To all this he answered nothing. He did not take the trouble to allude to the matter in the few letters he wrote to his acquaintances. Day after day numbers of marked papers were carefully ironed and laid on the breakfast-table, after having been read and commented on in the servants' hall. The butler began to look askance at him; Mrs. Dubbs, the housekeeper, talked gloomily of giving warning, and the footmen gossiped with the stable hands; but the men all decided that it was not derogatory to their dignity to remain in the service of a master who was soon to be exhibited in the divorce court beside such a "real lady" as Lord Creedmore's daughter.

The housemaids agreed in this view, and the housekeeper consulted Miss More. Mrs. Dubbs was quite an imposing person, morally and physically, and had a character to lose; and though the place was a very good one for her old age, because the master only spent six weeks or two months at Oxley Paddox each year, and never found fault, yet Mrs. Dubbs was not going to have her name associated with that of a gentleman who blew up underground works and took Solomon's view of the domestic affections. She came of very good people in the north; one of her brothers was a minister, and the other was an assistant steward on a large Scottish estate.

Miss More's quiet serenity was not at all disturbed by what was happening, for it could hardly be supposed that she was ignorant of the general attack on Mr. Van Torp, though he did not leave the papers lying about, where little Ida's quick eyes might fall on a marked pas-

sage. The housekeeper waited for an occasion when Mr. Van Torp had taken the child for a drive, as he often did, and Miss More was established in her favorite corner of the garden, just out of sight of the house. Mrs. Dubbs first exposed the situation, then expressed a strong opinion as to her own respectability, and finally asked Miss More's advice.

Miss More listened attentively, and waited till her large and sleek interlocutor had absolutely nothing more to say. Then she spoke.

"Mrs. Dubbs," she said, "do you consider me a respectable young woman?"

"Oh, Miss More!" cried the housekeeper. "You! Indeed, I'd put my hand into the fire for you any day!"

"And I'm an American, and I've known Mr. Van Torp several years, though this is the first time you have seen me here. Do you think I would let the child stay an hour under his roof, or stay here myself, if I believed one word of all those wicked stories the papers are publishing? Look at me, please. Do you think I would?"

It was quite impossible to look at Miss More's quiet, healthy face and clear eyes and to believe she would. There are some women of whom one is sure at a glance that they are perfectly trustworthy in every imaginable way, and above even the suspicion of countenancing any wrong.

"No," answered Mrs. Dubbs, with honest conviction, "I don't, indeed."

"I think, then," said Miss More, "that if I feel I can stay here, you are safe in staying, too. I do not believe any of these slanders, and I am quite sure that Mr. Van Torp is one of the kindest men in the world."

"I feel as if you must be right, Miss More," replied the housekeeper. "But they do say dreadful things about him, indeed, and he doesn't deny a word of it, as he ought to, in my humble opinion, though it's not my business to judge, of course. But I'll say this, Miss More, and that is, that if the butler's character was publicly attacked in the papers, in the way Mr. Van Torp's is, and if I were Mr. Van Torp, which of course I'm not, I'd say, 'Crookes, you may be all right, but if you're going to be butler

here any longer, it's your duty to defend yourself against these attacks upon you in the papers, Crookes, because as a Christian man you must not hide your light under a bushel, Crookes, but let it shine abroad.' That's what I'd say, Miss More, and I should like to know if you don't think I should be right."

"If the English and American press united to attack the butler's character," answered Miss More without a smile, "I think you would be quite right, Mrs. Dubbs. But as regards Mr. Van Torp's present position, I am sure he is the best judge of what he ought to do."

These words of wisdom, and Miss More's truthful eyes, greatly reassured the housekeeper, who afterward upbraided the servants for paying any attention to such wicked falsehoods. Mr. Crookes, the butler, wrote to his aged mother, who was anxious about his situation, to say that Mr. Van Torp must be either a real gentleman or a very hardened criminal indeed, because it was only forgers and real gentlemen who could act so precious cool. On the whole, Crookes went on, he and the housekeeper, who was a highly respectable person and the sister of a minister, as he wished his mother to remember, had made up their minds that Mr. V. T. was A1, copper-bottomed—Mrs. Crookes was the widow of a seafaring man, and lived at Liverpool, and had heard Lloyd's rating quoted all her life. They—the writer and Mrs. Dubbs—meant to see him through his troubles, though he was a little trying at his meals, for he would have butter on the table at his dinner, and he wanted two and three courses served together, and drank milk at his luncheon, like no Christian gentleman did that Mr. Crookes had ever seen.

The financier might have been amused if he could have read this letter, which contained no allusion to the material attractions of Torp Towers as a situation; for, like a good many American millionaires, Mr. Van Torp had a blind spot on his financial retina. He could deal daringly and surely with vast sums, or he could screw twice the normal quantity of work out of an underpaid clerk; but the household arithmetic that lies between the two was entirely beyond his comprehension. He "didn't want to be

bothered," he said; he maintained that he "could make more money in ten minutes than he could save in a year by checking the housekeeper's accounts"; he "could live on coffee and pie," but if he chose to hire the *chef* of the *Café Anglais* to cook for him at five thousand dollars a year, he "didn't want to know the price of a truffled pheasant or a *chaudfroid* of ortolans." That was his way, and it was good enough for him. What was the use of having made money if you were to be bothered? And besides, he concluded, "it was none of anybody's blank blank business what he did."

Mr. Van Torp did not hesitate to borrow similes from another world when his rather limited command of refined language was unequal to the occasion.

But at the present juncture, though his face did not change, and though he slept as soundly and had as good an appetite as usual, no words with which he was acquainted could express his feelings at all. He had, indeed, consigned the writer of the first article to perdition with some satisfaction; but after his interview with Logotheti, when he had understood that a general attack upon him had begun, he gathered his strength in silence and studied the position with all the concentration of earnest thought which his exceptional nature could command.

He had recognized Feist's handwriting, and he remembered the man as his partner's former secretary. Feist might have written the letter to Logotheti and the first article, but Van Torp did not believe him capable of raising a general hue and cry on both sides of the Atlantic. It undoubtedly happened sometimes that when a fire had been smoldering long unseen a single spark sufficed to start the blaze, but Mr. Van Torp was too well informed as to public opinion to have been in ignorance of any general feeling against him, if it had existed; and the present attack was of too personal a nature to have been devised by financial rivals.

Besides, the Nickel Trust had recently absorbed all its competitors to such an extent that it had no rivals at all, and the dangers that threatened it lay on the one hand in the growing

strength of the labor party in its great movement against capital, and on the other in its position with regard to recent American legislation about trusts. From the beginning Mr. Van Torp had been certain that the campaign of defamation had not been begun by the unions, and by its nature it could have no connection with the legal aspect of his position. It was therefore clear that war had been declared upon him by one or more individuals on purely personal grounds, and that Mr. Feist was but the chief instrument in the hands of an unknown enemy.

But at first sight it did not look as if his assailant were Isidore Bamberger. The violent attack on him might not affect the credit of the Nickel Trust, but it was certainly not likely to improve it; and Mr. Van Torp believed that if his partner had a grudge against him, any attempt at revenge would be made in a shape that would not affect the trust's finances. Bamberger was a resentful sort of man, but, on the other hand, he was a man of business, and his fortune depended on that of his great partner.

Mr. Van Torp walked every morning in the park, thinking over these things, and little Ida tripped along beside him, watching the squirrels and the birds, and not saying much; but now and then, when she felt the gentle pressure of his hand on hers, which usually meant that he was going to speak to her, she looked up to watch his lips, and they did not move; only his eyes met hers, and the faint smile that came into his face then was not at all like the one which most people saw there. So she smiled back, happily, and looked at the squirrels again, sure that a rabbit would soon make a dash over the open and cross the road, and hoping for the rare delight of seeing a hare. The tame red and fallow deer looked at her suspiciously from a distance, as if she might turn into a motor-car.

In those morning walks she did not again see his lips forming words that frightened her, and she began to be quite sure that he had stopped swearing to himself because she had spoken to him so seriously. Once he looked at her so long and with so much earnestness that she asked him what he was thinking of,

and he gently pushed back the broad-brimmed hat she wore, so as to see her forehead and beautiful golden hair.

"You are growing very like your mother," he said, after a little while.

They had stopped in the broad drive, and little Ida gazed gravely up at him for a moment. Then she put up her arms.

"I think I want to give you a kiss, Mr. Van Torp," she said with the utmost gravity. "You're so good to me."

Mr. Van Torp stooped, and she put her arms round his short neck and kissed the hard, flat cheek once, and he kissed hers rather awkwardly.

"Thank you, my dear," he said, in an odd voice, as he straightened himself.

He took her hand again to walk on, and the great iron mouth was drawn a little to one side, and it looked as if the lips might have trembled if they had not been so tightly shut. Perhaps Mr. Van Torp had never kissed a child before.

She was very happy and contented, for she had spent most of her life in a New England village alone with Miss More, and the great English country-house was full of wonder and mystery for her, and the park was certainly an earthly paradise. She had hardly ever been with other children, and was rather afraid of them, because they did not always understand what she said, as most grown people did; so she was not at all lonely now. On the contrary, she felt that her small existence was ever so much fuller than before, since she now loved two people instead of only one, and the two people seemed to agree so well together.

In America she had only seen Mr. Van Torp at intervals, when he had appeared at the cottage near Boston, the bearer of toys and chocolates and other good things, and she had not been told till after she had landed in Liverpool that she was to be taken to stop with him in the country while he remained in England. Since then she had been growing more and more sure that he loved her and would give her anything in the world she asked for, though there was really nothing she wanted; and in return she grew gratefully fond of him by quick degrees, till her affection expressed itself

in her solemn proposal to "give him a kiss."

Not long after that Mr. Van Torp found among his letters one from Lady Maud, of which the envelope was stamped with the address of her father's country-place, "Craythew." He read the contents carefully, and made a note in his pocketbook before tearing the sheet and the envelope into small bits.

There was nothing very compromising in the note, but Mr. Van Torp certainly did not know that his butler regularly offered first and second prizes in the servants' hall, every Saturday night, for the "best-put-together letters" of the week—to those of his satellites, in other words, who had been most successful in piecing together scraps from the master's waste-paper basket. In houses where the post-bag has a patent lock, of which the master keeps the key, this diversion has been found a good substitute for the more thrilling entertainment of steaming the letters and reading them before taking them up-stairs.

On the day after he had received Lady Maud's note, Mr. Van Torp rode out by himself. No one, judging from his looks, would have taken him for a good rider. He rode seldom, never talked of horses, and was never seen at a race. When he rode he did not even take the trouble to put on gaiters.

After he had bought Oxley Paddox, the first time that his horse was brought to the door, by a groom who had never seen him, the latter could have sworn that the millionaire had never been on a horse before, and was foolishly determined to break his neck. On that occasion Mr. Van Torp came down the steps, with a big cigar in his mouth, in his ordinary clothes, without so much as a pair of straps to keep his trousers down, or a bit of a stick in his hand. The animal was a rather ill-tempered black that had arrived from Yorkshire two days previously in charge of a boy who gave him a bad character. As Mr. Van Torp descended the steps with his clumsy gait, the horse laid his ears well back for a moment and looked as if he meant to kick anything within reach. Mr. Van Torp looked at him in a dull way, puffed his cigar, and made one remark in the form of a query:

"He ain't a lamb, is he?"

"No, sir," answered the groom with sympathetic alacrity, "and if I was you, sir, I wouldn't—"

But the groom's good advice was checked by an unexpected phenomenon. Mr. Van Torp was suddenly up, and the black was plunging wildly, as was only to be expected. What was more extraordinary was that Mr. Van Torp's expression showed no change whatever; the very big cigar was stuck in his mouth at precisely the same angle as before, and he appeared to be glued to the saddle. He sat perfectly erect, with his legs perpendicularly straight, and his hands low and quiet.

The next moment the black bolted down the drive, but Mr. Van Torp did not seem the least disturbed, and the astonished groom, his mouth wide open and his arms hanging down, saw that the rider gave the beast his head for a couple of hundred yards, and then actually stopped him short, bringing him almost to the ground on his haunches.

"My Gawd, 'e's a cowboy!" exclaimed the groom, who was a Cockney, and had seen a Wild West show and recognized the real thing.

Since that first day Mr. Van Torp had not ridden more than a score of times in two years. He preferred driving, because it was less trouble, and partly because he could take little Ida with him. It was, therefore, always a noticeable event in the monotonous existence at Torp Towers when he ordered a horse to be saddled, as he did on the day after he had got Lady Maud's note from Craythew.

He rode across the hilly country at a leisurely pace, first by lanes and afterward over a broad moor, till he entered a small beech-wood by a bridle-path not wide enough for two to ride together, and lined with rhododendrons, lilacs, and laburnum. A quarter of a mile from the entrance a pretty glade widened to an open lawn, in the middle of which stood a ruin, consisting of the choir and chancel-arch of a chapel. Mr. Van Torp drew rein before it, threw his right leg over the pommel before him, and remained sitting sideways on the saddle, for the very good reason that he did not see anything to sit on if he got

down, and that it was of no use to waste energy in standing. His horse might have resented such behavior on the part of any one else, but accepted the Western rider's eccentricities quite calmly and proceeded to crop the damp young grass at his feet.

XXII

MR. VAN TORP had come to meet Lady Maud Leven. The place was lonely and conveniently situated, being about half-way between Oxley Paddox and Craythew, on Mr. Van Torp's land, which was so thoroughly protected against trespassers and reporters by wire fences and special watchmen that there was little danger of any one getting within the guarded boundary. On the side toward Craythew there was a gate with a patent lock, to which Lady Maud had a key.

Mr. Van Torp was at the meeting-place at least a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. His horse only moved a short step every now and then, eating his way slowly across the grass, and his rider sat sideways, resting his elbows on his knees and staring at nothing particular, with that perfectly wooden expression of his which indicated profound thought.

But his senses were acutely awake, and he caught the distant sound of hoofs on the soft woodland path just a second before his horse lifted its head and pricked its ears. Mr. Van Torp did not slip to the ground, however, and he hardly changed his position. Half a dozen young pheasants hurled themselves noisily out of the wood on the other side of the ruin, and scattered again as they saw him, to perch on the higher boughs of the trees not far off, instead of settling on the sward.

A moment later, Lady Maud appeared on a lanky and elderly thoroughbred that had been her own long before her marriage. Her old-fashioned habit was evidently of the same period, too; it had been made before the modern age of skirted coats, and fitted her figure in a way that would have excited open disapproval and secret admiration in Rotten Row. But she never rode in town, so that it did not matter.

Mr. Van Torp raised his hat in a very

un-English way, and at the same time, apparently out of respect for his friend, he went so far as to change his seat a little by laying his right knee over the pommel and sticking his left foot into the stirrup, so that he sat like a woman. Lady Maud drew up on his off side, and they shook hands.

"You look rather comfortable," she said, and the happy ripple was in her voice.

"Why, yes. There's nothing else to sit on, and the grass is wet. Do you want to get off?"

"I thought we might make some tea presently," answered Lady Maud. "I've brought my basket."

"Now, I call that quite sweet!" Mr. Van Torp seemed very much pleased, and he looked down at the shabby little brown basket hanging at her saddle.

He slipped to the ground, and she did the same before he could go round to help her. The old thoroughbred nosed her hand, as if expecting something good, and she produced a lump of sugar from the tea-basket and gave it to him.

Mr. Van Torp pulled a big carrot from the pocket of his tweed jacket and let his horse bite it off by inches. Then he took the basket from Lady Maud, and the two went toward the ruin.

"We can sit on the earl," said Lady Maud, advancing toward a low tomb on which was sculptured a recumbent figure in armor. "The horses won't run away from such nice grass."

So, the two installed themselves on each side of the stone knight's armed feet, which helped to support the tea-basket. Lady Maud took out her spirit-lamp, a saucepan that just held two cups, a tin bottle full of water, and all the other things, arranging them neatly in order.

"How practical women are!" exclaimed Mr. Van Torp, looking on. "Now, I would never have thought of that."

But he was really wondering whether she expected him to speak first of the grave matters that brought them together in that lonely place.

"I've got some bread and butter," she said, opening a small sandwich-box; "and there is a lemon, instead of cream."

"Your arrangements beat Hare Court

hollow," observed the millionaire. "Do you remember the cracked cups and the weevily biscuits?"

"Yes; and how sorry you were when you had burned the little beasts! Now, light the spirit-lamp, please, and then we can talk."

Everything being arranged to her satisfaction, Lady Maud looked up at her companion.

"Are you going to do anything about it?" she asked.

"Will it do any good if I do? That's the question."

"Good? What is good in that sense?" She looked at him a moment, but as he did not answer, she went on. "I cannot bear to see you abused in print like this, day after day, when I know the truth, or most of it."

"It doesn't matter about me. I'm used to it. What does your father say?"

"He says that when a man is attacked as you are, it's his duty to defend himself."

"Oh, he does, does he?"

Lady Maud smiled, but shook her head in a reproachful way.

"You promised me that you would never give me your business answer, you know!"

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Van Torp, in a tone of contrition. "Well, you see, I forgot you weren't a man. I won't do it again. So your father thinks I'd better come out flat-footed with a statement to the press. Now, I'll tell you. I'd do so if I didn't feel sure that all this circus about me isn't the real thing yet. It has been got up with an object, and until I can make out what's coming I think I'd best keep still. Whoever's at the root of this is counting on my losing my temper and hitting out, and saying things, and then the real attack will come from an unexpected quarter. Do you see that? Almost any man in my position would get interviewed and talk back, wouldn't he?"

"I fancy so," answered Lady Maud.

"Exactly. If I did that, I might be raising against another man's straight flush, don't you see? A good way in a fight is never to do what everybody else would do. But I've a scheme for getting behind the other man, whoever he is, and I've almost concluded to try it."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"Don't I always tell you most things?"

Lady Maud smiled at the reservation implied in "most."

"After all you have done for me, I should have no right to complain if you never told me anything," she answered. "Do as you think best. You know that I trust you."

"That's right, and I appreciate it," answered the millionaire. "In the first place, you're not going to be divorced. I suppose that's settled."

Lady Maud opened her clear eyes in surprise.

"You didn't know that, did you?" asked Mr. Van Torp, enjoying her astonishment.

"Certainly not, and I can hardly believe it," she answered.

"Look here, Maud," said her companion, bending his heavy brows in a way very unusual with him, "do you seriously think I'd let you be divorced on my account? That I'd allow any human being to play tricks with your good name by coupling it with mine in any sort of way? If I were the kind of man about whom you had a right to think that, I wouldn't deserve your friendship."

It was not often that Rufus Van Torp allowed his face to show feeling, but the look she saw in his rough-hewn features for a moment almost frightened her. There was something titanic in it.

"No, Rufus—no!" she cried, earnestly. "You know how I have believed in you and trusted you! It's only that I don't see how—"

"That's a detail," answered the American. "The 'how' don't matter when a man's in earnest." The look was gone again, for her words had appeased him instantly. "Well," he went on, in his ordinary tone, "you can take it for granted that the divorce will come to nothing. There'll be a clear statement in all the best papers next week, saying that your husband's suit for a divorce has been dismissed with costs because there is not the slightest evidence of any kind against you. It will be stated that you came to my partner's chambers in Hare Court on a matter of pure business to receive certain money which was due

to you from me in the way of business, for which you gave the usual business acknowledgment. The water's boiling."

The steam was lifting the lid of the small saucepan, which stood securely on the spirit-lamp between the marble knight's greaved shins. But Lady Maud took no notice of it.

"It's like you," said she. "I cannot find anything else to say!"

"It doesn't matter about saying anything," returned Mr. Van Torp. "The water's boiling."

"Will you blow out the lamp?" As she spoke she dropped a battered silver tea-ball into the water, and moved it about by its little chain.

Mr. Van Torp took off his hat, and bent down sideways till his flat cheek rested on the knight's stone shin, and he blew out the flame with one well-aimed puff. Lady Maud did not look at the top of his head, nor steal a furtive glance at the strong muscles and sinews of his solid neck. She did nothing of the kind. She bobbed the tea-ball up and down in the saucepan by its chain, and watched how the hot water turned brown.

"But I did not give you a 'business acknowledgment,' as you call it," she said thoughtfully. "It's not quite truthful to say I did, you know."

"Does that bother you? All right."

He produced his well-worn pocket-book, found a scrap of white paper among the contents, and laid it on the leather. Then with a pencil he wrote:

Received of R. Van Torp £4,100 to balance of account.

He held out the pencil, and laid the pocketbook on his palm for her to write. She read the words without moving.

"'To balance of account'—what does that mean?"

"It means that it's a business transaction. At the time you couldn't make any further claim against me. That's all it means."

He put the pencil to the paper again, and wrote the date of the meeting in Hare Court.

"There! If you sign your name to that, it just means that you had no further claim against me on that day. You hadn't, anyway, so you may just as well sign!"

He held out the paper, and Lady Maud took it with a smile and wrote her signature.

"Thank you," said Mr. Van Torp. "Now you're quite comfortable, I suppose, for you can't deny that you have given me the usual business acknowledgment. The other part of it is that I don't care to keep that kind of receipt long, so I just strike a match and burn it." He did so, and watched the flimsy scrap turn black on the stone knight's knee, till the gentle breeze blew the ashes away. "So there!" he concluded. "If you were called upon to swear in evidence that you signed a proper receipt for the money, you couldn't deny it, could you? A receipt's good if given at any time after the money has been paid. What's the matter? Why do you look as if you doubted it? What is truth, anyhow? It's the agreement of the facts with the statement of them, isn't it? Well, I don't see but the statement coincides with the facts all right, now."

While he had been talking Lady Maud had poured out the tea, and had cut some thin slices from the lemon, glancing at him incredulously now and then, but smiling in spite of herself.

"That's all sophistry," she said, as she handed him his cup.

"Thanks," he answered, taking it from her. "Look here! Can you deny that you have given me a formal dated receipt for four thousand one hundred pounds?"

"No—"

"Well, then, what can't be denied is the truth; and if I choose to publish the truth about you, I don't suppose you can find fault with it."

"No, but—"

"Excuse me for interrupting, but there is no 'but.' What's good in law is good enough for me, and the attorney-general and all his angels couldn't get behind that receipt now, if they tried till they were black in the face."

Mr. Van Torp's diction was not always elegant.

"Tip-top tea," he remarked, as Lady Maud did not attempt to say anything more. "That was a bright idea of yours, bringing the lemon, too."

He took several small sips in quick

succession, evidently appreciating the quality of the tea as a connoisseur.

"I don't know how you have managed to do it," said Lady Maud at last. "As you say, the 'how' does not matter very much. Perhaps it's just as well that I should not know how you got at the patriarch. I couldn't be more grateful if I knew the whole story."

"There's no particular story. When I found he was the man to be seen, I sent a man to see him. That's all."

"It sounds very simple," said Lady Maud, whose acquaintance with American slang was limited, even after she had known Mr. Van Torp intimately for two years. "You were going to tell me more. You said you had a plan for catching the real person who is responsible for this attack on you."

"Well, I have a sort of an idea, but I'm not quite sure how the land lays. By the bye," he said quickly, correcting himself, "isn't that one of the things I say wrong? You told me I ought to say how the land 'lies,' didn't you? I always forget."

Lady Maud laughed as she looked at him, for she was quite sure that he had only taken up his own mistake in order to turn the subject from the plan of which he did not mean to speak.

"You know that I'm not in the least curious," she said, "so don't waste any cleverness in putting me off! I only wish to know whether I can help you to carry out your plan. I had an idea, too. I thought of getting my father to have a week-end party at Craythew, to which you would be asked, by way of showing people that he knows all about our friendship, and approves of it in spite of what my husband has been trying to do. Would that suit you? Would it help you or not?"

"It might come in nicely after the news about the divorce appears," answered Mr. Van Torp approvingly. "It would be just the same if I went over to dinner every day, and didn't sleep in the house, wouldn't it?"

"I'm not sure," Lady Maud said. "I don't think it would, quite. It might seem odd that you should dine with us every day, whereas if you stop with us people cannot but see that my father wants you."

"How about Lady Creedmore?"

"My mother is on the continent. Why in the world do you not want to come?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Van Torp vaguely. "Just like that, I suppose. I was thinking. But it'll be all right, and I'll come, anyway, and please tell your father that I appreciate the invitation. When is it to be?"

"Come on Thursday next week and stay till Tuesday. Then you will be there when the first people come and till the last have left."

"Maybe they'll say you take boarders," observed Mr. Van Torp facetiously. "That other piece belongs to you."

While talking they had finished their tea, and only one slice of bread and butter was left in the sandwich-box.

"No," answered Lady Maud, "it's yours. I took the first."

"Let's go shares," suggested the millionaire.

"There's no knife."

"Break it."

Lady Maud doubled the slice with conscientious accuracy, gently pulled the pieces apart at the crease, and held out one-half to her companion. He took it as naturally as if they had been children, and they ate their respective shares in silence. As a matter of fact Mr. Van Torp had been unconsciously and instinctively more interested in the accuracy of the division than in the very beautiful white fingers that performed it.

"Who are the other people going to be?" he asked when he had finished eating, and Lady Maud was beginning to put the tea-things back into the basket.

"That depends on whom we can get. Everybody is awfully busy just now, you know. The usual sort of set, I suppose. You know the kind of people who come to us—you've met lots of them. I thought of asking Miss Donne if she is free. You know her, don't you?"

"Why, yes, I do. You've read those articles about our interview in New York, I suppose."

Lady Maud, who had been extremely occupied with her own affairs of late, had almost forgotten the story, and was now afraid that she had made a mistake, but she caught at the most evident means of setting it right.

"Yes, of course. All the better, if you are seen stopping in the same house. People will see that it's all right."

"Well, maybe they would. I'd rather, if it'll do her any good. But perhaps she doesn't want to meet me. She wasn't over-anxious to talk to me on the steamer, I noticed, and I didn't bother her much. She's a lovely woman!"

Lady Maud looked at him, and her beautiful mouth twitched as if she wanted to laugh.

"Miss Donne doesn't think you're a 'lovely' man at all," she said.

"No," answered Mr. Van Torp, in a tone of childlike and almost sheepish regret, "she doesn't, and I suppose she's right. I didn't know how to take her, or she wouldn't have been so angry."

"When? Did you really ask her to marry you?" Lady Maud was smiling now.

"Why, yes, I did. Why shouldn't I? I guess it wasn't very well done, though, and I was a fool to try and take her hand after she'd said no."

"Oh, you tried to take her hand?"

"Yes, and the next thing I knew she'd rushed out of the room and bolted the door, as if I was a dangerous lunatic and she'd just found it out. That's what happened—just that. It wasn't my fault if I was in earnest, I suppose."

"And just after that you were engaged to poor Miss Bamberger," said Lady Maud in a tone of reflection.

"Yes," answered Mr. Van Torp slowly. "Nothing mattered much just then, and the engagement was the business side. I told you all about that in Hare Court."

"You're a singular mixture of several people all in one! I shall never quite understand you."

"Maybe not. But if you don't, nobody else is likely to, and I mean to be frank to you every time. I suppose you think I'm heartless. Perhaps I am. I don't know. You have to know about the business side sometimes; I wish you didn't, for it's not the side of myself I like best."

The aggressive blue eyes softened a little as he spoke, and there was a touch of deep regret in his harsh voice.

"No," answered Lady Maud, "I don't like it either. But you are not

heartless. Don't say that of yourself, please—please don't! You cannot fancy how it would hurt me to think that your helping me was only a rich man's caprice, that because a few thousand pounds are nothing to you it amused you to throw the money away on me and my ideas, and that you would just as soon put it on a horse, or play with it at Monte Carlo!"

"Well, you needn't worry," observed Mr. Van Torp, smiling in a reassuring way. "I'm not given to throwing away money. In fact, the other people think I'm too much inclined to take it. And why shouldn't I? People who don't know how to take care of money shouldn't have it. They do harm with it. It is right to take it from them since they can't keep it and haven't the sense to spend it properly. However, that's the business side of me, and we won't talk about it, unless you like."

"I don't like!" Lady Maud smiled, too.

"Precisely. You're not the business side, and you can have anything you like to ask for. Anything I've got, I mean."

The beautiful hands were packing the tea-things.

"Anything in reason," suggested Lady Maud, looking into the shabby basket.

"I'm not talking about reason," answered Mr. Van Torp, gouging his waistcoat pockets with his thick thumbs, and looking at the top of her old gray felt hat as she bent her head. "I don't suppose I've done much good in my life, but maybe you'll do some for me, because you understand those things and I don't. Anyhow, you mean to, and I want you to, and that constitutes intention in both parties, which is the main thing in law. If it happens to give you pleasure, so much the better. That's why I say you can have anything you like. It's an unlimited order."

"Thank you," said Lady Maud, still busy with the things. "I know you are in earnest, and if I needed more money I would ask for it. But I want to make sure that it is really the right way—so many people would not think it was, you know, and only time can prove that I'm not mistaken. There!" She had fin-

ished packing the basket, and she fastened the lid regretfully. "I'm afraid we must be going. It was awfully good of you to come!"

"Wasn't it? I'll be just as good again the day after to-morrow, if you'll ask me!"

"Will you?" rippled the sweet voice pleasantly. "Then come at the same time, unless it rains really hard. I'm not afraid of a shower, you know, and the arch makes a very fair shelter here. I never catch cold, either."

She rose, taking up the basket in one hand and shaking down the folds of her old habit with the other.

"All the same, I'd bring a jacket next time if I were you," said her companion, exactly as her mother might have made the suggestion, and scarcely bestowing a glance on her almost too visibly perfect figure.

The old thoroughbred raised its head as they crossed the sward, and made two or three steps toward her of its own accord. Her foot rested a moment on Mr. Van Torp's solid hand, and she was in the saddle. The black was at first less disposed to be docile, but soon yielded at the sight of another carrot. Mr. Van Torp did not take the trouble to put his foot into the stirrup, but vaulted from the ground with no apparent effort.

Lady Maud smiled approvingly, but not as a woman who loves a man and feels pride in him when he does anything very difficult. It merely pleased and amused her to see with what ease and indifference the rather heavily built American did a thing which many a good English rider, gentleman or groom, would have found it hard to do at all. But Mr. Van Torp had ridden and driven cattle in California for his living before he had been twenty.

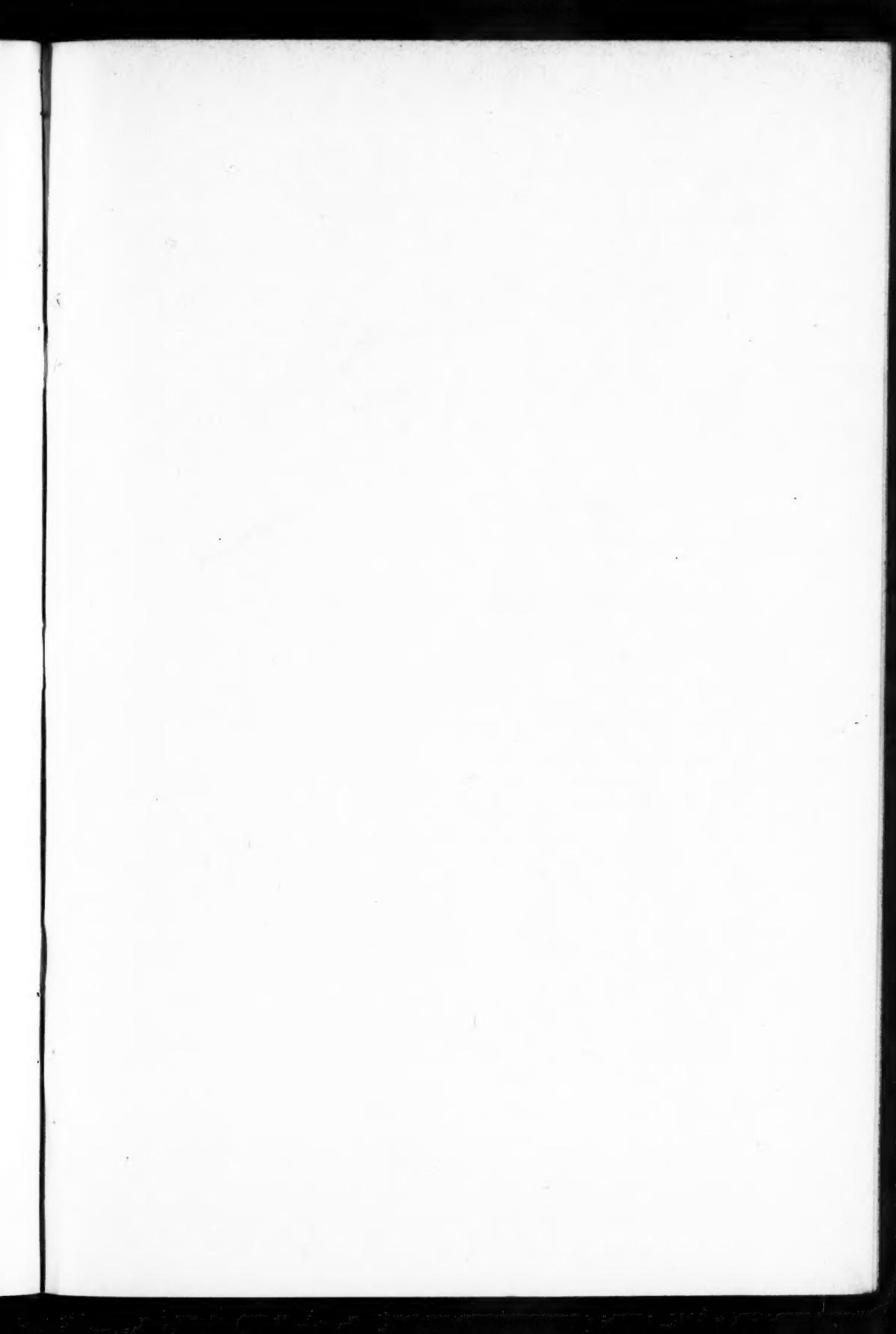
He wheeled and came to her side, and held out his hand.

"Day after to-morrow, at the same time," he said as she took it. "Good-by!"

"Good-by, and don't forget Thursday!"

They parted and rode away in opposite directions, and neither turned, even once, to look back at the other.

(To be continued)





A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF THE ART OF PAUL HELLEU, THE FAMOUS PARISIAN
ETCHER—PORTRAIT OF MRS. ALFRED WAGSTAFF, JR. (FORMERLY
MISS BLANCHE SHOEMAKER), OF NEW YORK